

NOVEMBER No. 4

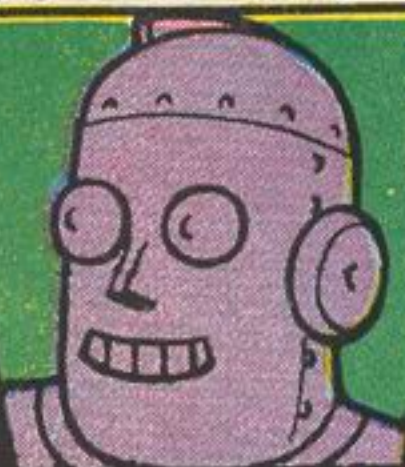
10¢

SMASH COMICS

ESPIONAGE



BOZO THE
ROBOT



INVISIBLE
JUSTICE

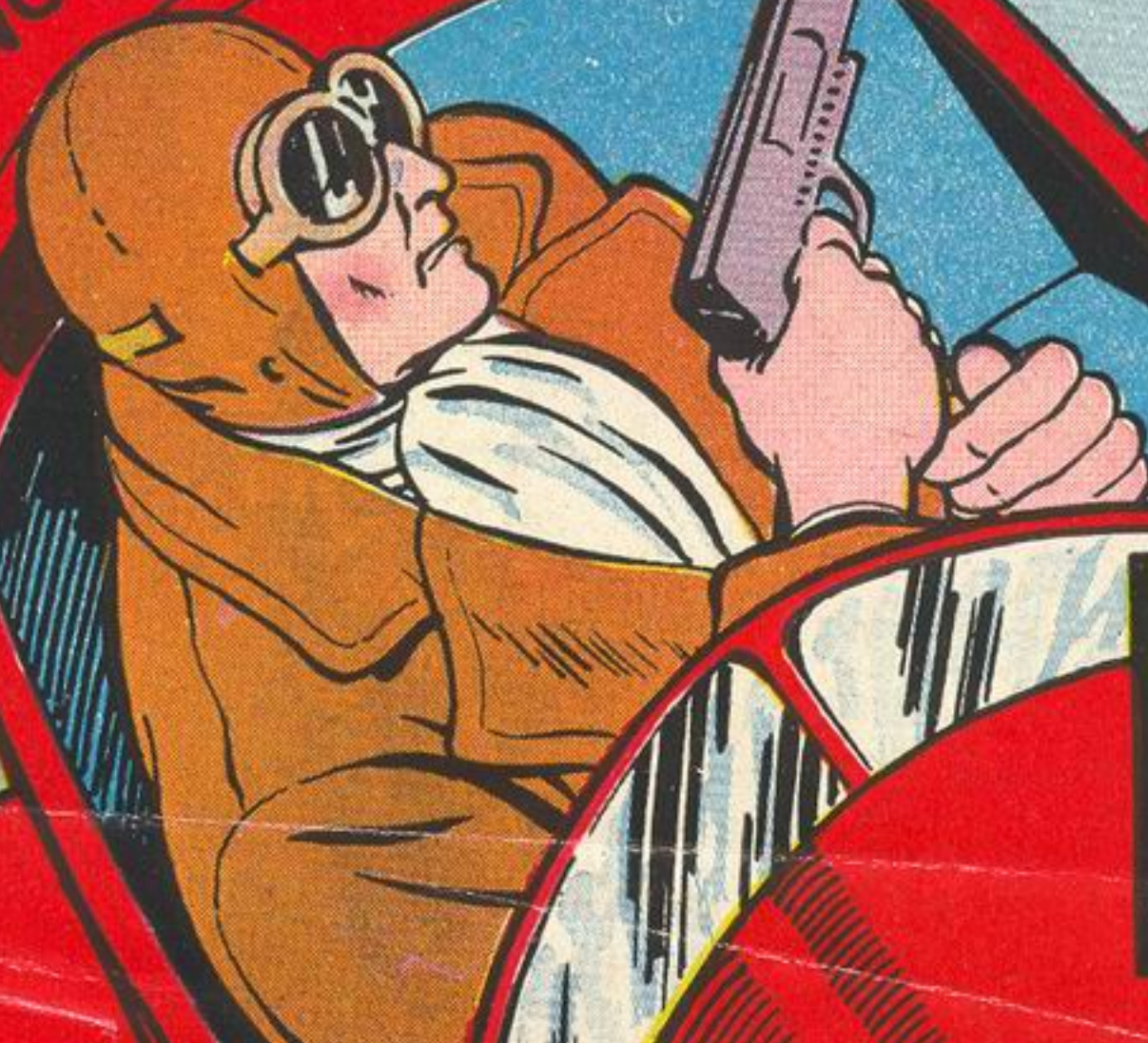


CLIP CHANCE



HEY! MAYBE
I AM KING ARCHIE
O'TOOLE - BUT I'LL
BREAK IF I'M
DROPPED!!

WINGS WENDALL



— FEATURING —

WINGS WENDALL
PHILPOT VEEP, CHIC CARTER,
ABDUL THE ARAB, CAPTAIN COOK,
JOHN LAW . . . and many others.



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**WANT MONEY FOR
FOOTBALL-MOVIES-FUN?**

*Get it this easy
home way*



*My family
pays me
for shining
their shoes!
It's a cinch
with my
**SHINOLA
HOME SHINE
KIT***



**USE THIS SHINE KIT...GIVES
SWELL SHINES...COSTS ONLY 25c**



*Contains dauber, wool polisher, large tin
of high-grade, fast-shining Shinola polish*

Mail Coupon Today for Your Kit . . . 25c

Hecker Products Corporation
Shoe Polish Division, Dept. SC-119
88 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send SHINOLA HOME SHINE KIT
at once. I am enclosing 25¢ [in currency]. Polish
should be Black ☐. Brown ☐. [Check which.]

Name _____

Street _____

City & State _____

ESPIONAGE

STARRING
BLACK ACE



LIKE A SHADOW SHE FLITS ACROSS EUROPE, SNATCHING STATE SECRETS AND SELLING THEM TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER...



ONCE AGAIN, THE DICTATORS REACH OUT HUNGRILY... THE DEMOCRACIES MANEUVER... AND BEHIND EVENTS, SITS THE ELUSIVE, MYSTERIOUS, **MADAME DOOM**, DIRECTING DESTINY...

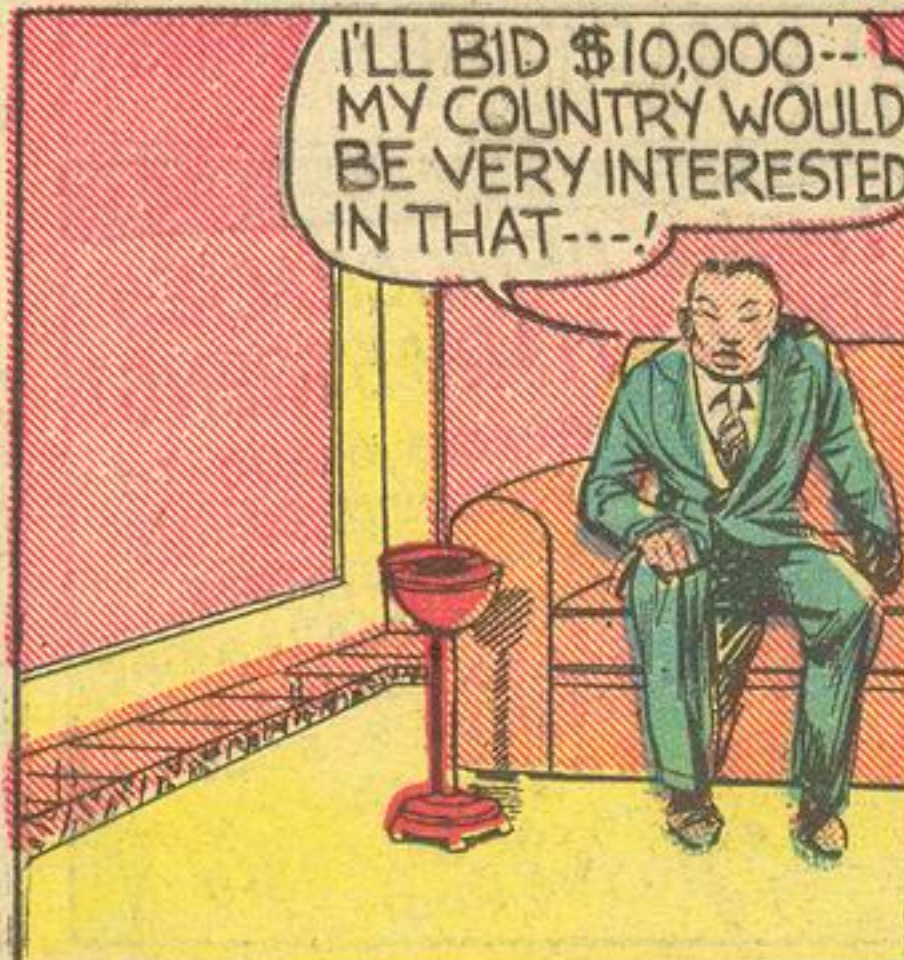
SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES...



SWIFT HANDS EMPTY THE DEAD MAN'S VALISE...



AND MANY HOURS LATER... IN A LUXURIOUS SUITE IN NEW YORK CITY...



A VERY MEAGER OFFER--- BUT I'LL ACCEPT--- IN A FEW MINUTES MY AGENT WILL ARRIVE WITH THE PAPERS---





COME IN!

IT'S O.K. I'M K-61!



HERE'S DE PAPERS- I HADDA KILL THE GUY-HAND OVER MY DOUGH---

YOU FOOL! HERE-GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY!



WELL, GENTLEMEN, HERE ARE THE PLANS--I WILL TAKE THE CASH NOW!



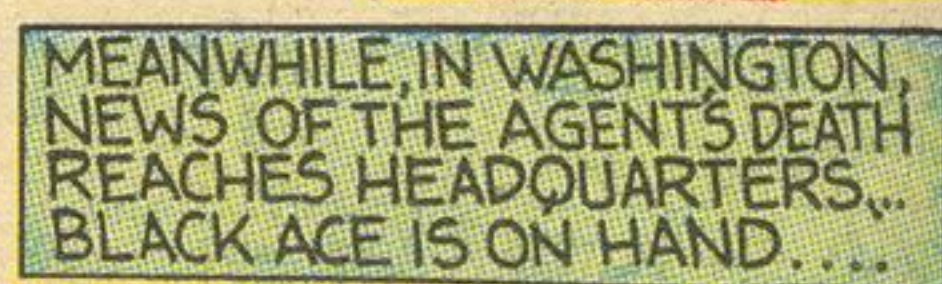
I'LL LOOK AT IT FIRST BEFORE I--- MADAME DOOM, THIS PAPER IS A DUMMY!

WHAT?! IT'S ABSURD!



WAIT!

I'M SORRY, MADAME--- SECURE THE REAL PAPERS AND WE'LL TALK TERMS



MEANWHILE, IN WASHINGTON, NEWS OF THE AGENT'S DEATH REACHES HEADQUARTERS.. BLACK ACE IS ON HAND....



KILLED--WHERE? NO, DON'T BOTHER LOOKING FOR THE KILLER, HE'S PROBABLY OUT OF THE COUNTRY BY NOW!



WELL, MADAME DOOM HAS STRUCK AGAIN---LIEUTENANT HAYES WAS KILLED CARRYING THOSE DECOY PAPERS---



I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT A SPY SO CLEVER AS MADAME DOOM WOULD FALL FOR SUCH BAIT--- SOME DAY I'LL MEET HER FACE TO FACE!



WELL, AT LEAST THE REAL PAPERS ARRIVED HERE SAFELY--- GOOD WORK, ACE!

THE NEXT MORNING THE WHEEL OF WORLD EVENTS SPINS.. AND THE NEWSPAPERS BROADCAST THE NEWS.....



Ledger

DICTATORS REFUSE TO PART WITH PEACE

PREDICT WAR MOVE IN ORIENT

THREE DEMOCRACIES JOIN MILITARY STRENGTH

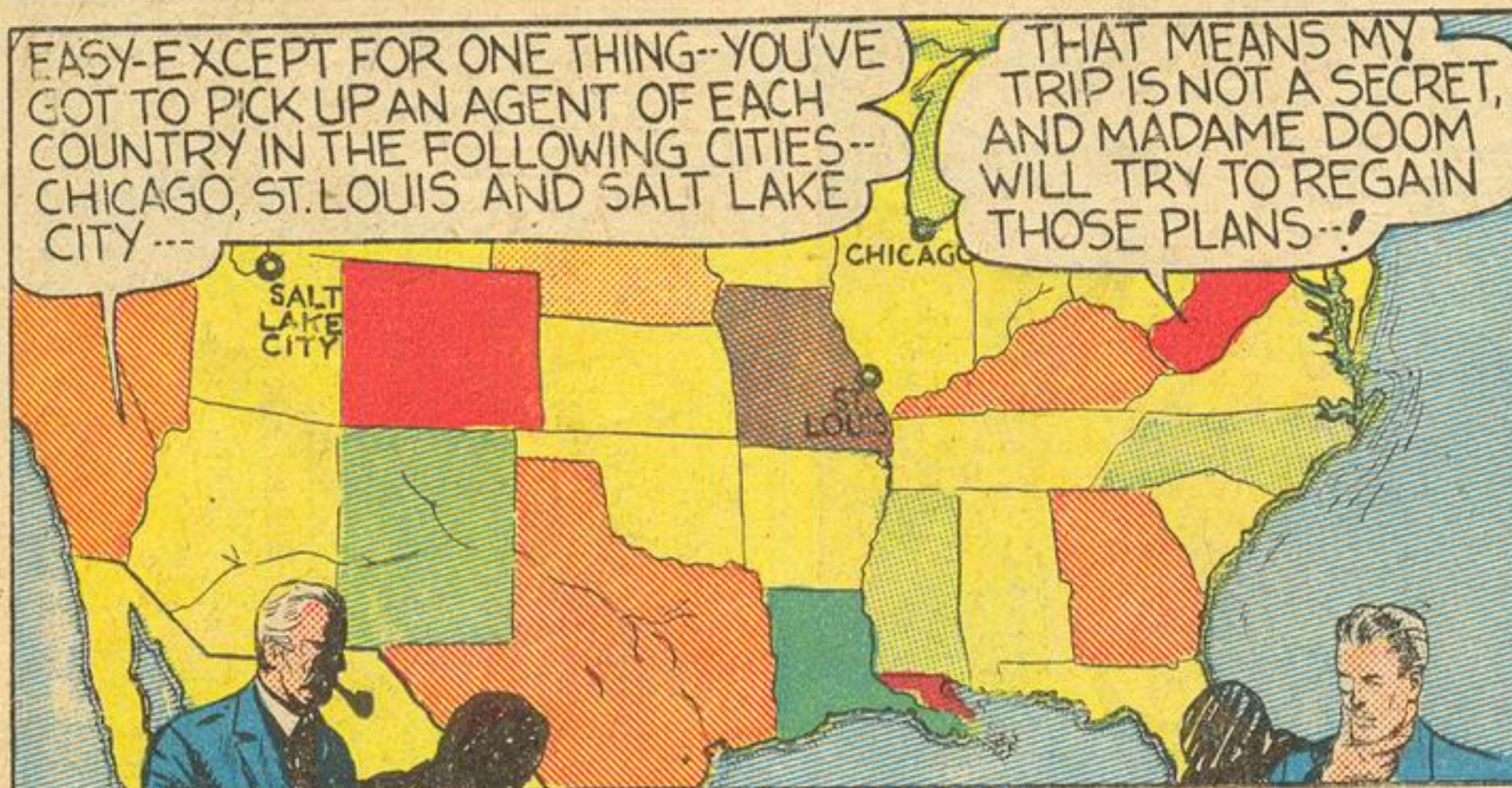
Geneva, Dec. 10, In an attempt to halt the dictators, the three leading democracies are signing a pact to join their naval strength in the Pacific.

IN BLACK ACE'S APARTMENT...

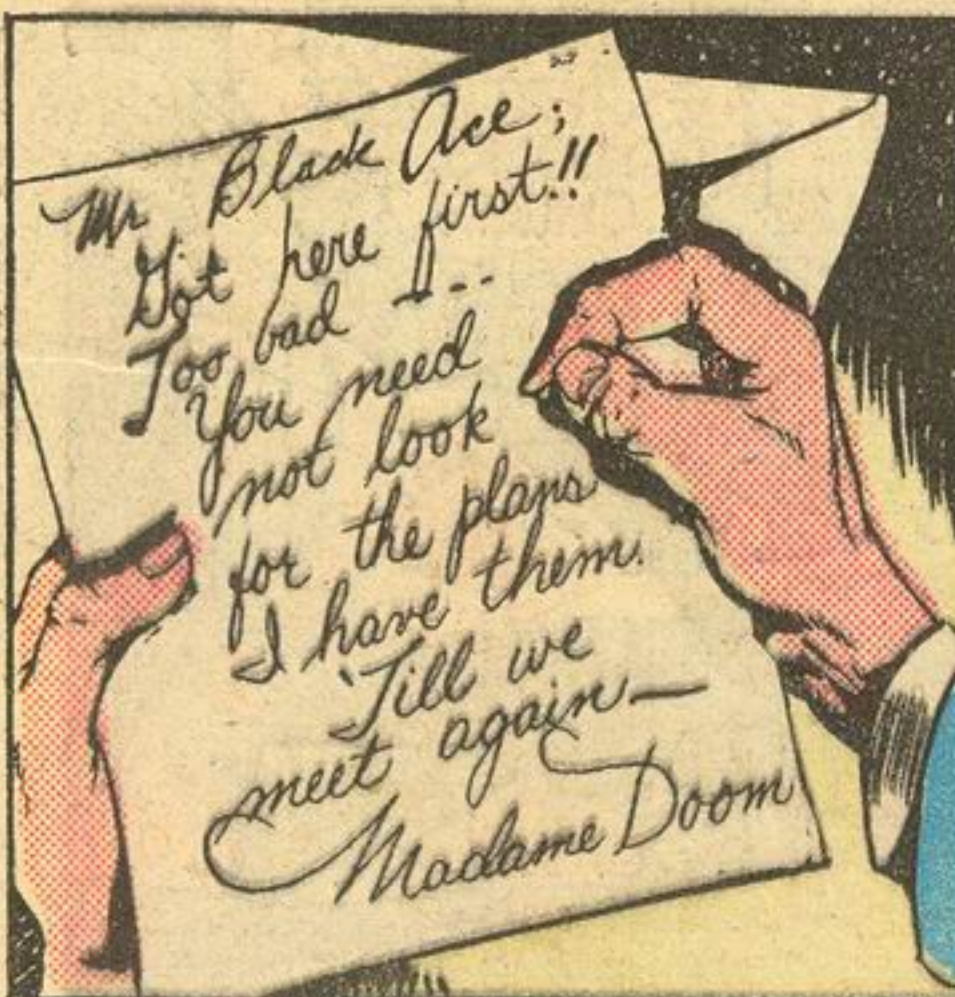


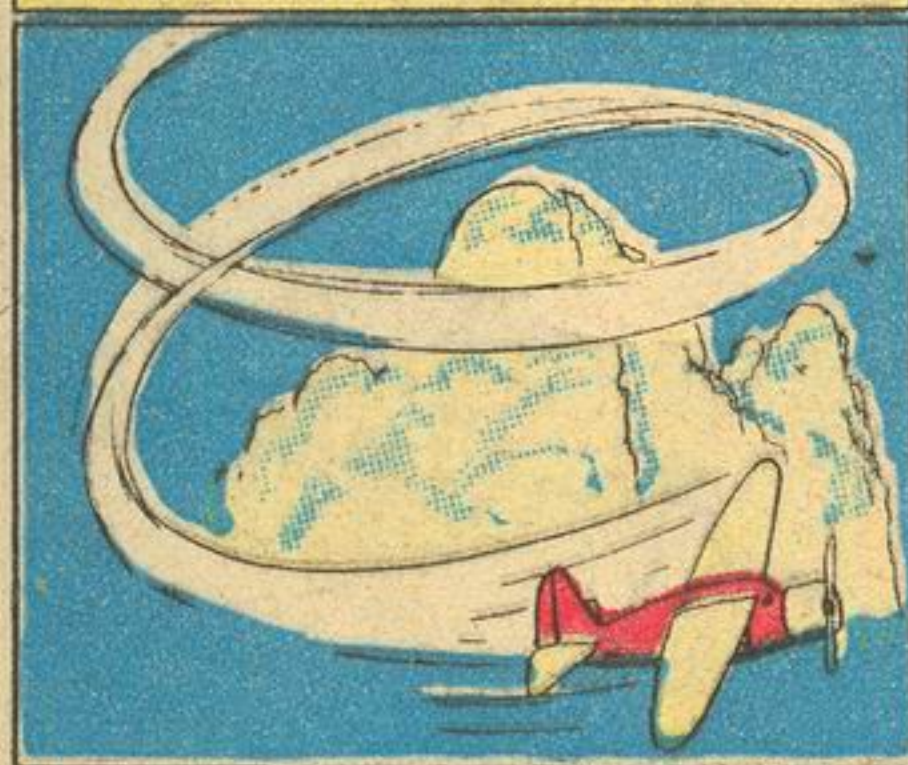
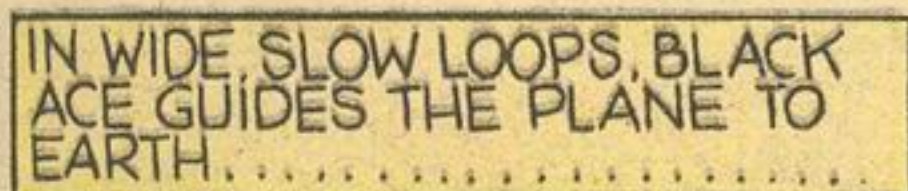
MASTER CHIEF ON PHONE DESIRE TALK IMMEDIATE!

BE RIGHT THERE, BATU--- THAT'S THE ESPIONAGE FOR YOU--NO TIME EVEN TO TAKE A BATH--!



THROUGH THE NIGHT ROARS THE BLACK ACE'S PLANE, SHOOTING LIKE A BULLET ACROSS THE SKIES AT 200 MILES AN HOUR....







MEANWHILE BATU SEARCHES THE BACK ALLEYS OF ST. LOUIS FOR AGENT NUMBER TWO...



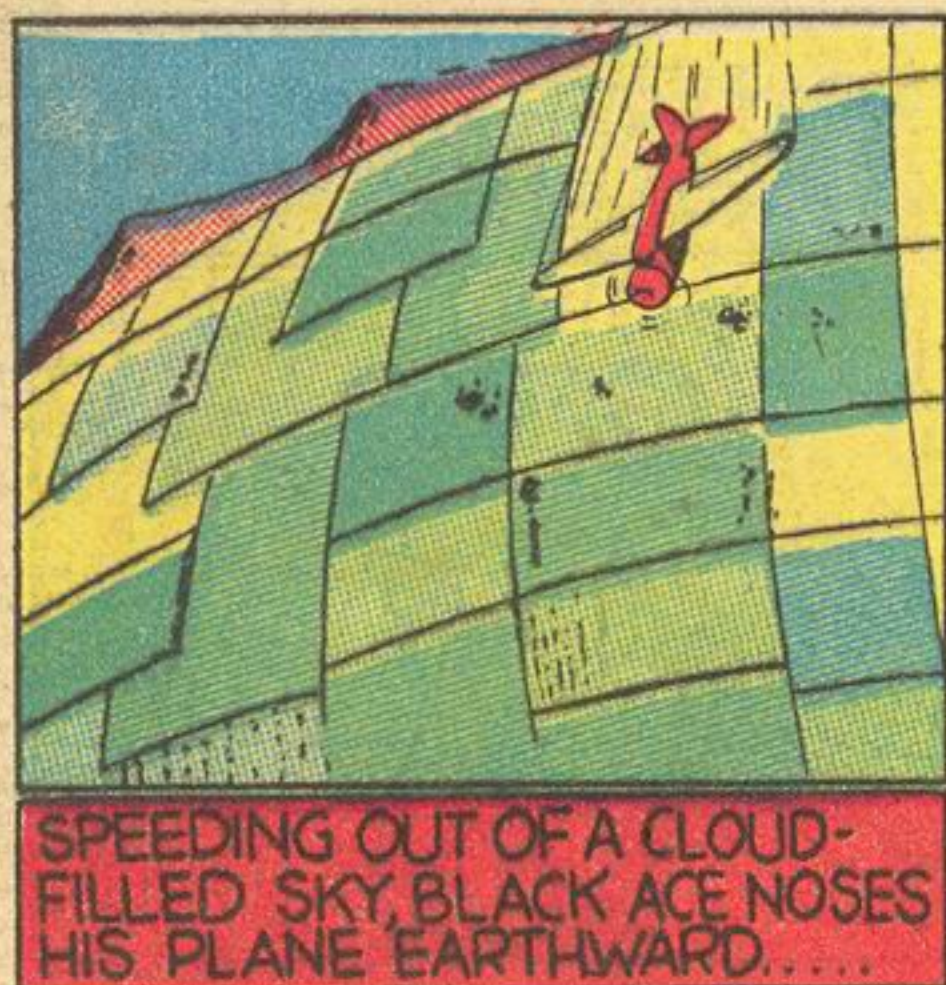
AS BATU NEARS THE RAMBLING TAVERN, SOUNDS OF A BRAWL REACH HIM ON THE STREET...



AND THE LITTLE HINDU USES HIS OWN MEANS.....







AT SALT LAKE CITY.....

BATU WILL REFUEL THE PLANE.. YOU AND O-12 WILL FIND THE OTHER AGENT..

MY INSTRUCTIONS ARE TO SEEK AGENT B-5 IN AN OLD HOTEL ON MARKET STREET!

CAREFUL, ACE- I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

ALLOWING THE STRANGER TO CATCH UP, THE TWO AGENTS SUDDENLY WHIRL, AND SET UPON HIM.....

I SAY--HE'S A TOUGH BLIGHTER, WOT?

WAIT---JUST A MINUTE--THIS IS AGENT B-5!

PUFF-PUFF--RIGHT!--WHEW--YOU TWO CAN SCRAP!

DASHED, IT'S HE--- HAVE YOU THE PAPERS?

-- BLACK ACE! GOOD TO SEE YOU--AN OLD LADY AND TWO UGLY THUGS HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING ME FOR THE LAST HOUR-- HERE THEY COME NOW!

MADAME DOOM!

THROW UP YOUR HANDS, ALL OF YOU! TAKE HER PURSE, O-12!

BLACK ACE! I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE..

GOT IT! LET'S GO!

WE'VE GOT THREE HOURS TO MAKE IT!

I SAY, YOU AMERICANS ARE PUNCTUAL !!

AND BEHIND THEM, MADAME DOOM REMOVES HER MAKE-UP.

DEFEATED! BLACK ACE..THE ONLY MAN I EVER RESPECTED. I MAY AS WELL LEAVE THE COUNTRY!

THE NEXT DAY THE PAPERS ANNOUNCE TO A WAITING WORLD THE LONG AWAITED NEWS.....

DAILY RECORD
TRI-POWER PACT
SIGNED TODAY

DICTATORS FALL
BACK BEFORE
SHOW OF POWER

spectator
NO WAR
IN ORIENT
SAYS PRES

IN HIS FAVORITE RESTAURANT IN WASHINGTON, BLACK ACE MUSES

THINKING OF MADAME DOOM, ACE?

YES..I-I CAN'T HELP IT..SHE'S THE MOST FASCINATING WOMAN I'VE EVER MET..BUT AS DEADLY AND RUTHLESS AS A COBRA!!

CLIP CHANCE CLIFFSIDE AT

by
SCOTT SHERIDAN.

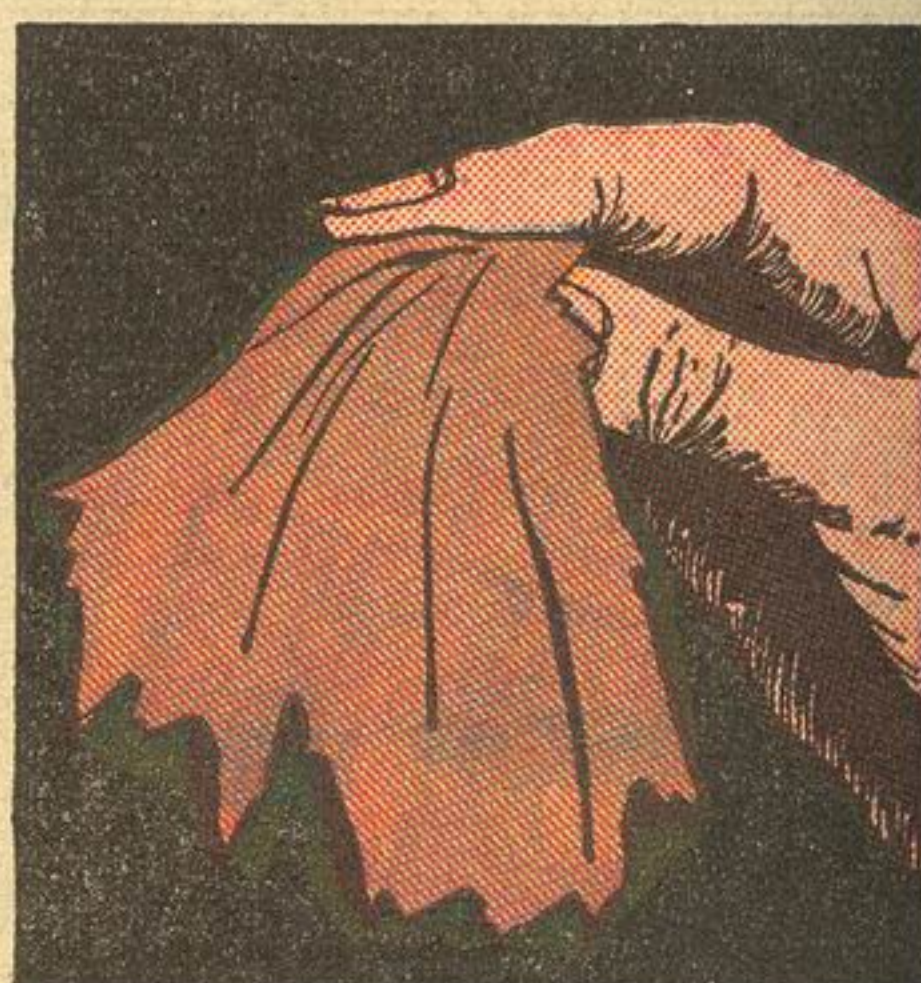
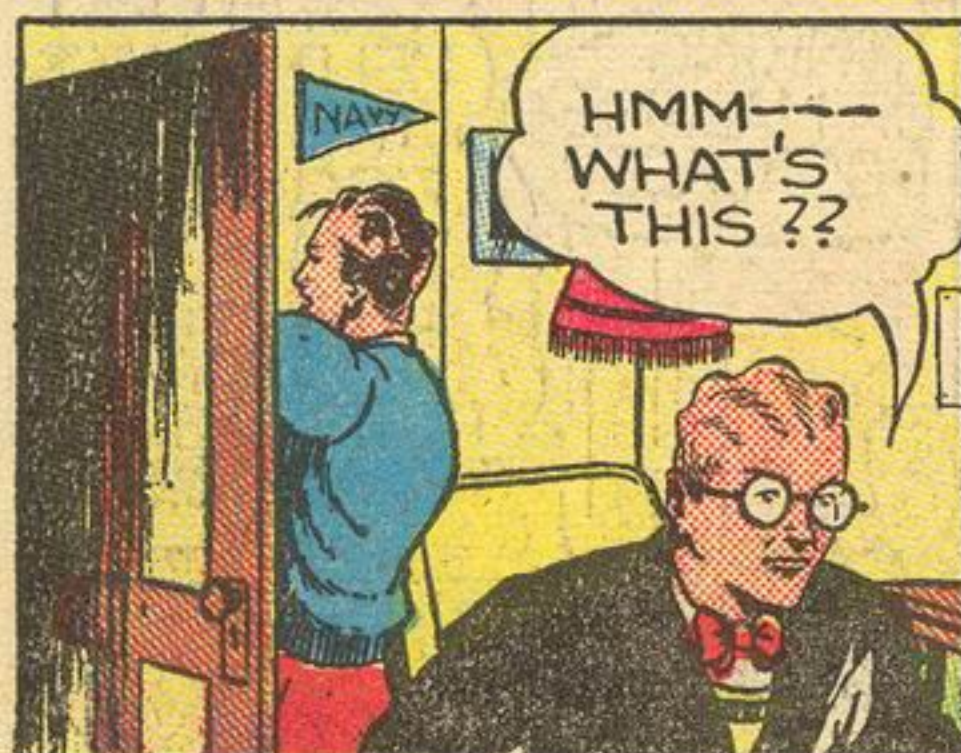
CLIP IS LURED INTO TOWN BY A FAKE PHONE CALL, AND MEETS COACH BARR, WHO SUSPENDS HIM FROM THE TEAM FOR BREAKING TRAINING RULES ---

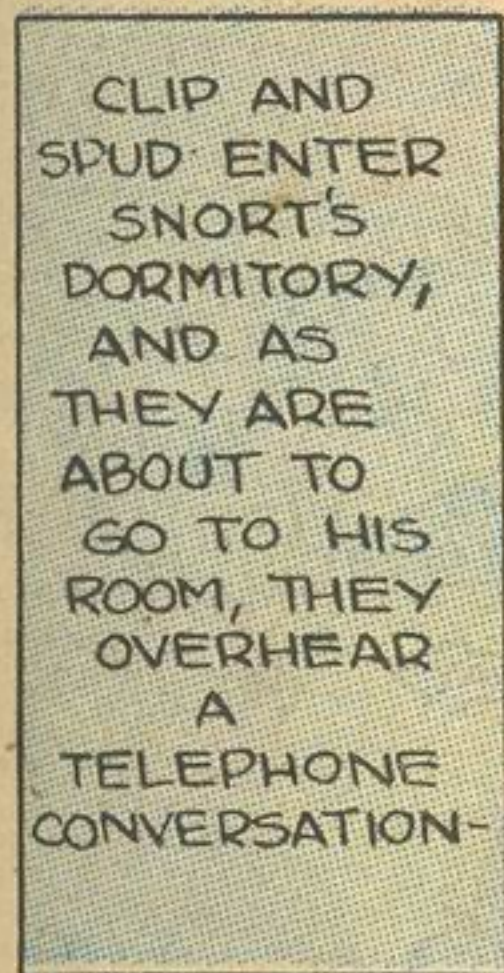


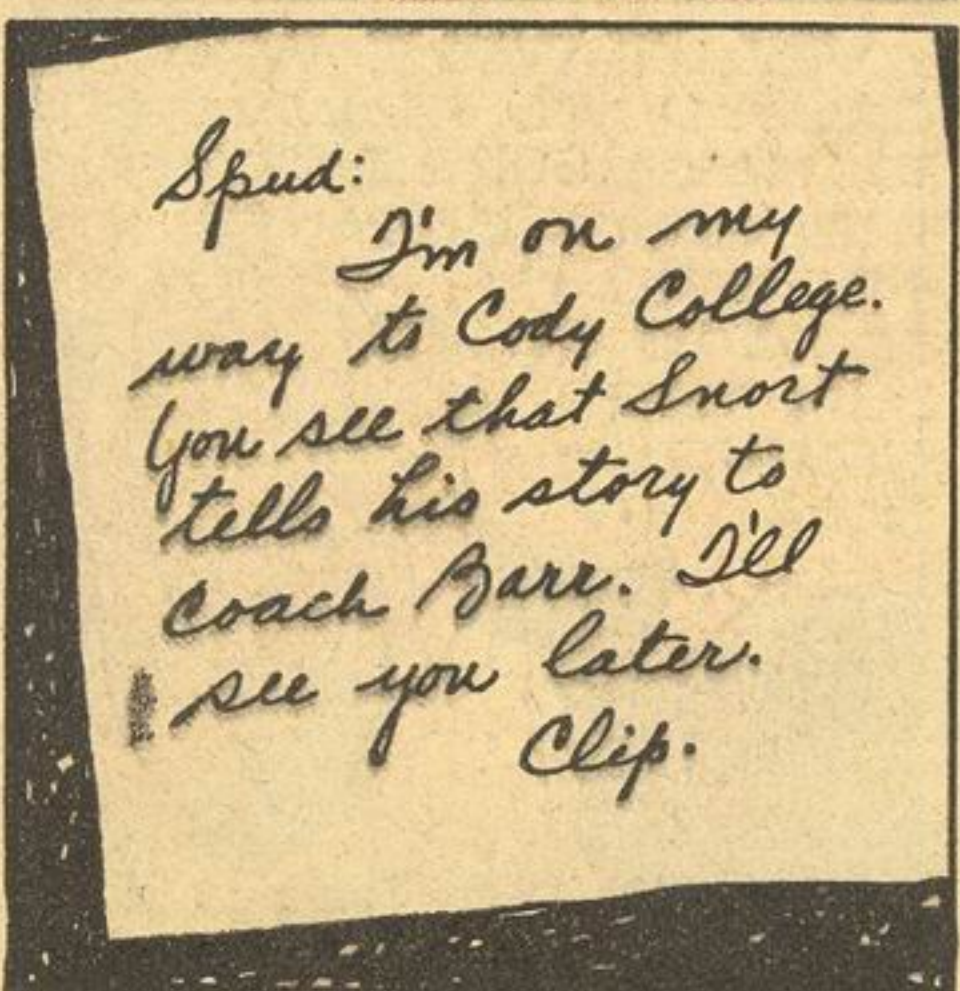
WHILE CLIP WAS IN TOWN, HIS ROOM WAS ENTERED BY A GAMBLER, WHO STOLE THE PLAYS ENTRUSTED TO CLIP BY COACH BARR--



CLIP AND SPUD SEARCH WITHOUT SUCCESS, WHEN SUDDENLY---



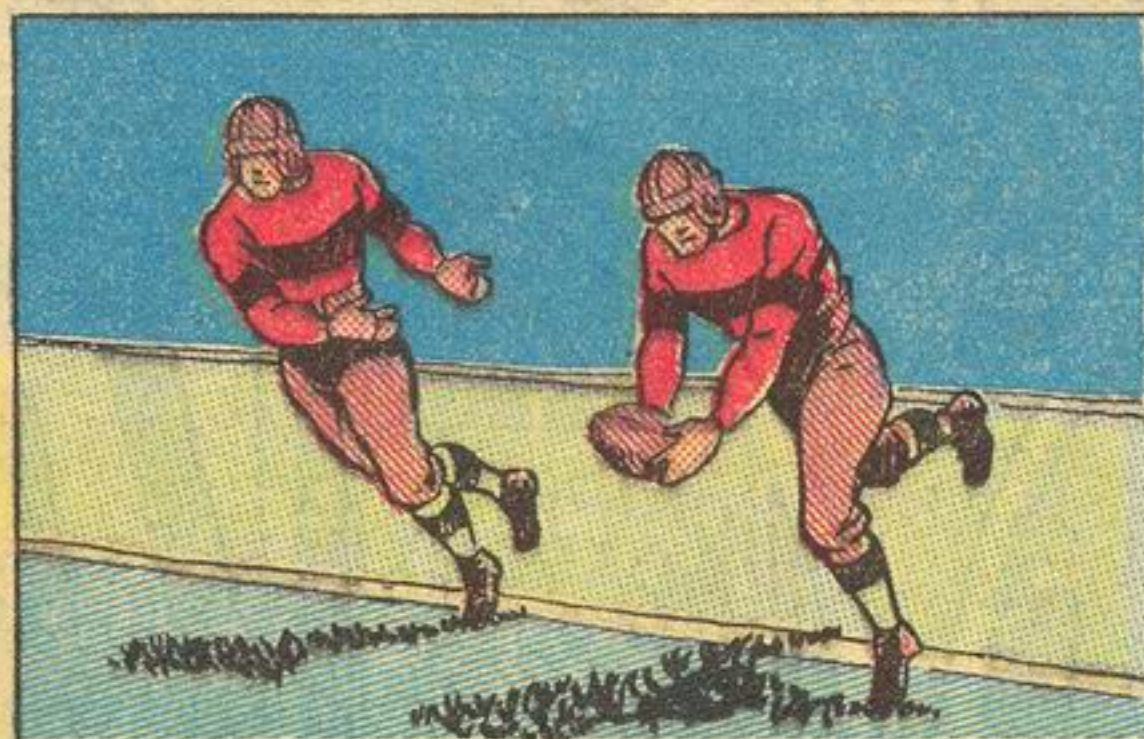




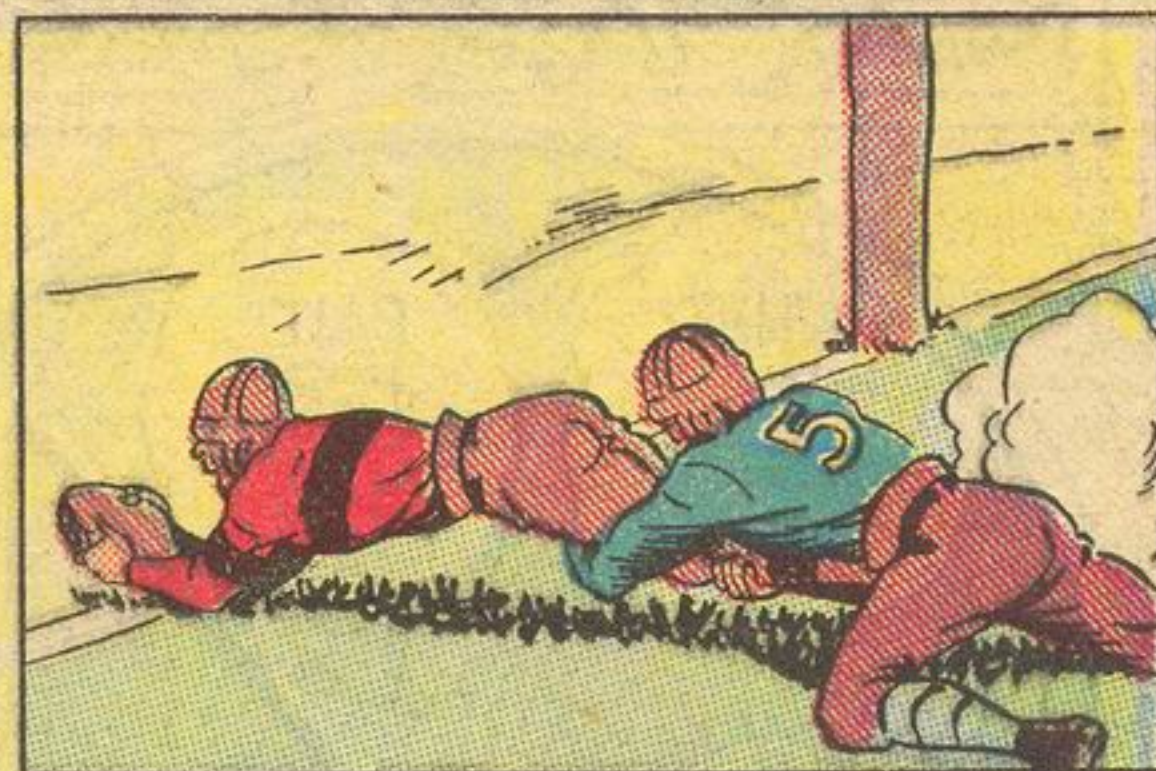


A FEW HOURS LATER.. CLIFFSIDE AND CODY HOLD EACH OTHER SCORELESS — IT'S THE LAST QUARTER AND CODY HAS THE BALL ---

BURNS OF CODY TAKES A SHORT PASS AND STREAKS DOWN THE FIELD ---

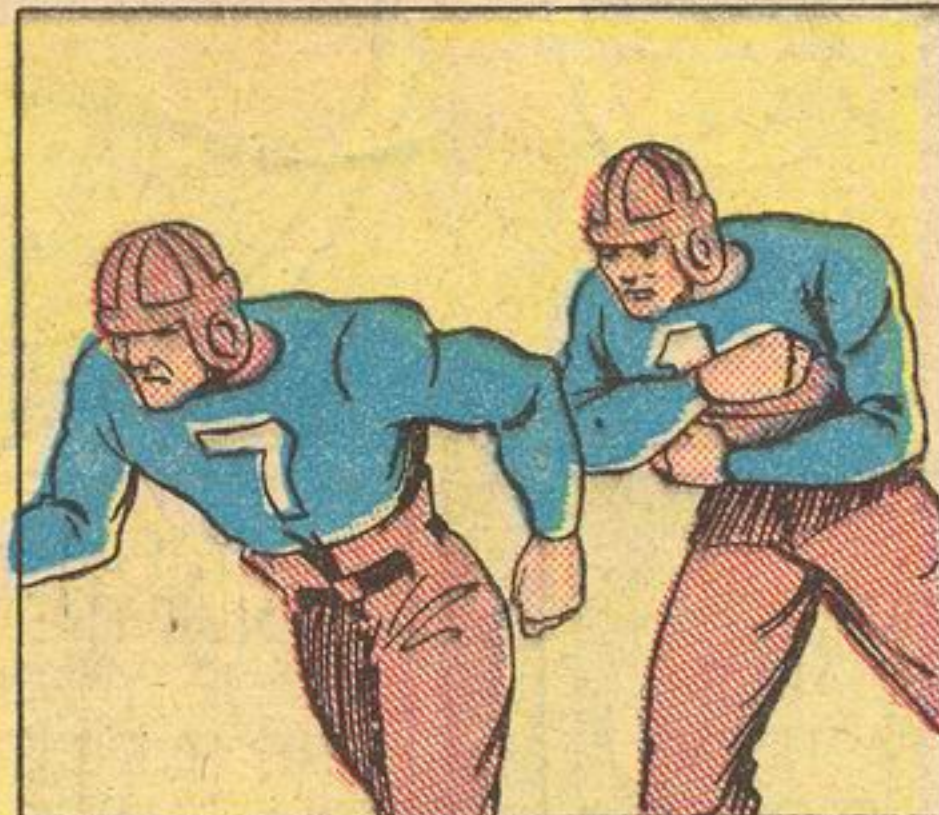


—HE'S BROUGHT DOWN BY TRICAMO OF CLIFFSIDE, BUT FALLS OVER THE GOAL LINE AND CODY LEADS, 6-0

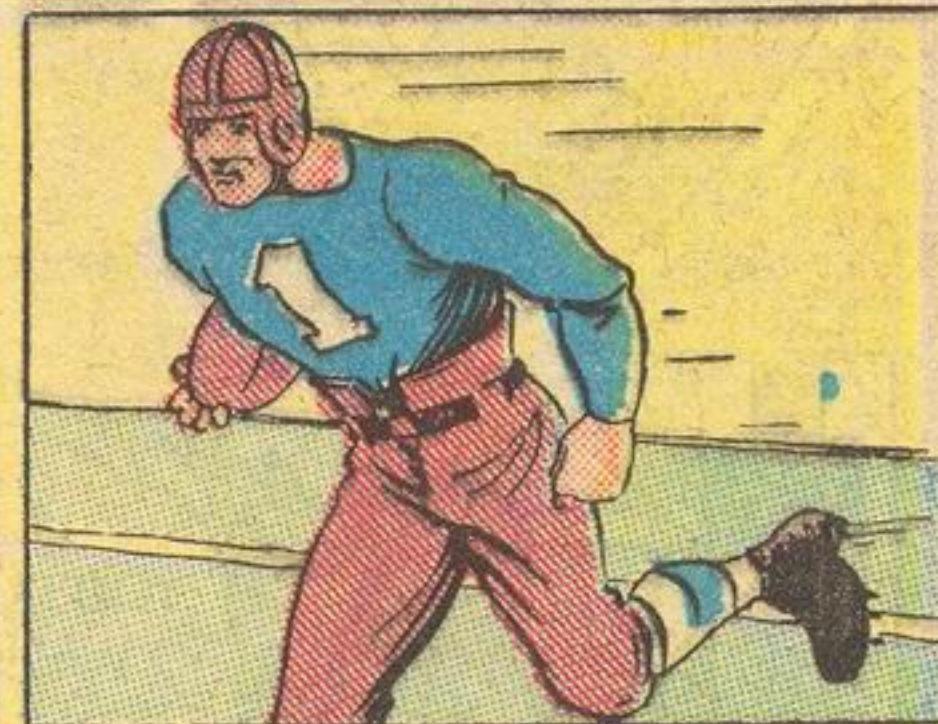


SUDDENLY, CLIP RACES ON TO THE FIELD—

AND WITH A MINUTE TO GO, CLIP TAKES THE BALL—

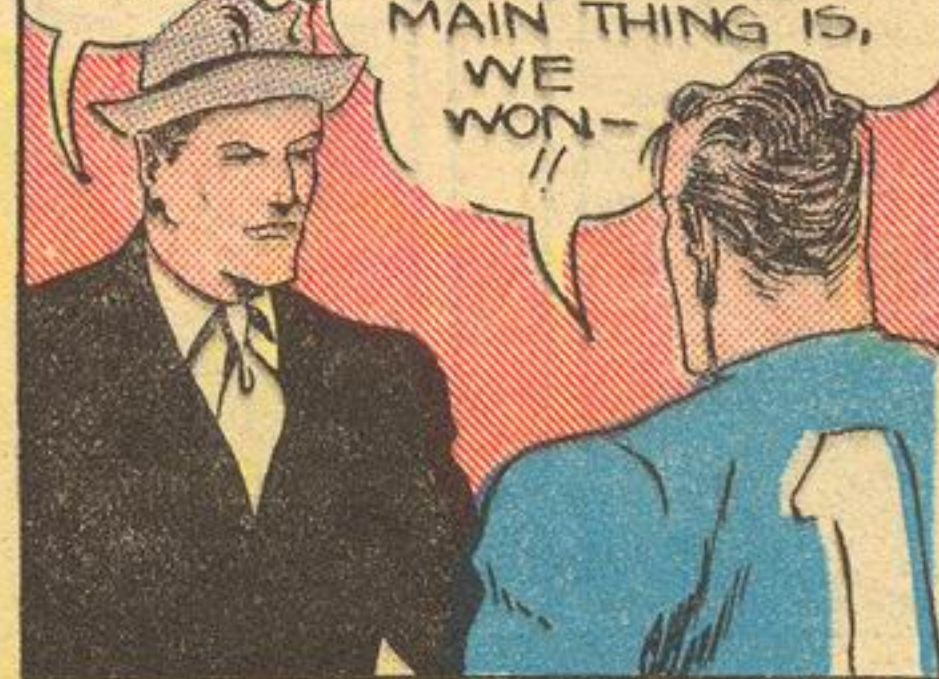
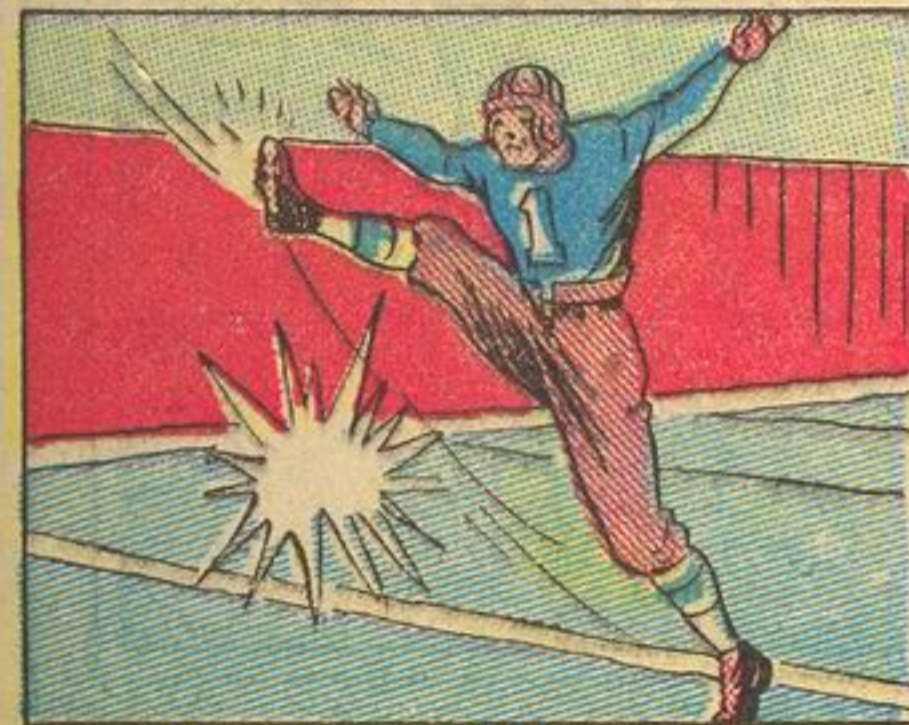


—TWISTING AND WEAVING THROUGH THE CODY TEAM, HE CROSSES THE GOAL STANDING UP—!!



CLIP KICKS THE EXTRA POINT AS THE WHISTLE BLOWS AND CLIFFSIDE WINS, 7 TO 6—

NICE GOING, CLIP— I'M SORRY I DOUBTED YOUR WORD—

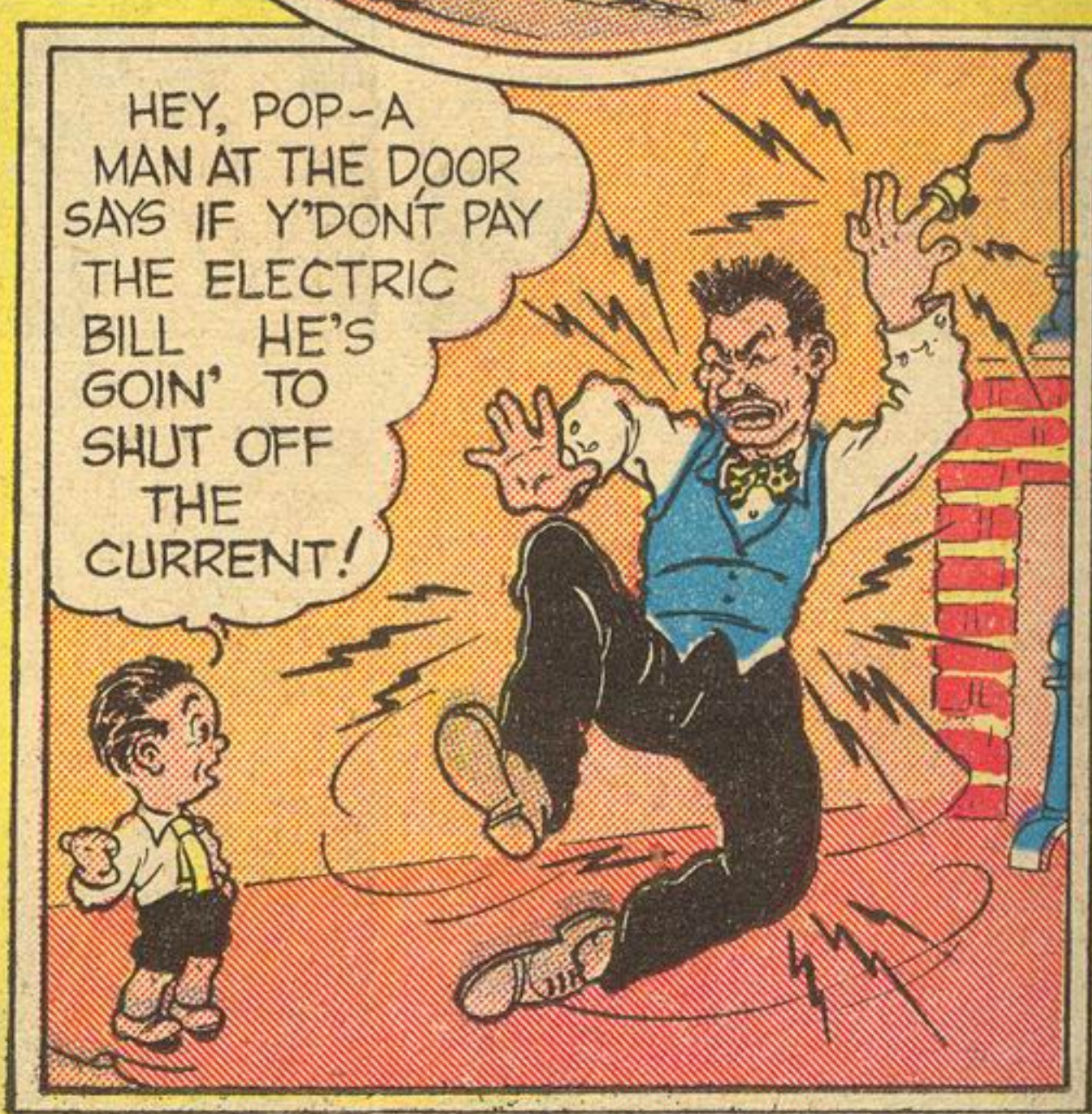
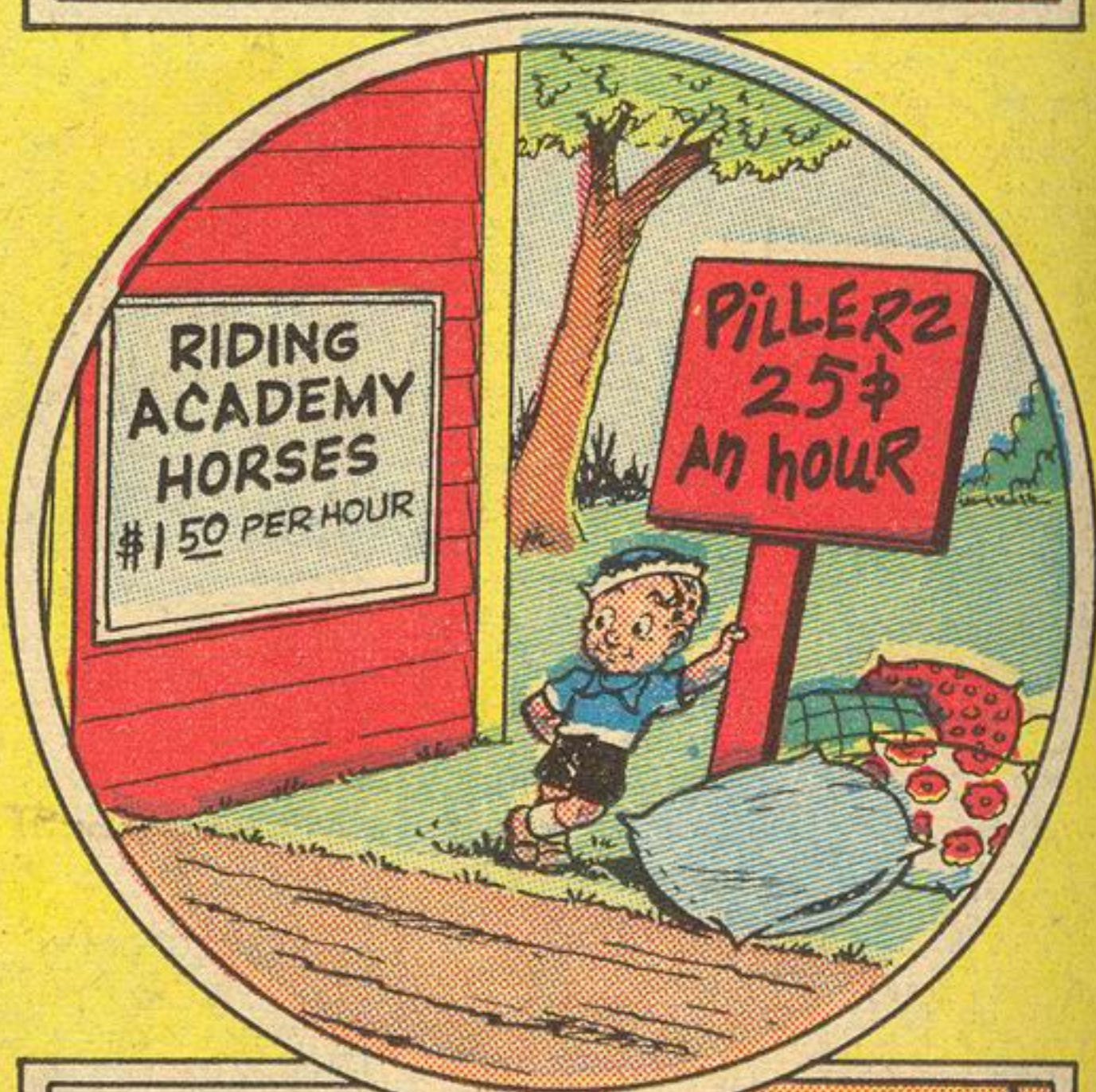
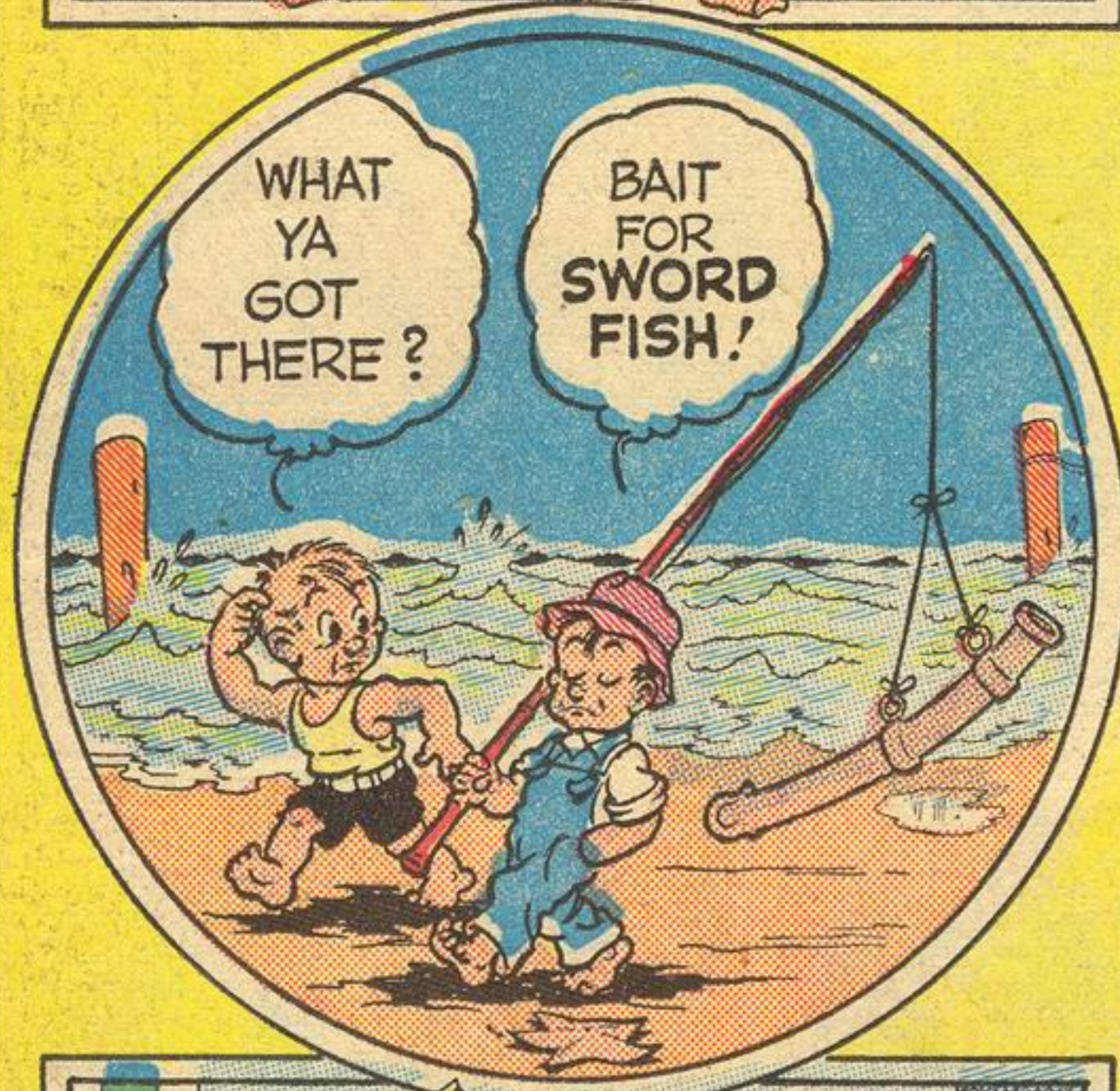
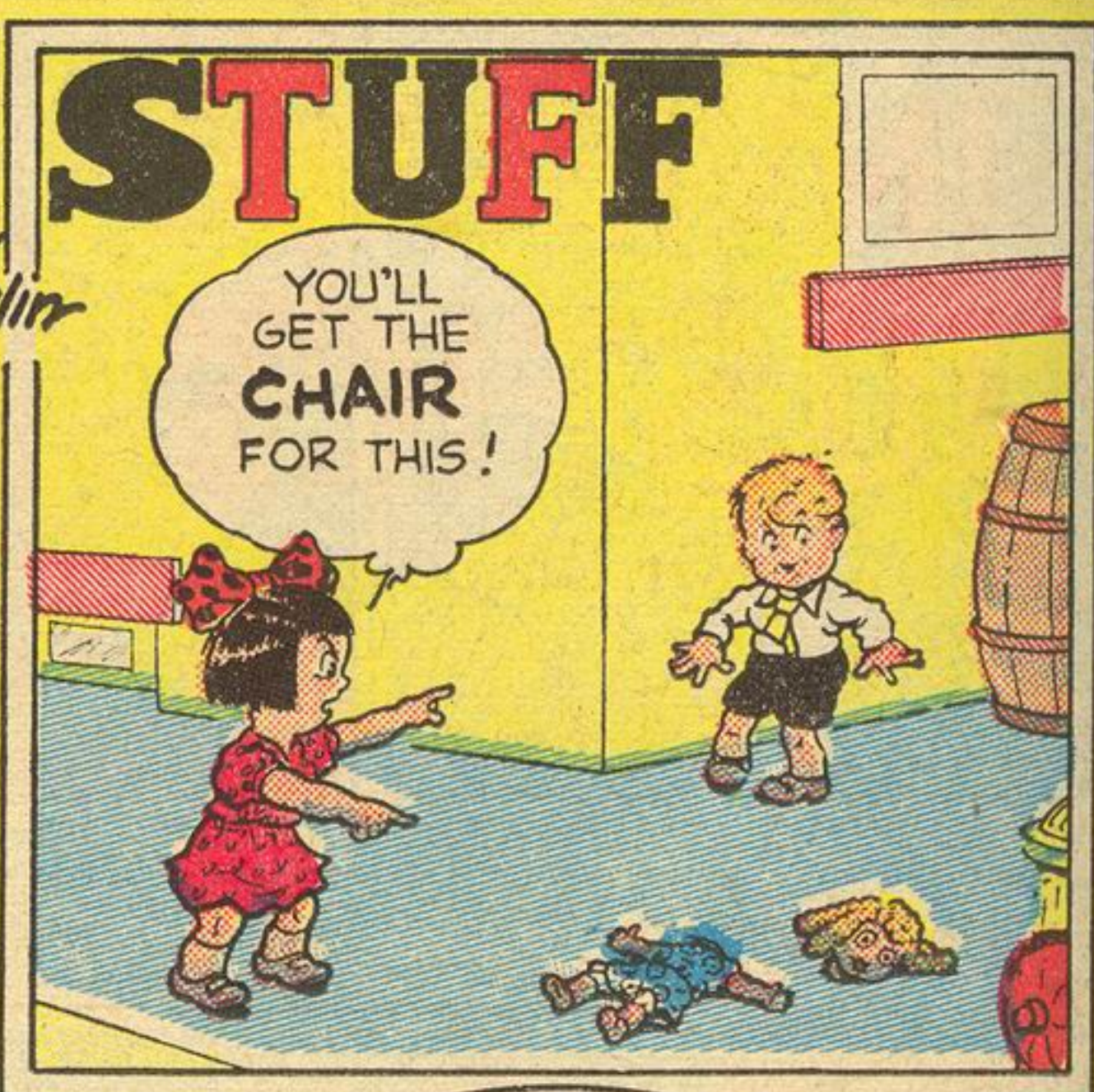


AND HIDDEN IN THE SHRUBS LEADING TO THE COLLEGE—



SMALL STUFF

by
Devlin

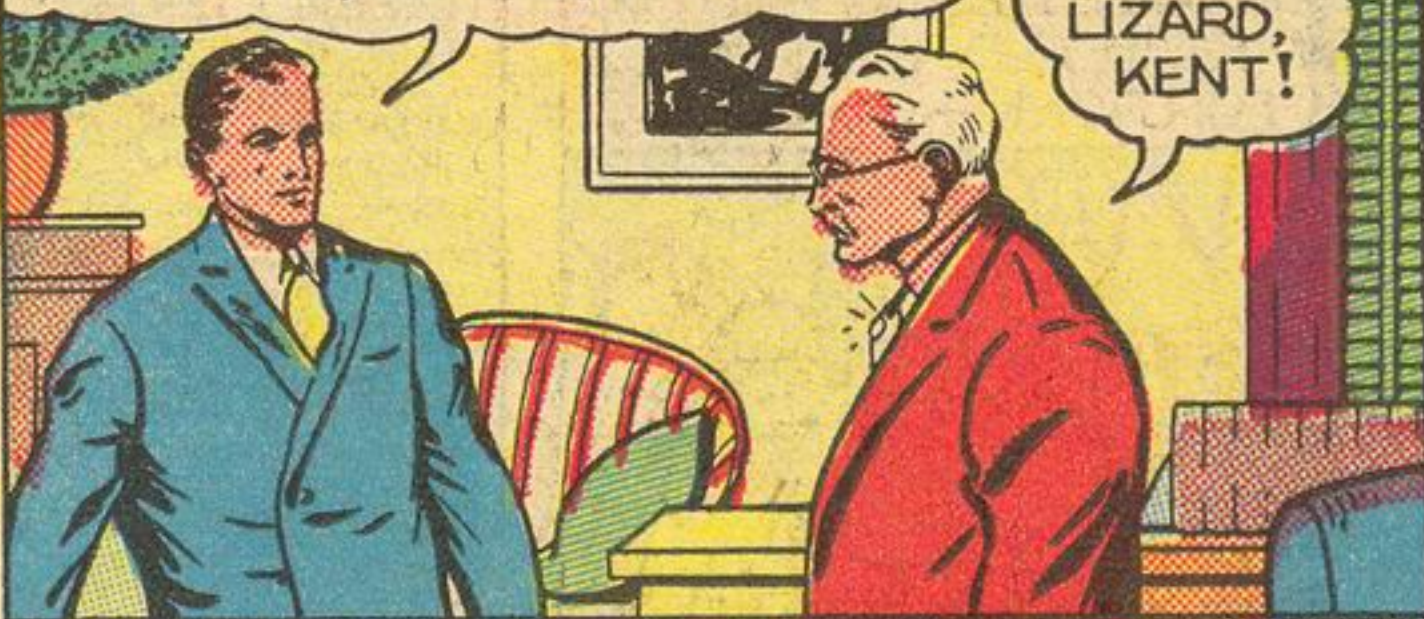


INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON

I CAME AS SOON AS I GOT YOUR NOTE, BLAINE, WHAT'S UP?

IT'S THE GREEN LIZARD, KENT!



AT THE FLORIDA ESTATE OF JOHN BLAINE, A WEALTHY BUSINESS MAN AND FRIEND OF KENT THURSTON, WHO IS THE "INVISIBLE HOOD."

AS YOU'VE UNDOUBTEDLY BEEN READING IN THE PAPERS, KENT, TWO RICH BUSINESS MEN HAVE DISAPPEARED WITHIN THE LAST MONTH—THEY WERE FRIENDS OF MINE AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW THEY ALL REFUSED TO PAY LARGE SUMS OF MONEY DEMANDED BY THE GREEN LIZARD!



YES, I READ ABOUT THIS GANG OF CROOKS LED BY A MASTER CRIMINAL CALLED THE GREEN LIZARD—THE AUTHORITIES SEEM TO BE BAFFLED! GO ON, BLAINE!

WELL, THIS MORNING I RECEIVED THIS!



PLACE HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN SUITCASE AND THROW IT AT THE END OF SWAMP ROAD TOMORROW—REMEMBER YOUR TWO FRIENDS WHO DID NOT PAY — THE GREEN LIZARD



I'VE ASKED YOUR HELP, KENT, BECAUSE YOU WERE ONCE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE—I KNOW YOU'VE GIVEN IT UP BUT YOU ARE THE BEST MAN I KNOW—NOW, WHAT SHALL I DO???



OUTSIDE THE ROOM, BLAINE'S SERVANT EAGERLY AWAITS THURSTON'S REPLY—



YOU DO EXACTLY AS THEY SAY AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME—

ALL RIGHT, KENT, WAIT—I'LL SEE YOU TO THE DOOR!!



AS BLAINE AND THURSTON LEAVE, THE SERVANT RUSHES TO THE LIBRARY—FROM A GLOBE HE EXTRACTS A SMALL RADIO TRANSMITTER

CALLING HEADQUARTERS—NUMBER FOUR REPORTING—BLAINE IS GOING TO PAY TOMORROW—BUT WATCH OUT—HE'S PUT A DETECTIVE ON THE CASE—THAT IS ALL!



THE NEXT DAY — BLAINE DROPS THE SUITCASE AT THE END OF A SWAMP ROAD, AND THEN HEADS BACK FOR TOWN —



A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE GREEN LIZARD'S MEN PICK UP THE SUITCASE.



HIDDEN AMONG THE BUSHES, KENT THURSTON WATCHES THE PROCEEDINGS —



STEP ON IT — THE BOSS IS WAITIN' !!



USING A RAFT, THE THREE MEN CROSS THE SWAMPS TO A SMALL ISLAND.

AH — TWO OF THEM ARE COMING BACK! THEY'RE GOING TO STAND GUARD!



THURSTON DONS HIS HOOD WHICH IS COVERED WITH A SECRET CHEMICAL, THAT MAKES ITS WEARER INVISIBLE.

TH' BOSS MUST OF GOT TH' WRONG DOPE — THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANY COP YET!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BALDY — DIS JOB WAS A SNAP!



BALDY!! LOOK — TH' RAFT!! IT'S GOING ACROSS AN' NOBODY'S ON IT! QUICK — LET'S GIT OUTA HERE!! I TOLD YUH THESE SWAMPS WERE HAUNTED!!



HA-HA — THAT SCARED THEM OFF!



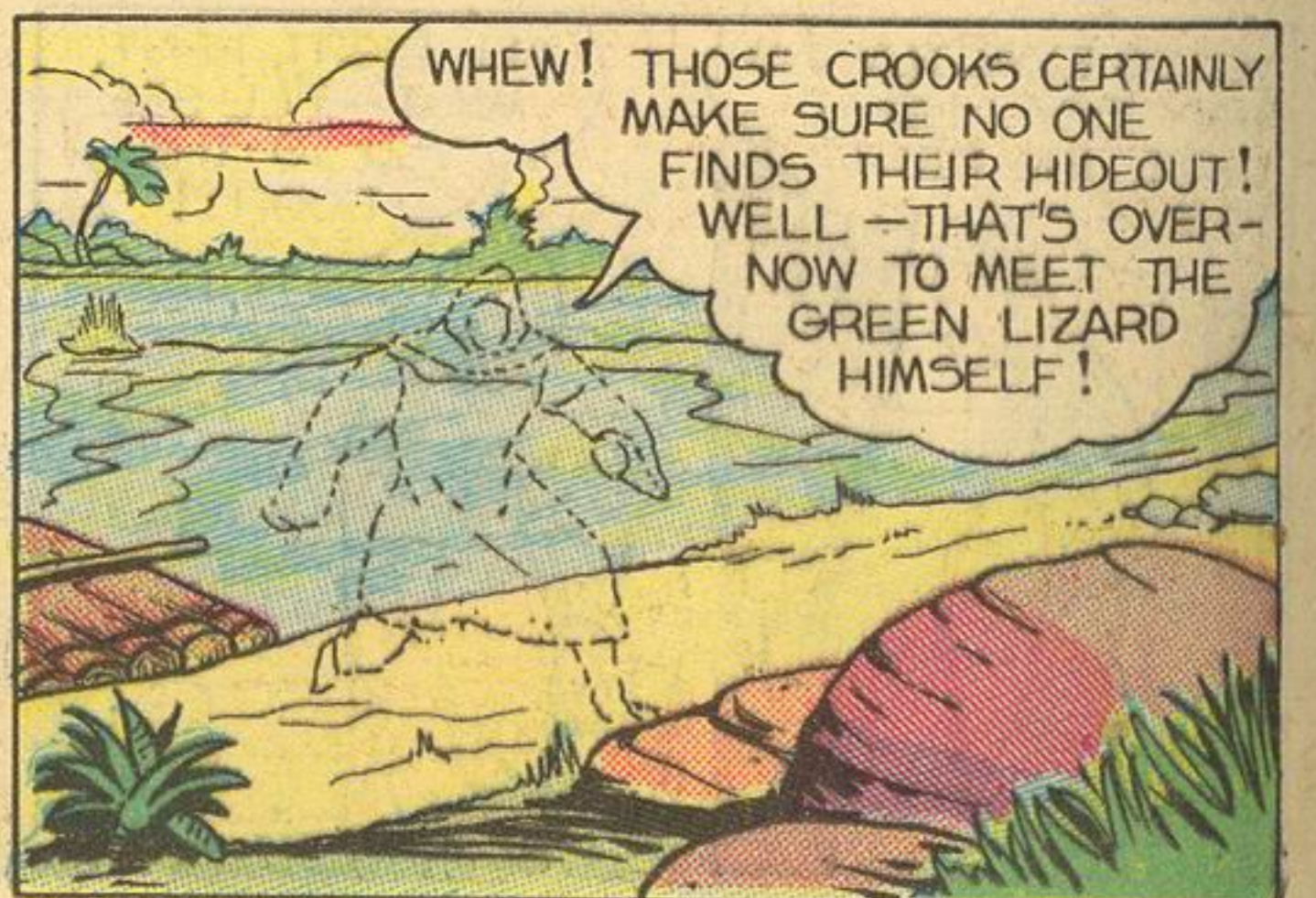
THE "HOOD" DOES NOT HEAR THE APPROACH OF A CROCODILE!

GREAT SCOTT!! A GIANT CROC — !!

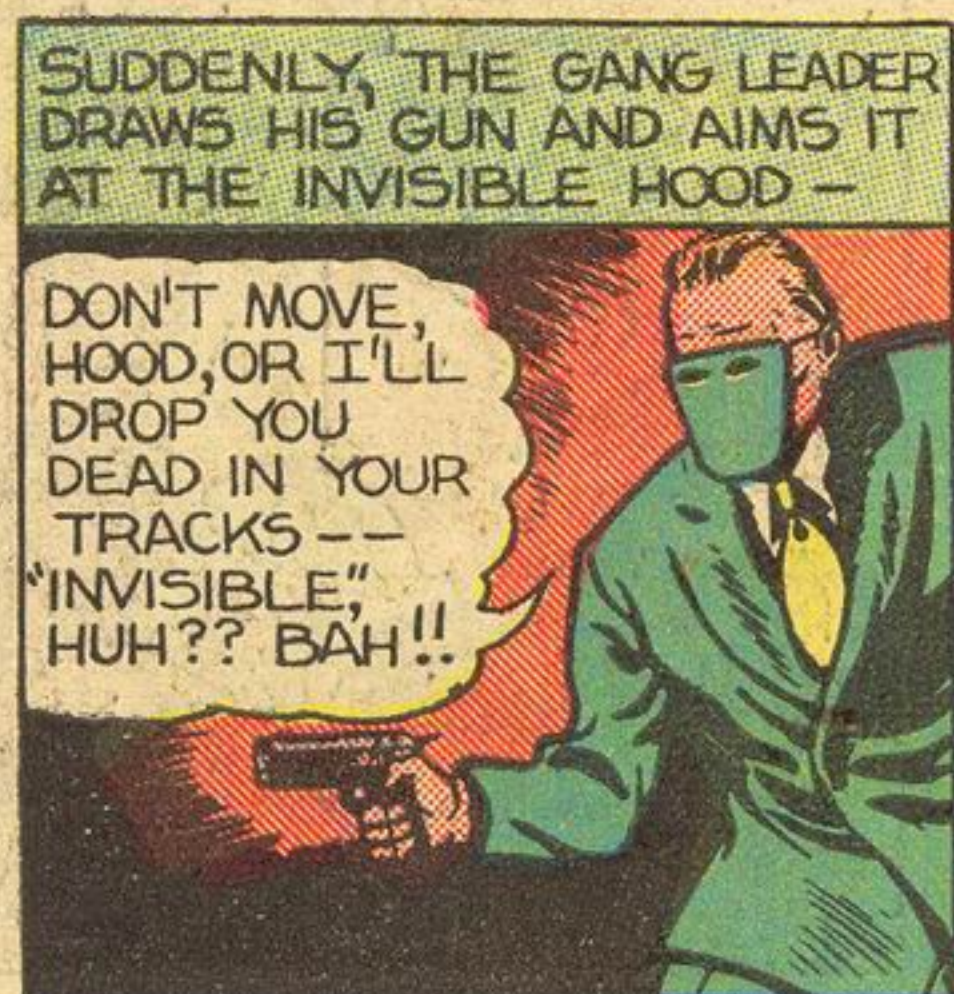
BANG! BANG!!

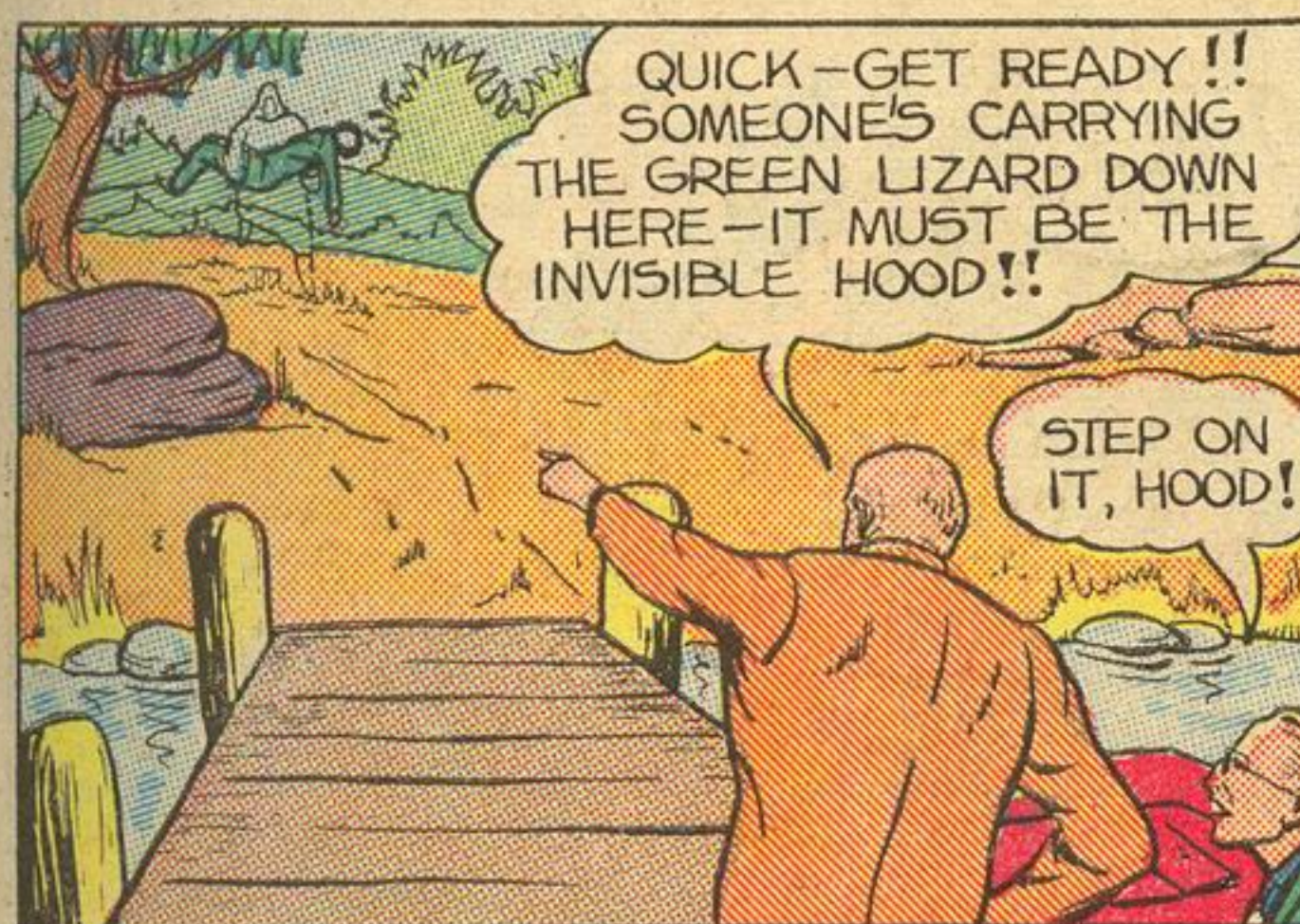


WHEW! THOSE CROOKS CERTAINLY MAKE SURE NO ONE FINDS THEIR HIDEOUT! WELL — THAT'S OVER — NOW TO MEET THE GREEN LIZARD HIMSELF!









CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

AN AMAZING SERIES OF BOMBINGS HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN LONDON, AND SCOTLAND YARD MEN ARE ON THE TRAIL OF SUSPECTED ANARCHISTS...

LAST NIGHT, ONE OF THE ANARCHISTS WAS CAPTURED BY OUR POLICE WHEN HE TRIED TO PUT A BOMB IN A SUBWAY STATION! THE ANARCHISTS DON'T KNOW THIS!



-AND I'M TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE GANG AND SPY ON THEM- IS THAT IT, CHIEF?

RIGHT!



IN THIS ENVELOPE ARE SECRET ORDERS FOR YOU-- READ THEM WHEN YOU GET BACK TO YOUR APARTMENT!



LATER COOK READS THE SECRET INSTRUCTIONS...

PROCEED TO THE "SAMAN'S INN" ON MOTT STREET TONIGHT AT 5:00. DRESS IN SHABBY CLOTHES. LOOK FOR INSPECTOR KEENE, WHO IS A POLICE SPY AMONG A GANG OF ANARCHISTS AND IS KNOWN AS "NUMBER SEVEN". HE WILL SPEAK THE ANARCHIST PASSWORD TO YOU, WHICH IS, "THE LAMP IS LIGHTED".

AH- THIS IS IT!



ER- IS THIS INSPECTOR KEENE?

YES-- COME, LET'S SIT OVER HERE IN THE CORNER-- "THE LAMP IS LIGHTED!"



COOK, THIS IS A DANGEROUS MISSION FOR YOU!



THERE ARE TWELVE MEMBERS IN THIS RING OF ANARCHISTS! THEY MEET IN A PLACE ON BAKER STREET AND THEY DRESS IN BLACK!



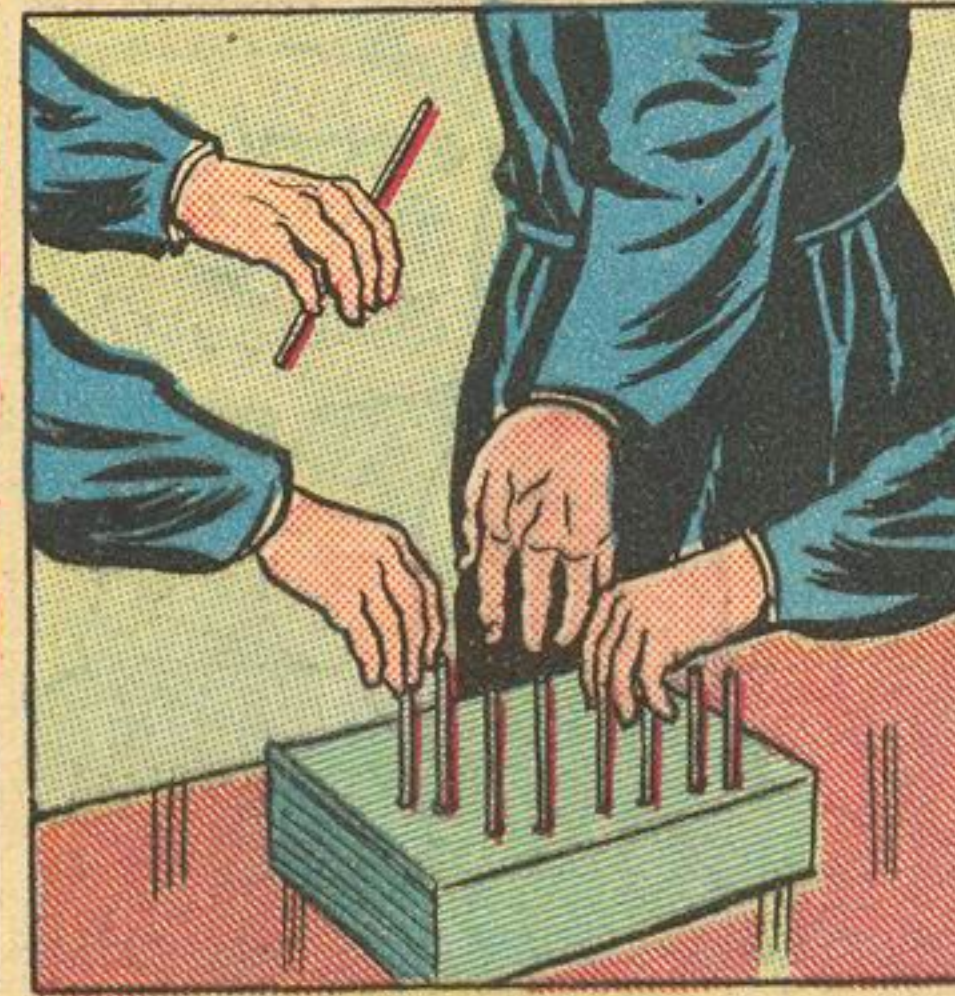
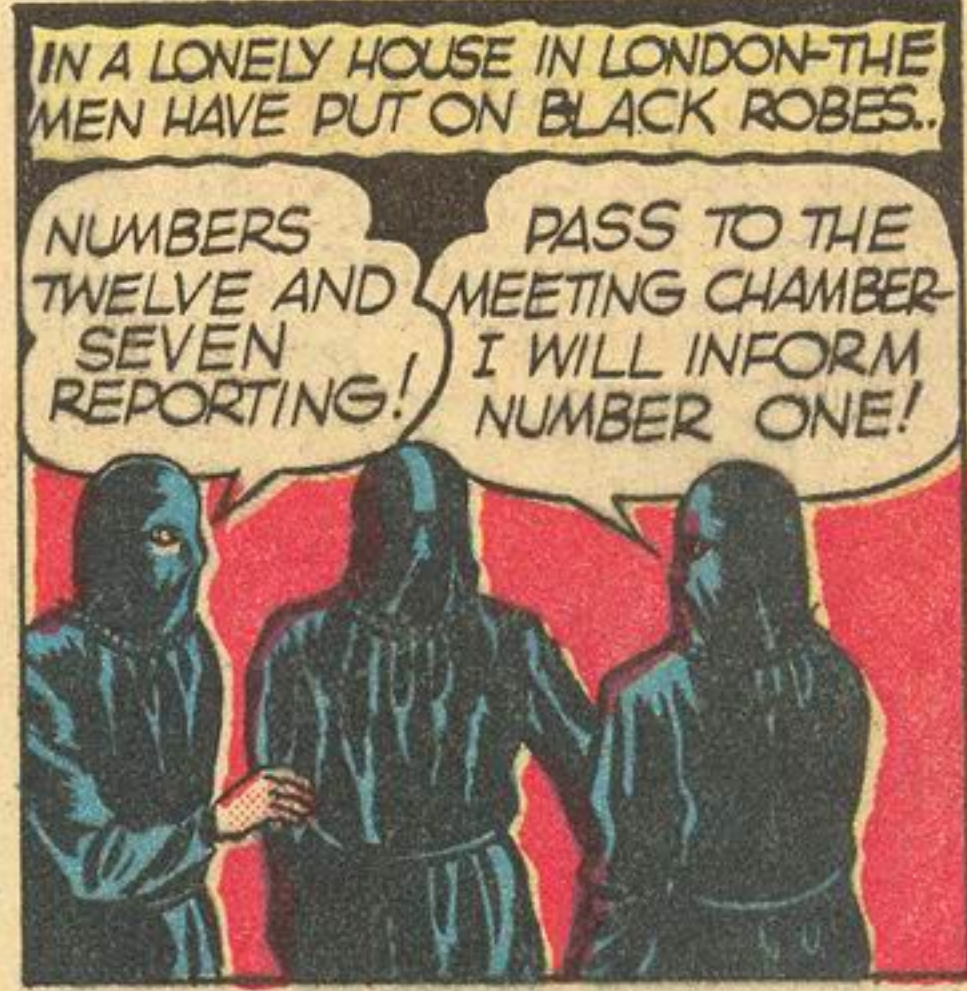
SEE THIS CARD WITH A CRYPTOGRAM ON IT? IT'S A SIGNAL!



- IT MEANS THEY MEET TONIGHT-- AND YOU'RE COMING ALONG TOO-- WITH ME!

ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR!









SPORT TRAVELS

"SLINGING" SAMMY BAUGH

FORMER ALL-AMERICAN
FULLBACK
OF TEXAS
CHRISTIAN
UNIVERSITY...



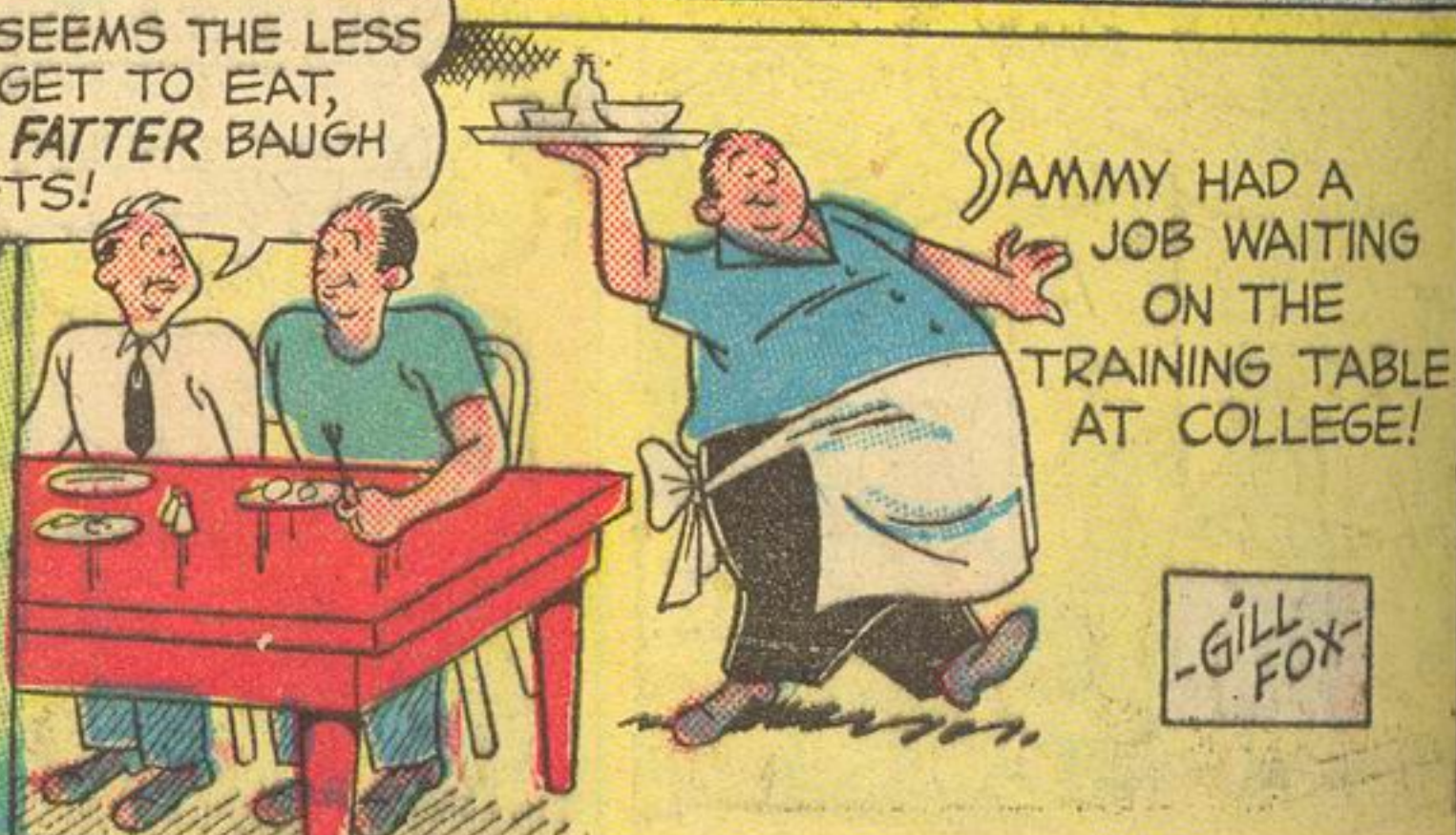
ALTHOUGH HE IS GENERALLY
KNOWN FOR HIS BRILLIANT PASSING, SAM
IS NO SLOUCH WHEN IT COMES TO
CARRYING THE BALL...AND IT WAS HIS
SHIFTY RUNNING THAT FREQUENTLY
GAINED VALUABLE YARDAGE FOR TEXAS
CHRISTIAN...



THERE GOES A MAN
AFTER ONE OF SAM
BAUGH'S PASSES!

WHILE STILL PLAYING
COLLEGE FOOTBALL,
BAUGH OFTEN THREW
COMPLETED PASSES
OF 50 YARDS AND
MORE!

IT SEEMS THE LESS
WE GET TO EAT,
THE FATTER BAUGH
GETS!



SAMMY HAD A
JOB WAITING
ON THE
TRAINING TABLE
AT COLLEGE!

BAUGH NOW PLAYS PROFESSIONAL
FOOTBALL WITH THE WASHINGTON
REDSKINS, AND EARNS OVER
SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
A SEASON!

GILL
FOX

Buy SMASH COMICS each month at your regular newsstand.

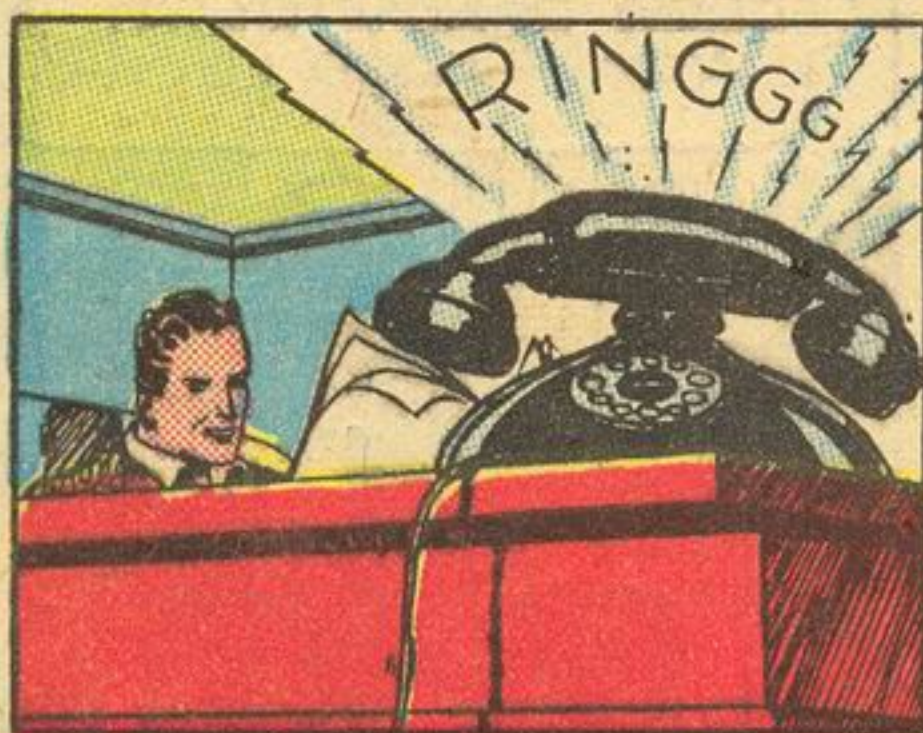
HUGH HAZZARD

AND HIS IRON MAN

by WAYNE REID.

DAILY MA
2ND U.S. SUBMARINE
SINKS. HOPE WANES.
CREW OF 70 NEAR DEATH.
SABOTAGE HINTED.
FOURTH DISASTER OF ITS
KIND THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD IN ONE WEEK.

SUDDENLY, THE QUIET OF HUGH HAZZARD'S APARTMENT IS SHATTERED BY THE RING OF THE TELEPHONE---



MR. HAZZARD - THERE'S A VERY DISREPUTABLE-LOOKING MAN TO SEE YOU -- VERY WELL - I'LL SEND HIM UP--



MY CREDENTIALS, SIR - I'M AMOS DOBBS OF F.B.I.---

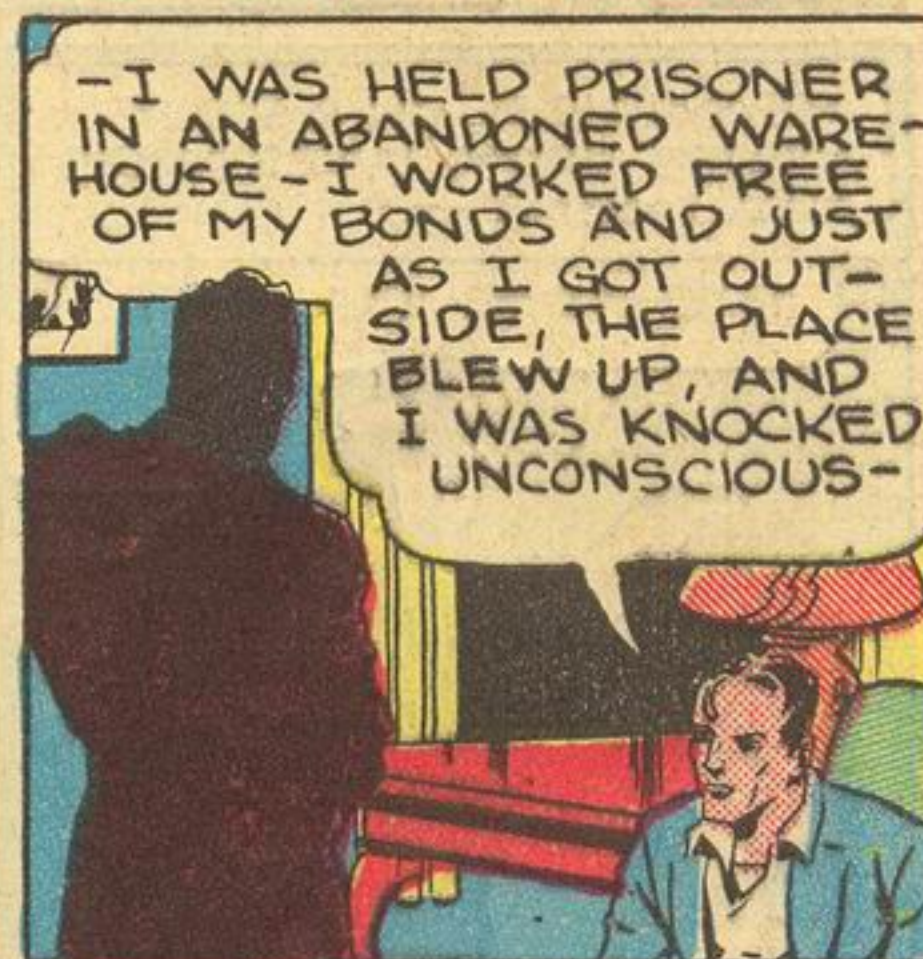


THEY LOOK AUTHENTIC-- NOW- WHY DID YOU COME TO ME?

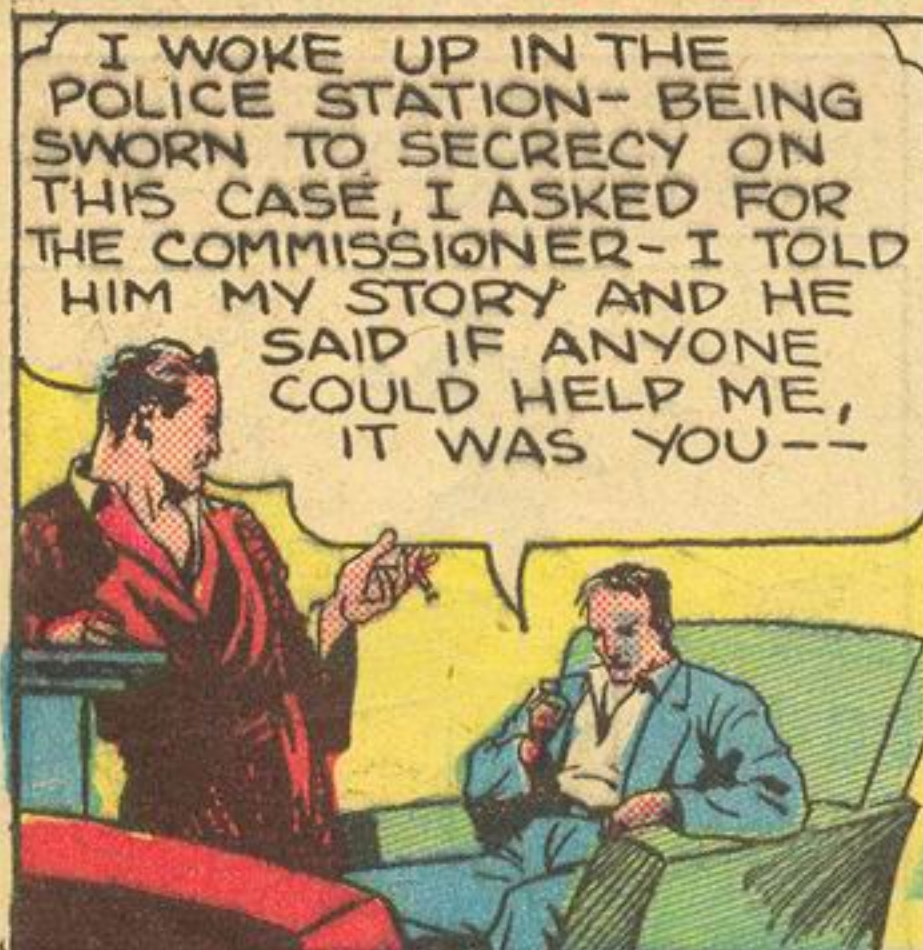
COMMISSIONER HUNT REFERRED ME TO YOU---



I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THESE SUBMARINE CASES - I KNOW DEFINITELY THAT A WORLD-WIDE SPY RING IS AT WORK - I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THEM AND YESTERDAY I FELL INTO A TRAP THEY HAD SET FOR ME--!!



-I WAS HELD PRISONER IN AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - I WORKED FREE OF MY BONDS AND JUST AS I GOT OUTSIDE, THE PLACE BLEW UP, AND I WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS-

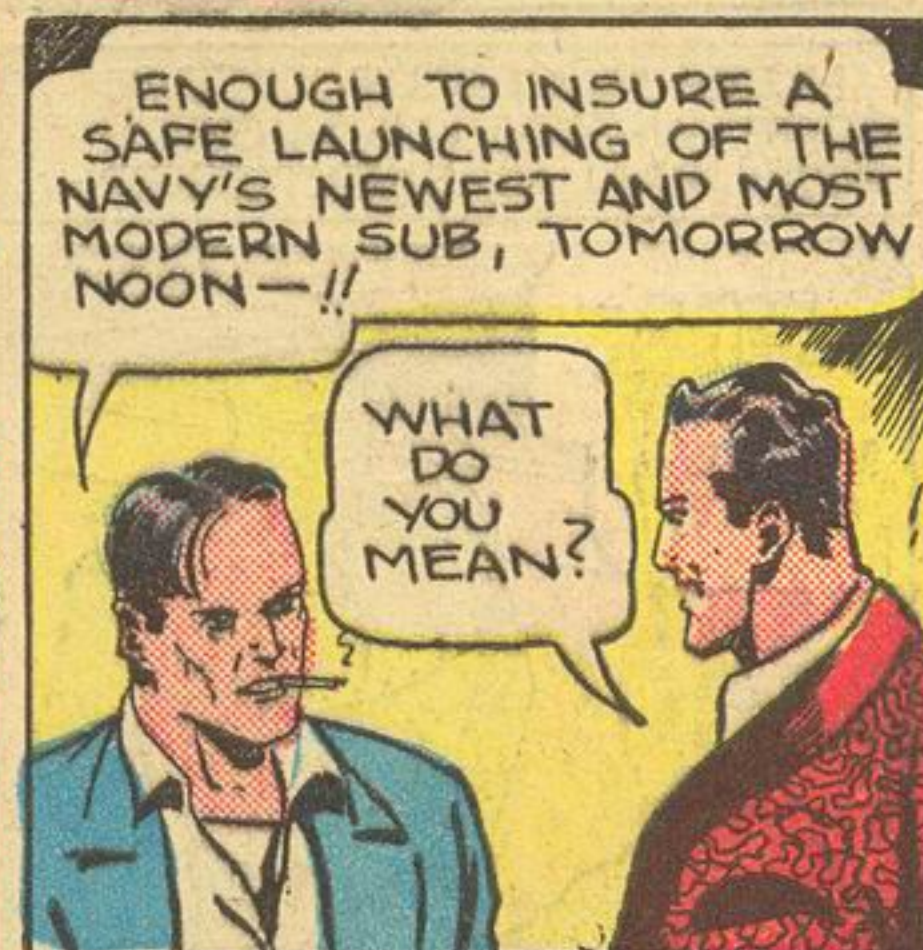


I WOKE UP IN THE POLICE STATION- BEING SWORN TO SECRECY ON THIS CASE, I ASKED FOR THE COMMISSIONER- I TOLD HIM MY STORY AND HE SAID IF ANYONE COULD HELP ME, IT WAS YOU--



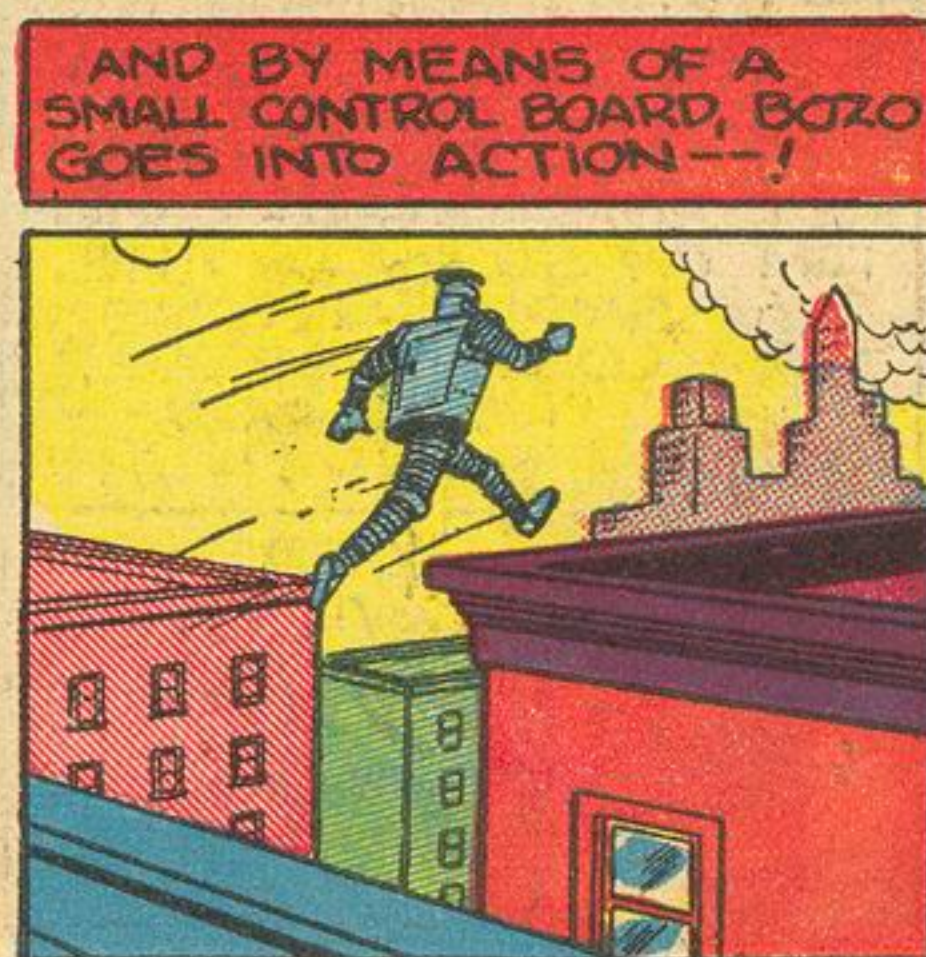
I MIGHT ADD, THAT ANY EVIDENCE I HAD AGAINST THEM WAS TAKEN FROM ME WHEN THEY CAUGHT ME--!

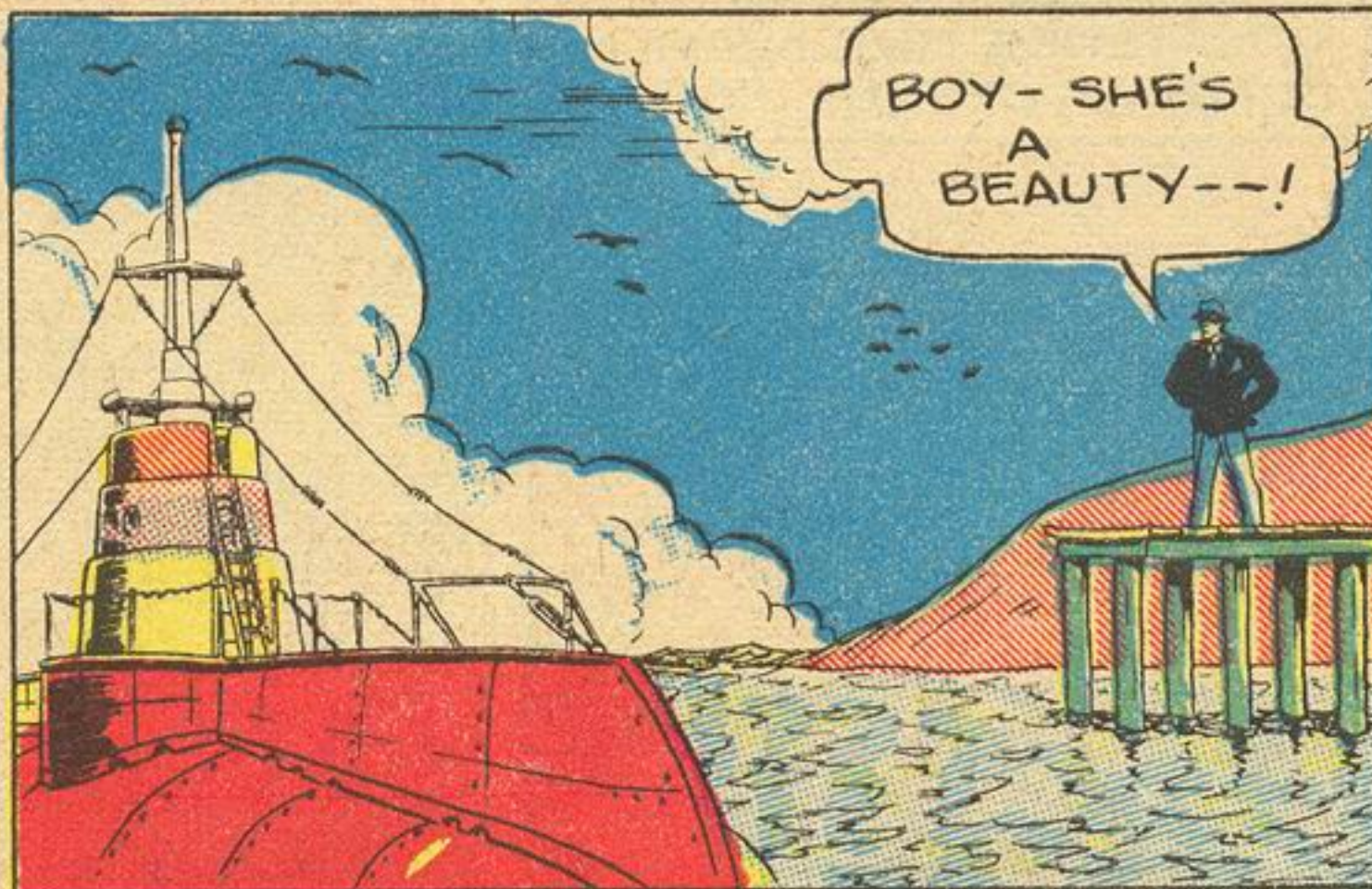
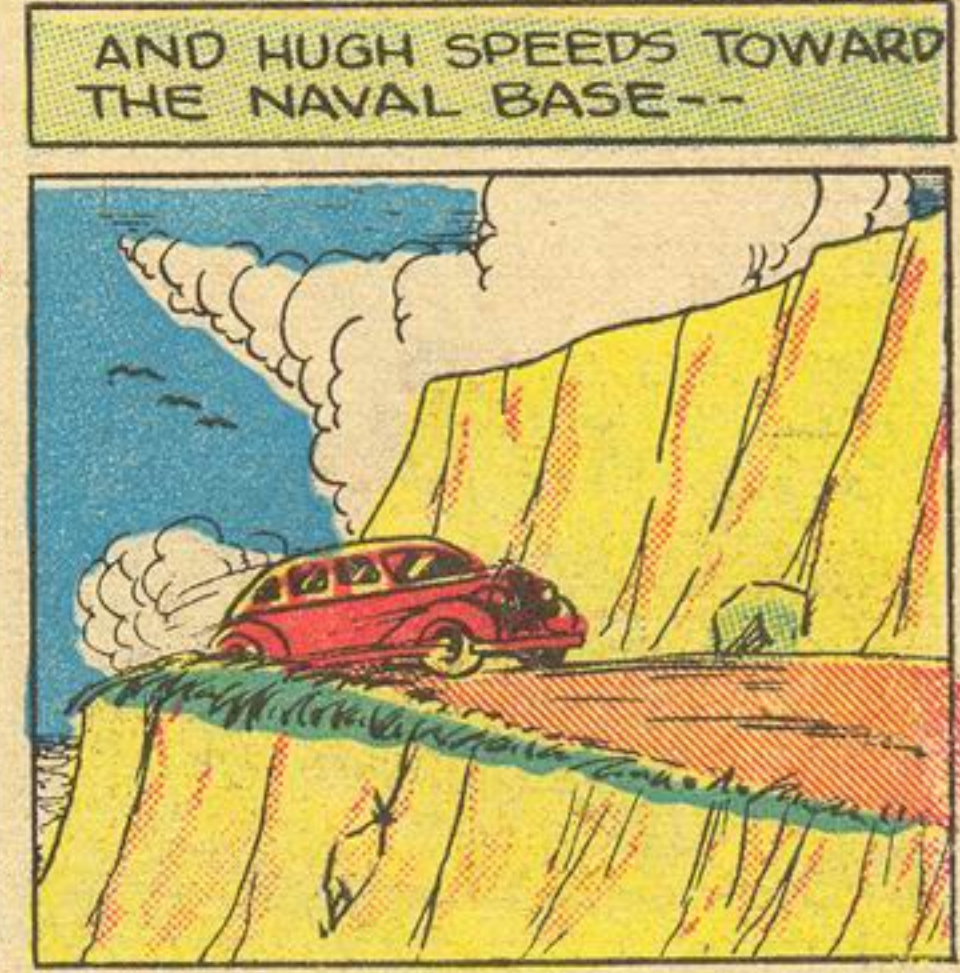
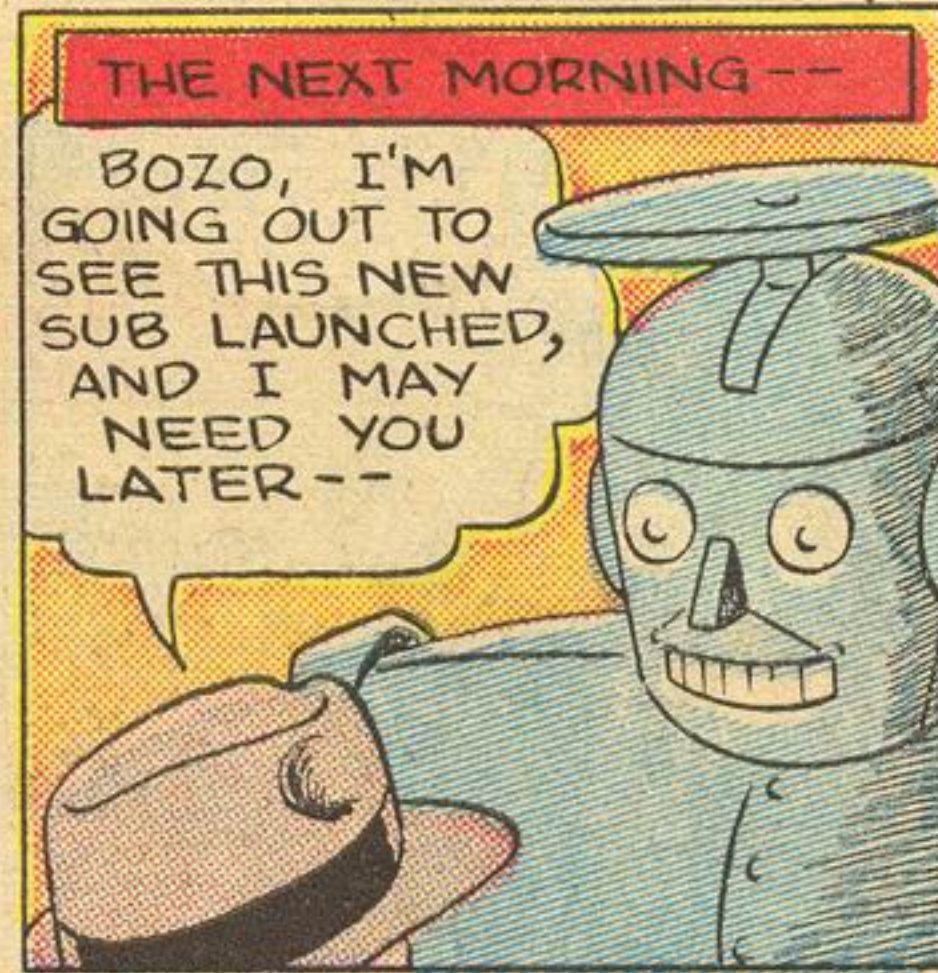
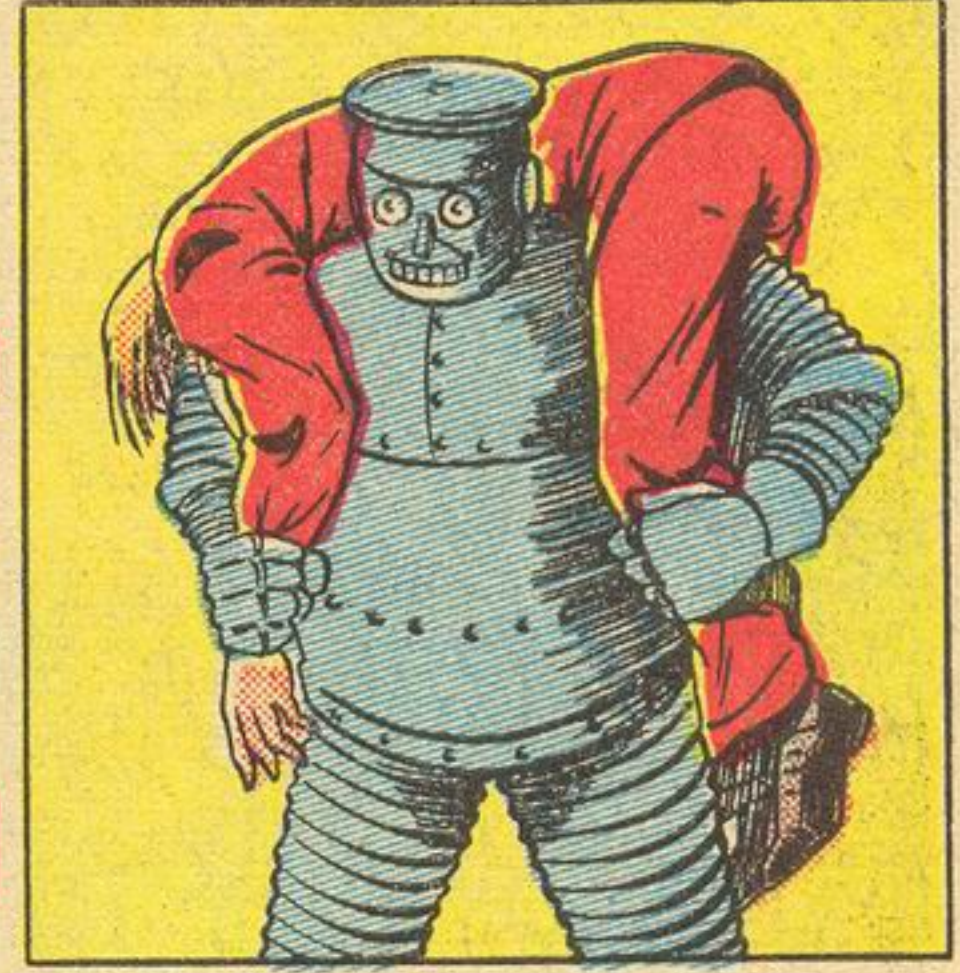
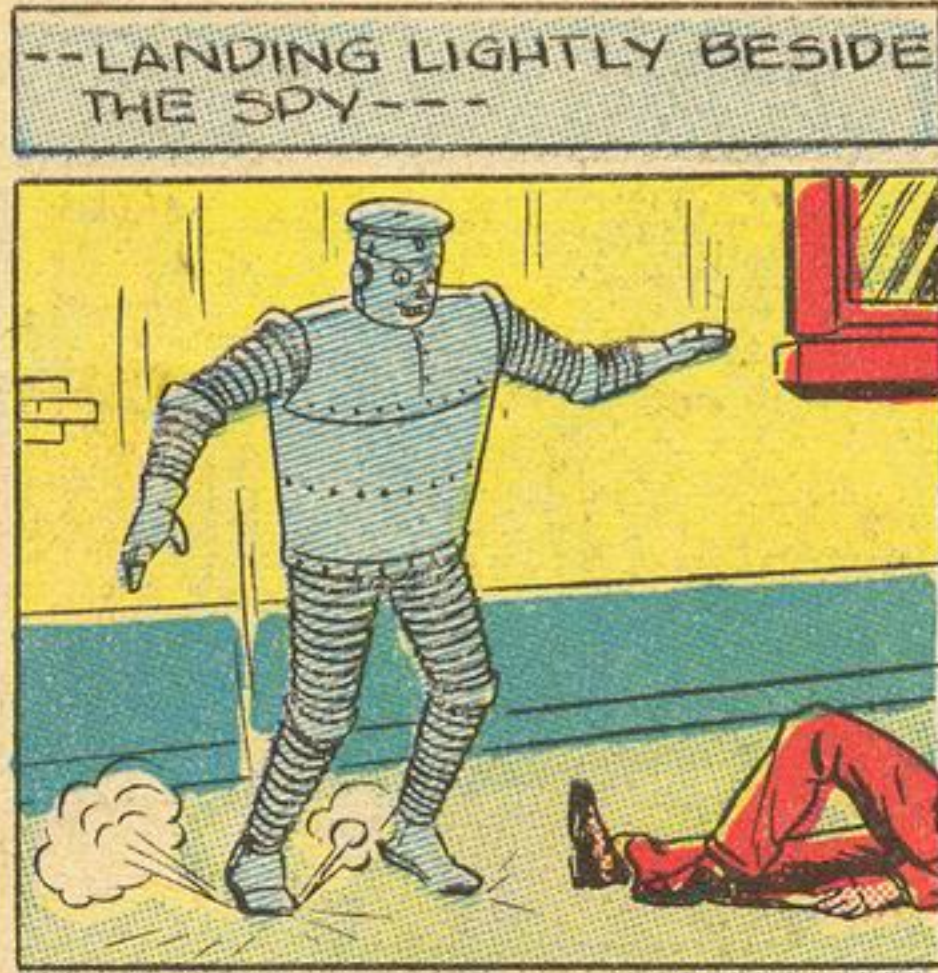
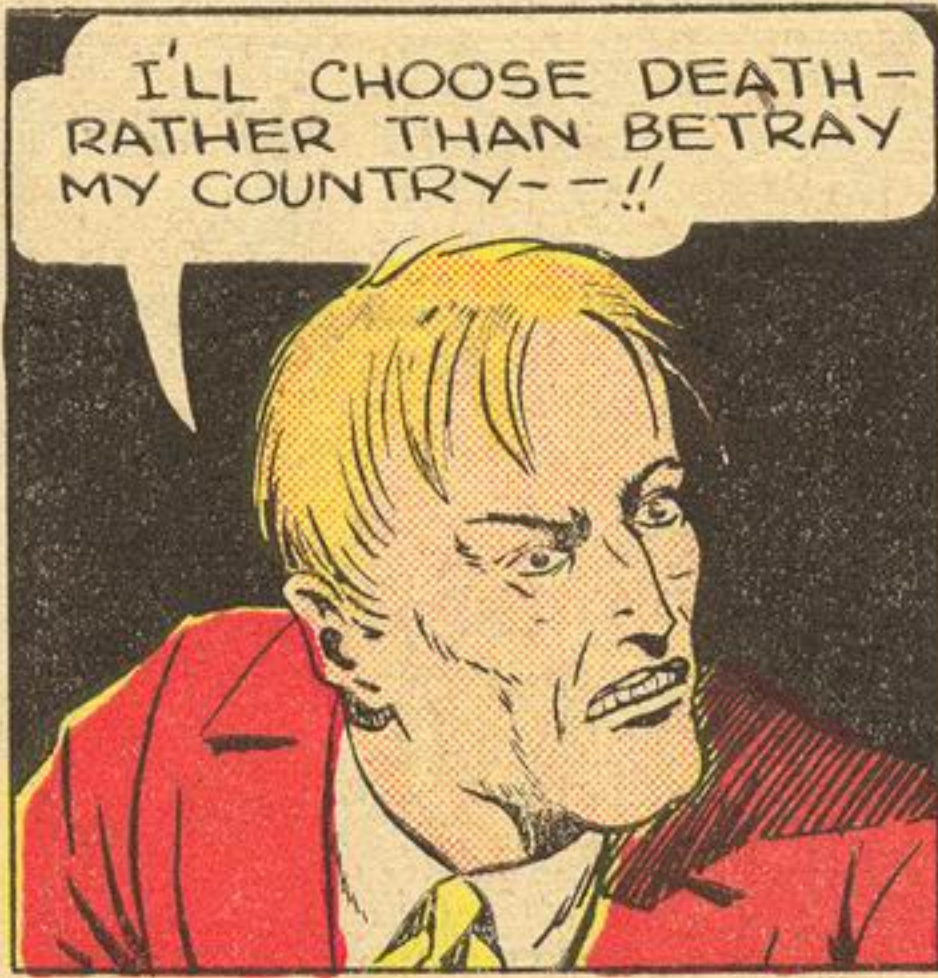
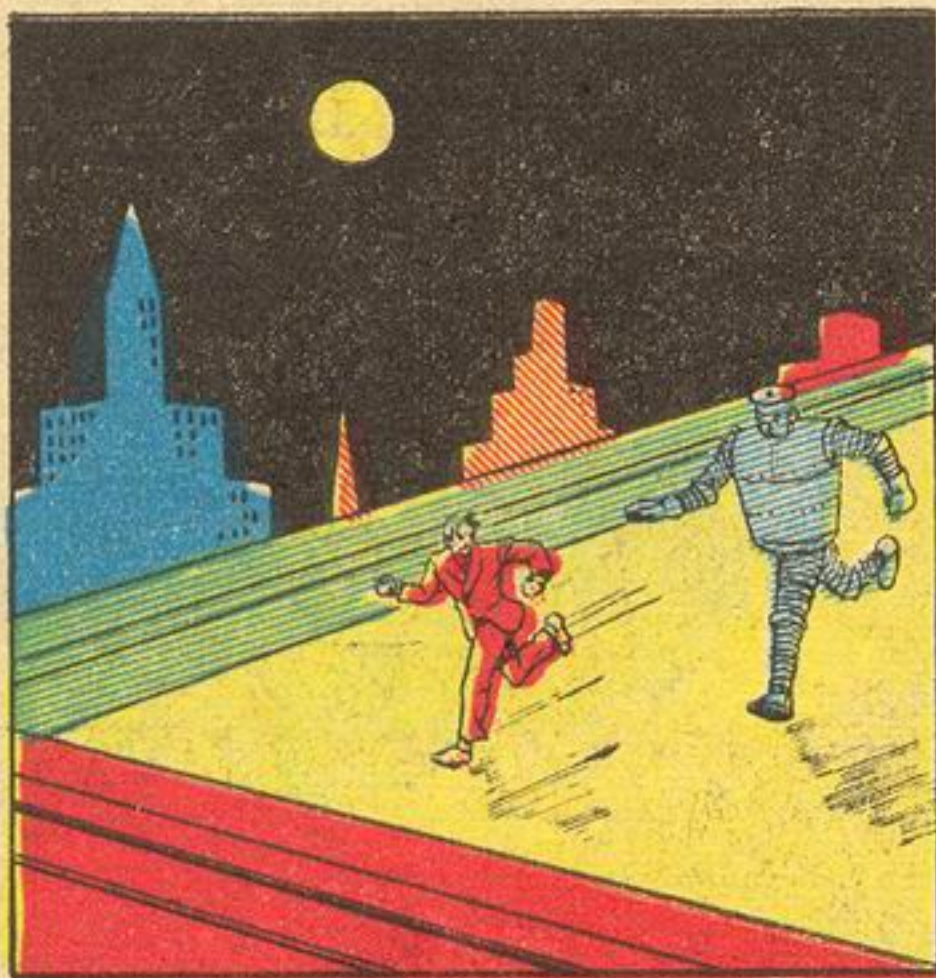
DID YOU HAVE MUCH ON THEM?

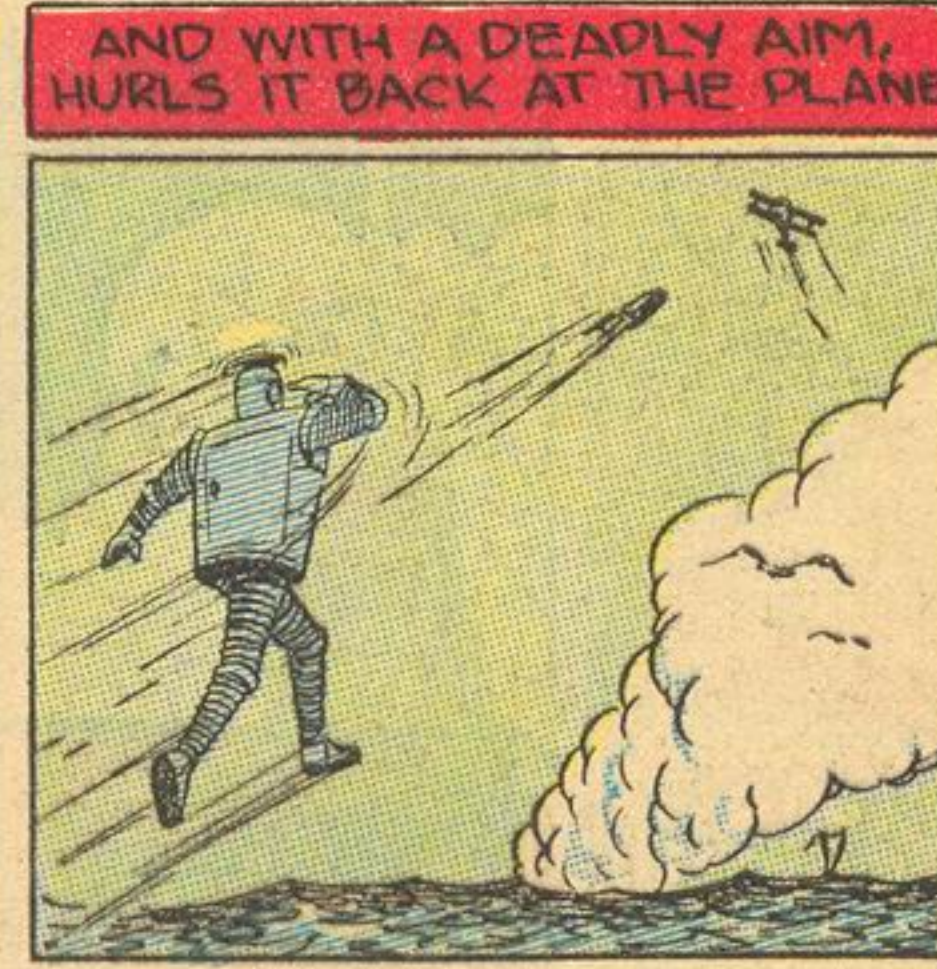
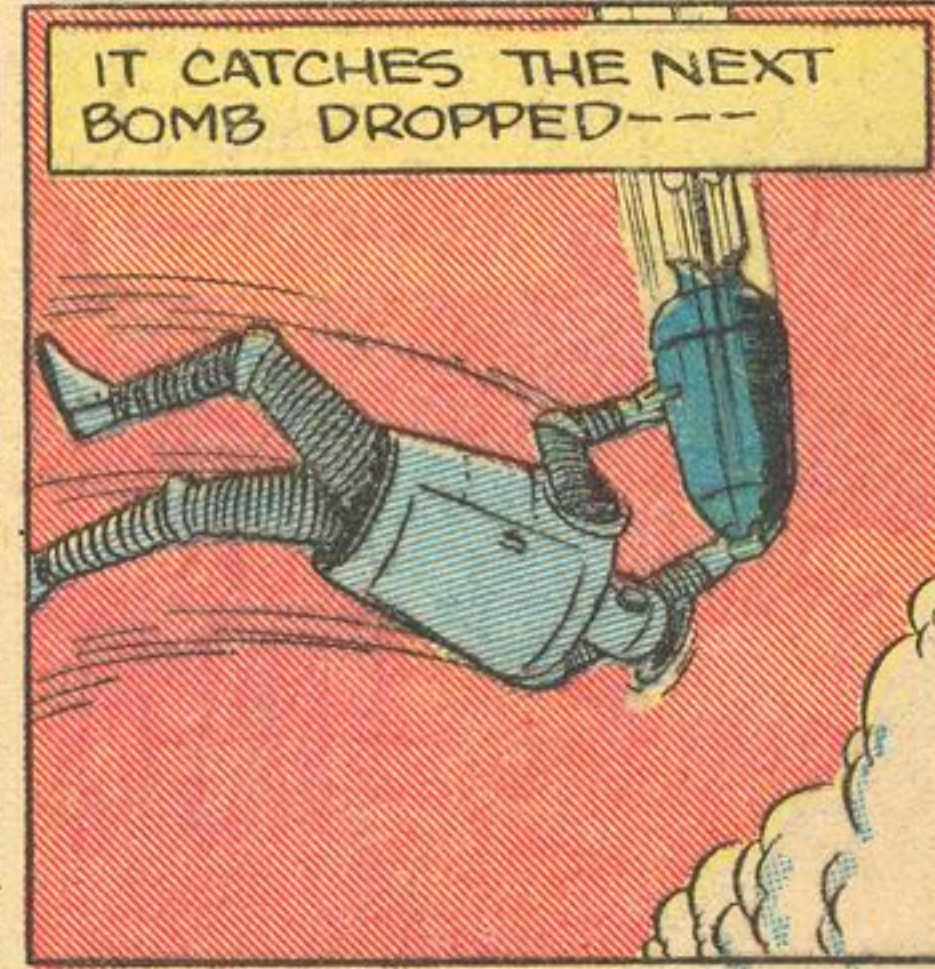
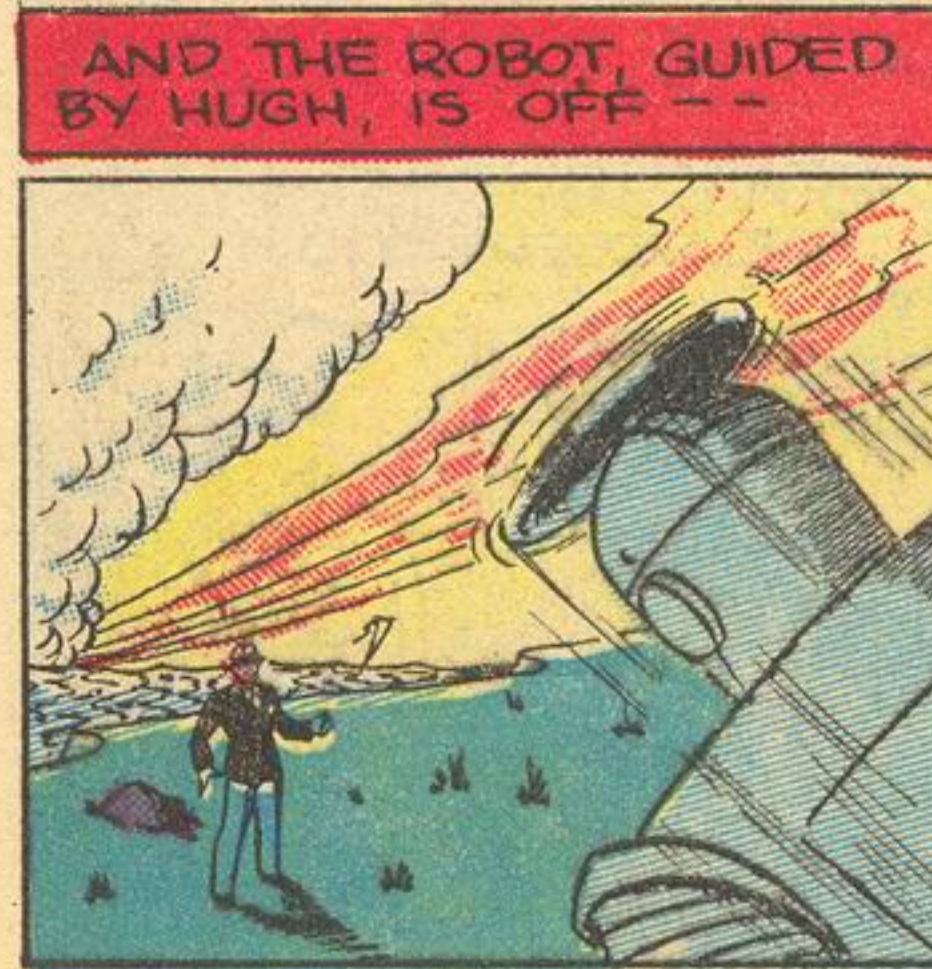


ENOUGH TO INSURE A SAFE LAUNCHING OF THE NAVY'S NEWEST AND MOST MODERN SUB, TOMORROW NOON--!!

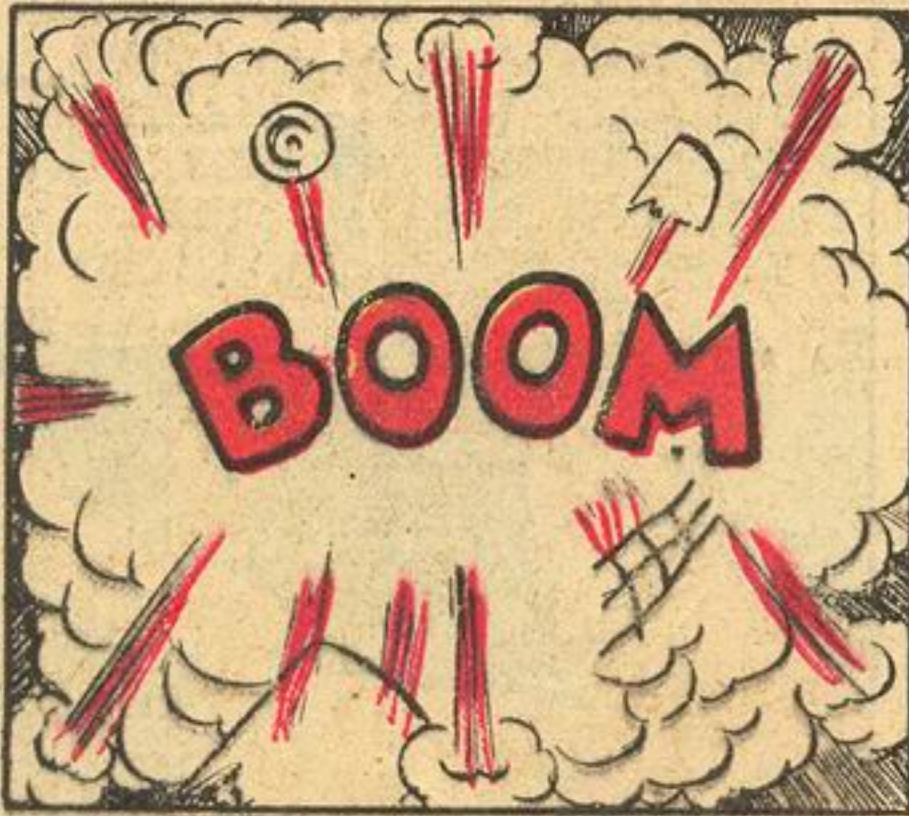
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?







BLOWING IT TO BITS--!!



NOT FAR AWAY, TWO MEN WATCH THE QUEER SIGHT---

HANZ--
DID YOU
SEE THAT?

YES, LEON--
AND WHAT
FOOLS
WE
ARE--!



DO YOU REALIZE WHAT
IT WOULD MEAN FOR OUR
COUNTRY TO OWN A FLEET
OF THOSE THINGS--WE
COULD RULE THE WORLD--
WE MUST
GET THAT
AT ANY
COST----



HOW?

I DON'T KNOW--
I MUST HAVE
TIME TO THINK--
LET US
GO--



OUR
PILOT
DIDN'T
STAND
A
CHANCE,
POOR
FELLOW--
!!

POOR FELLOW!--
WHAT ABOUT US,
WHEN THE CHIEF
FINDS OUT WE
FAILED TO SINK
THAT SUBMARINE--
!!



LEON--
LOOK!--



LISTEN!-- HE
SPEAKS AND
IT OBEYS--!

GO HOME,
BOZO--



COME, LET US
GET UP AHEAD--
WE MUST GET
THAT FELLOW--!



AND AS HUGH PASSES
UNDER A TREE---



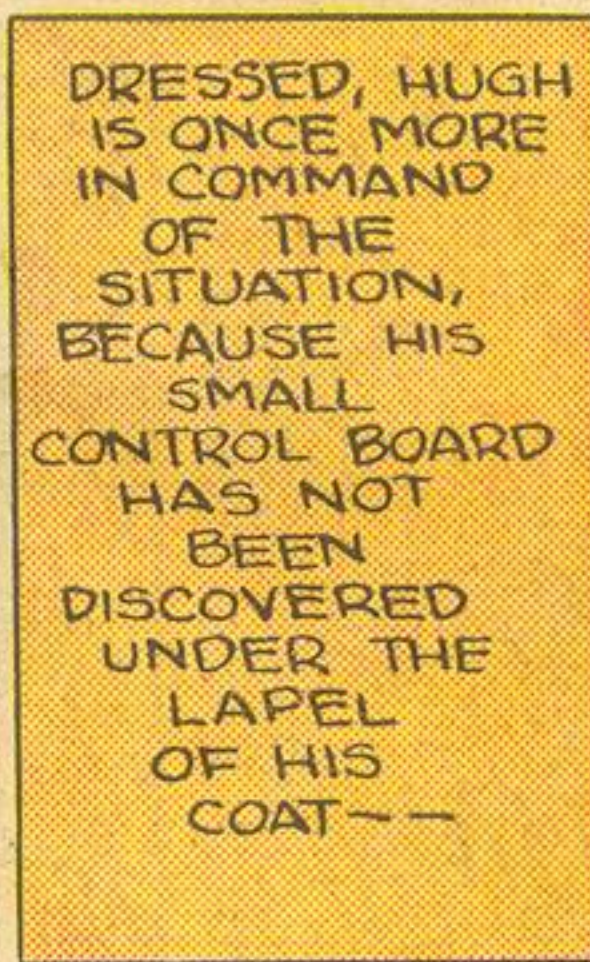
TIE HIM UP
GOOD, LEON--!



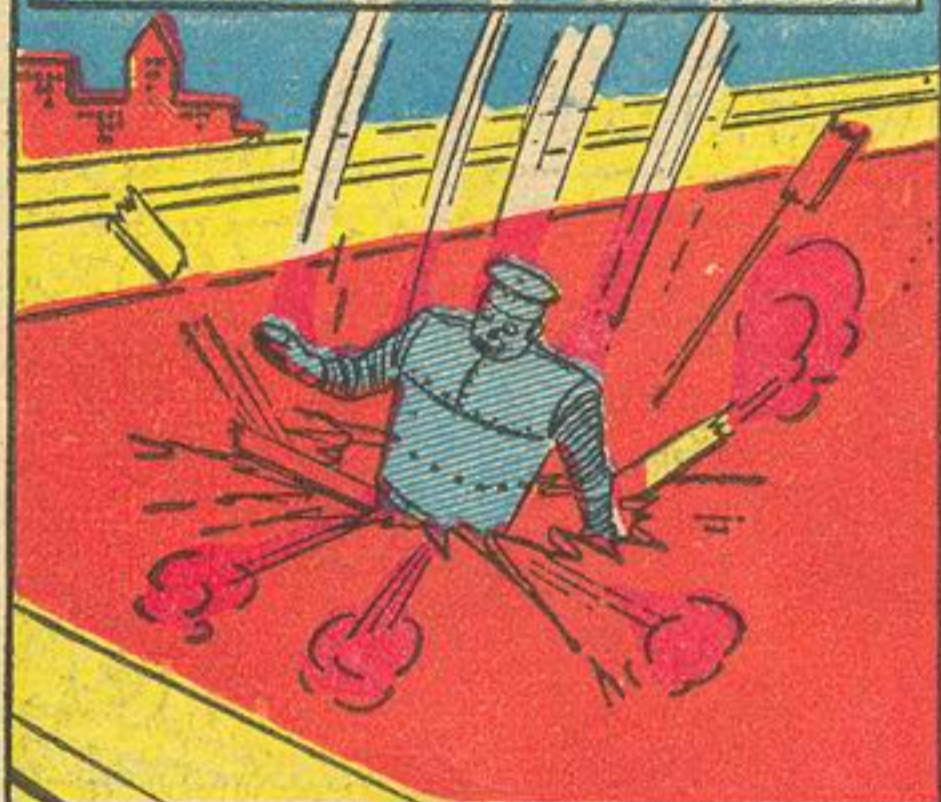
BUT, HANZ--
HE MAY NOT
TELL US
WHERE IT
IS--

DON'T WORRY,
AS THEY SAY
IN THIS
COUNTRY--WE
WILL SWEAT
IT OUT OF
HIM----

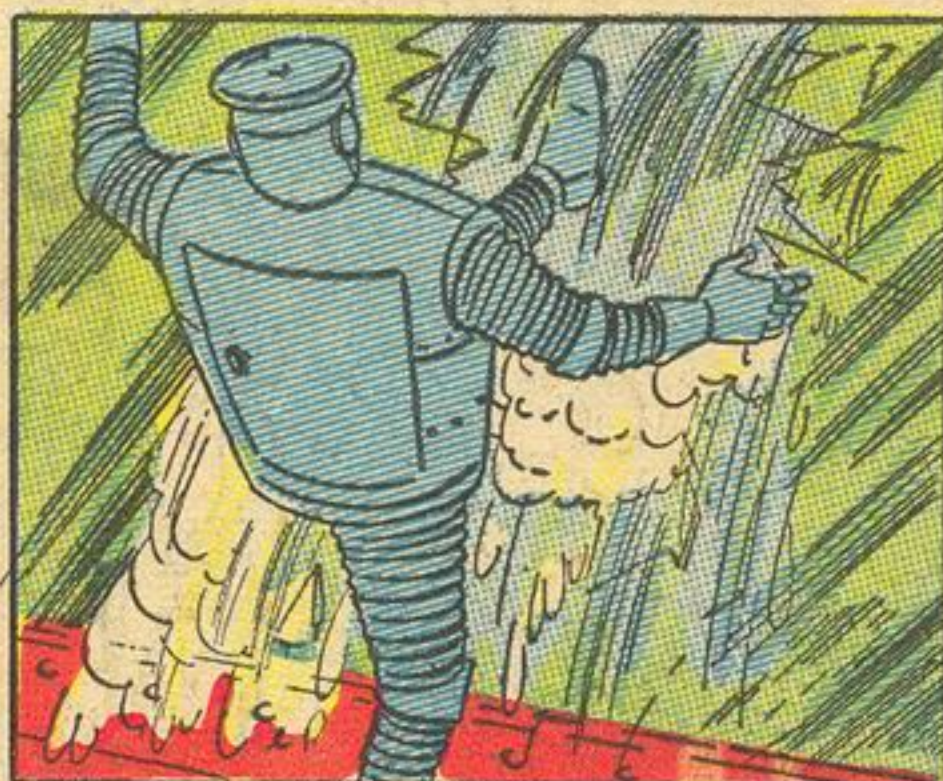




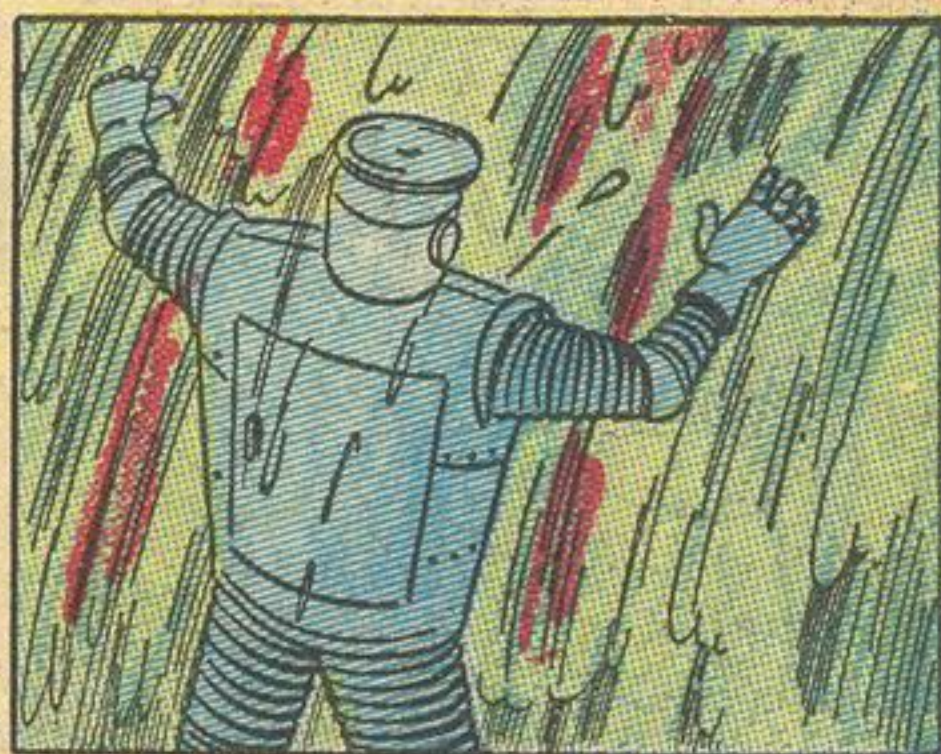
SUDDENLY, BOZO CRASHES THROUGH THE ROOF--



AND AT HUGH'S LAST FEEBLE COMMAND, IT SMASHES THE GLASS TANK--



TONS OF WATER POUR DOWN ON THE IRON MAN BUT HE STILL HOLDS HIS GROUND--



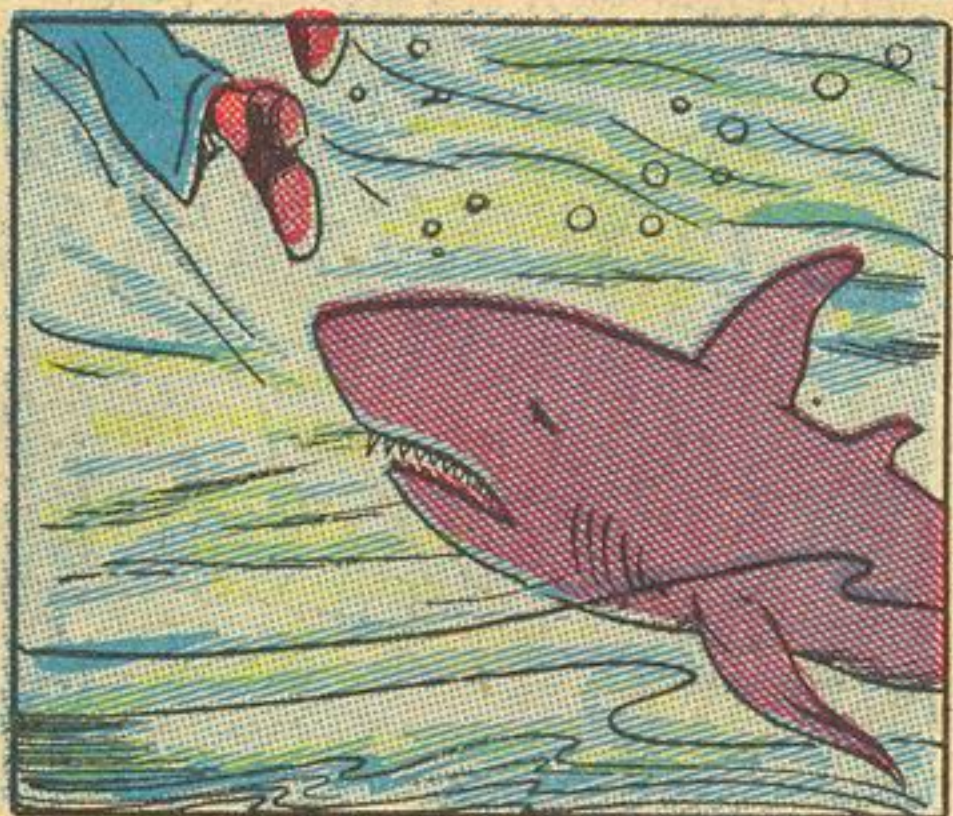
IN THE TORRENT, HUGH FIGHTS TO SAVE PAT--



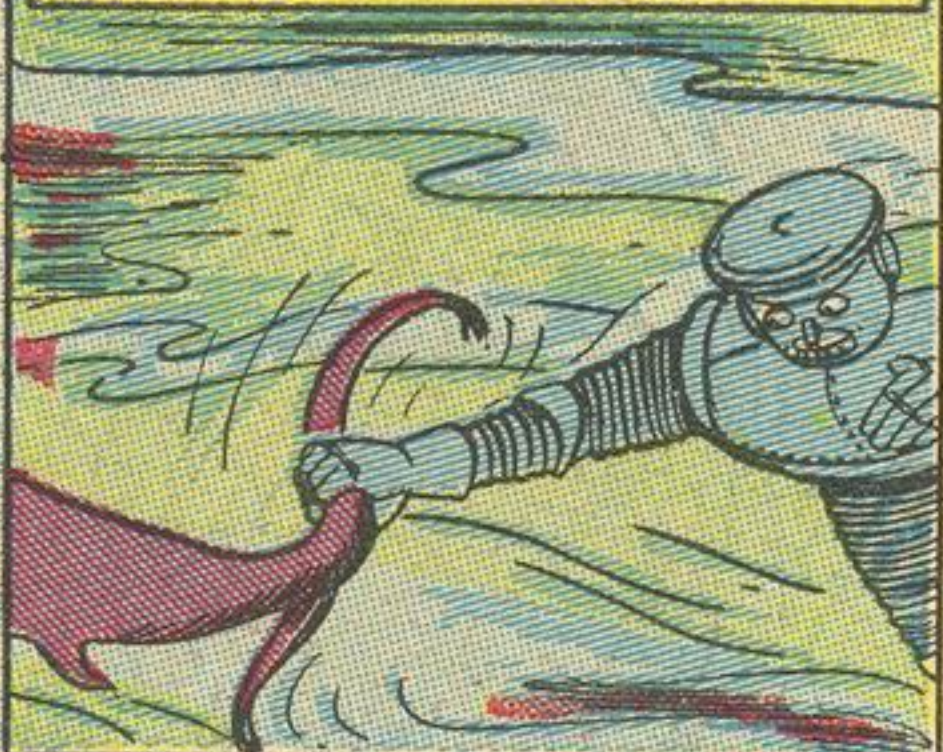
THE RAGING WATER AND THE SHARKS BEGIN TO TAKE THEIR TOLL OF THE SPY GANG---



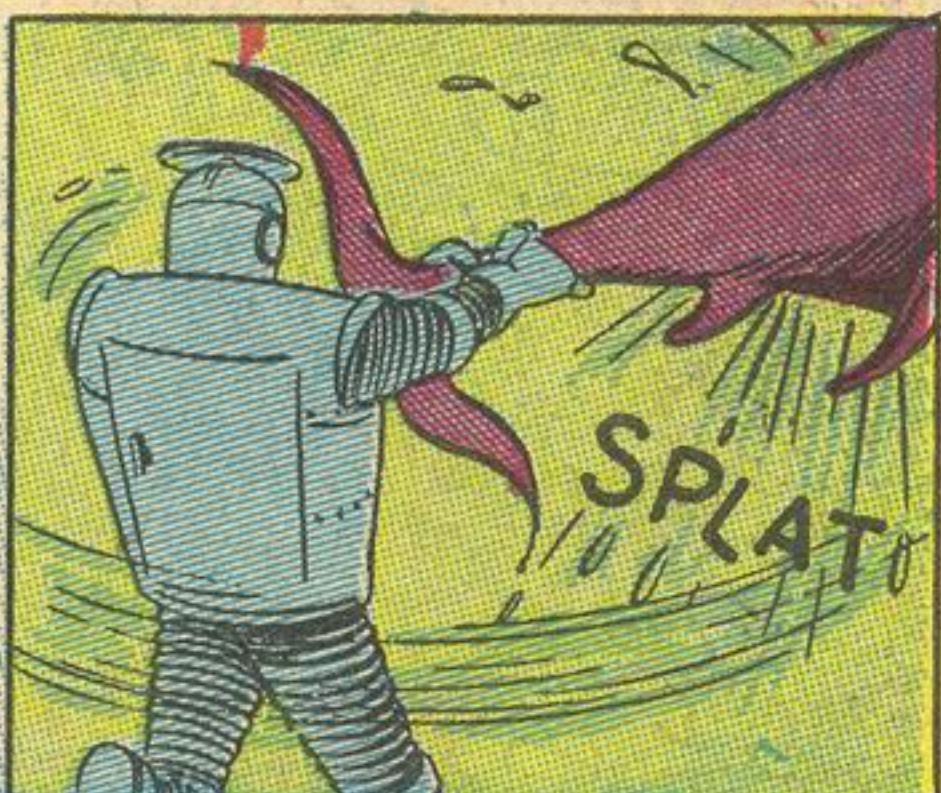
A SHARK SIGHTS HUGH'S THRASHING LEGS--



BUT BOZO GRABS THE BIG FISH AS IT IS ABOUT TO STRIKE--



AND SMASHES IT AGAINST THE WALL-----!!



WELL, BOZO--IT LOOKS LIKE THAT WHOLE GANG IS WASHED UP FOR GOOD--THERE'S NOT ONE OF THEM ALIVE--!



LATER--

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW, HUGH, IS HOW THEY FOUND ME?

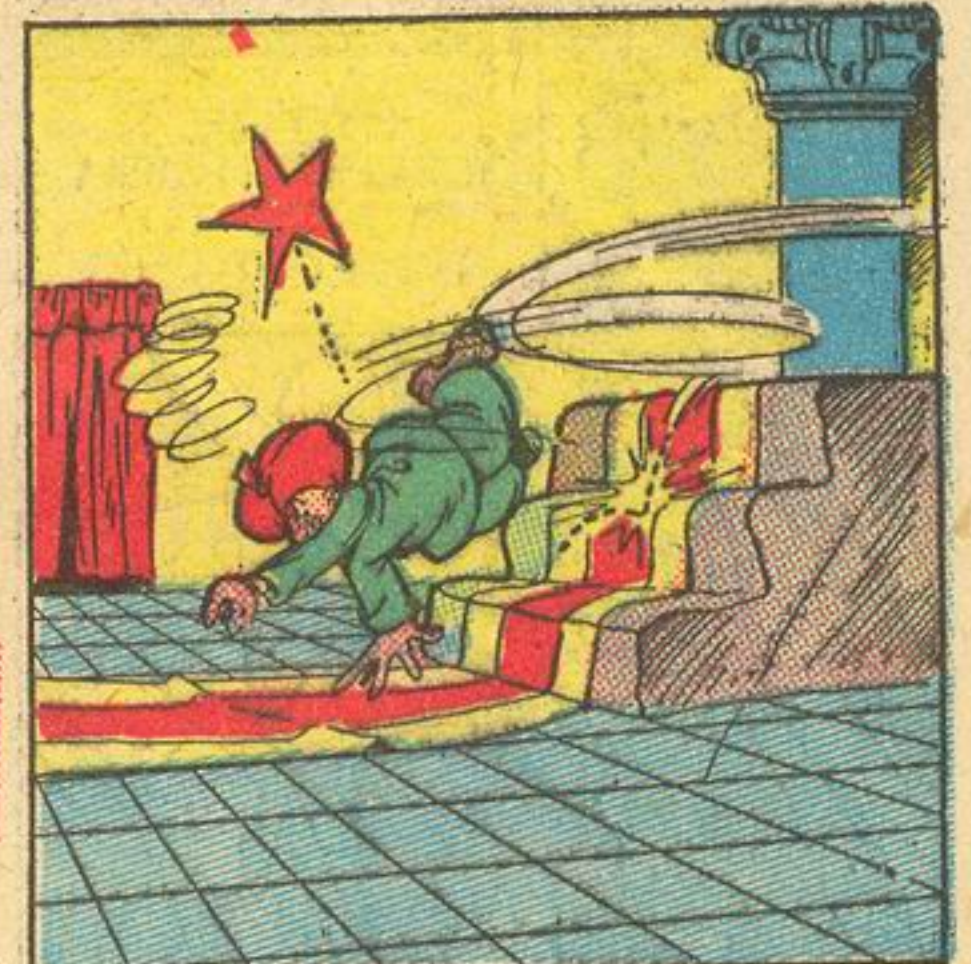
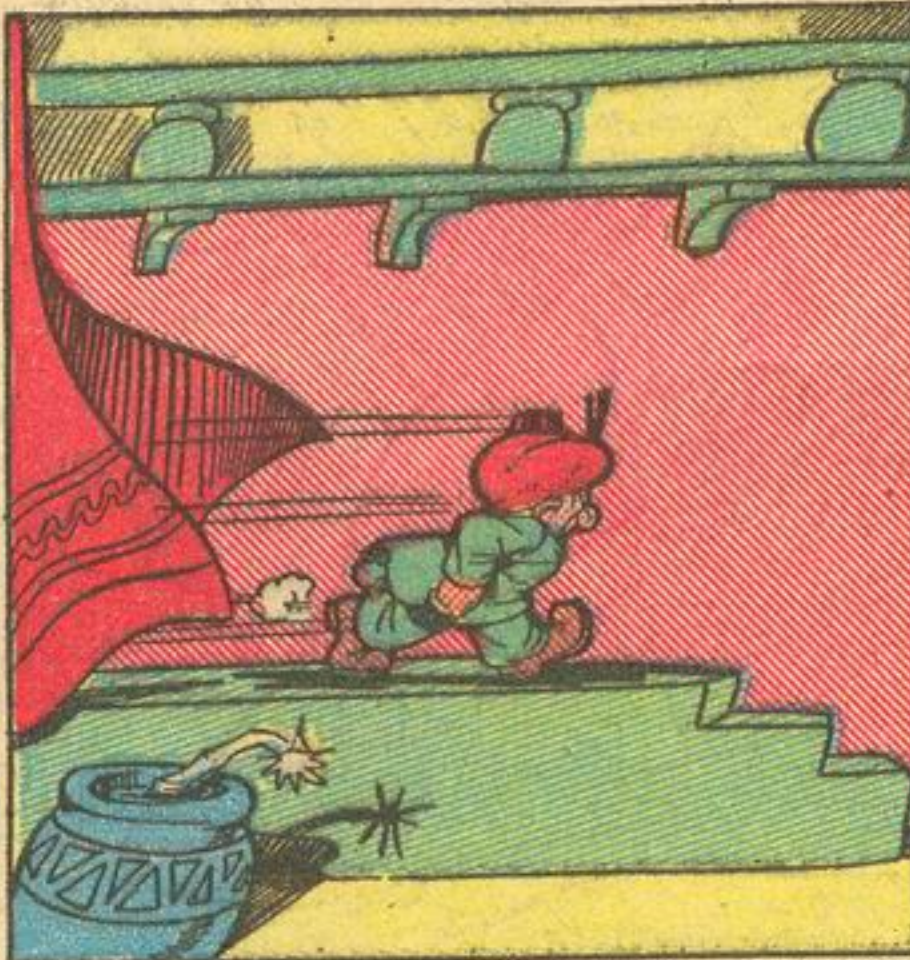
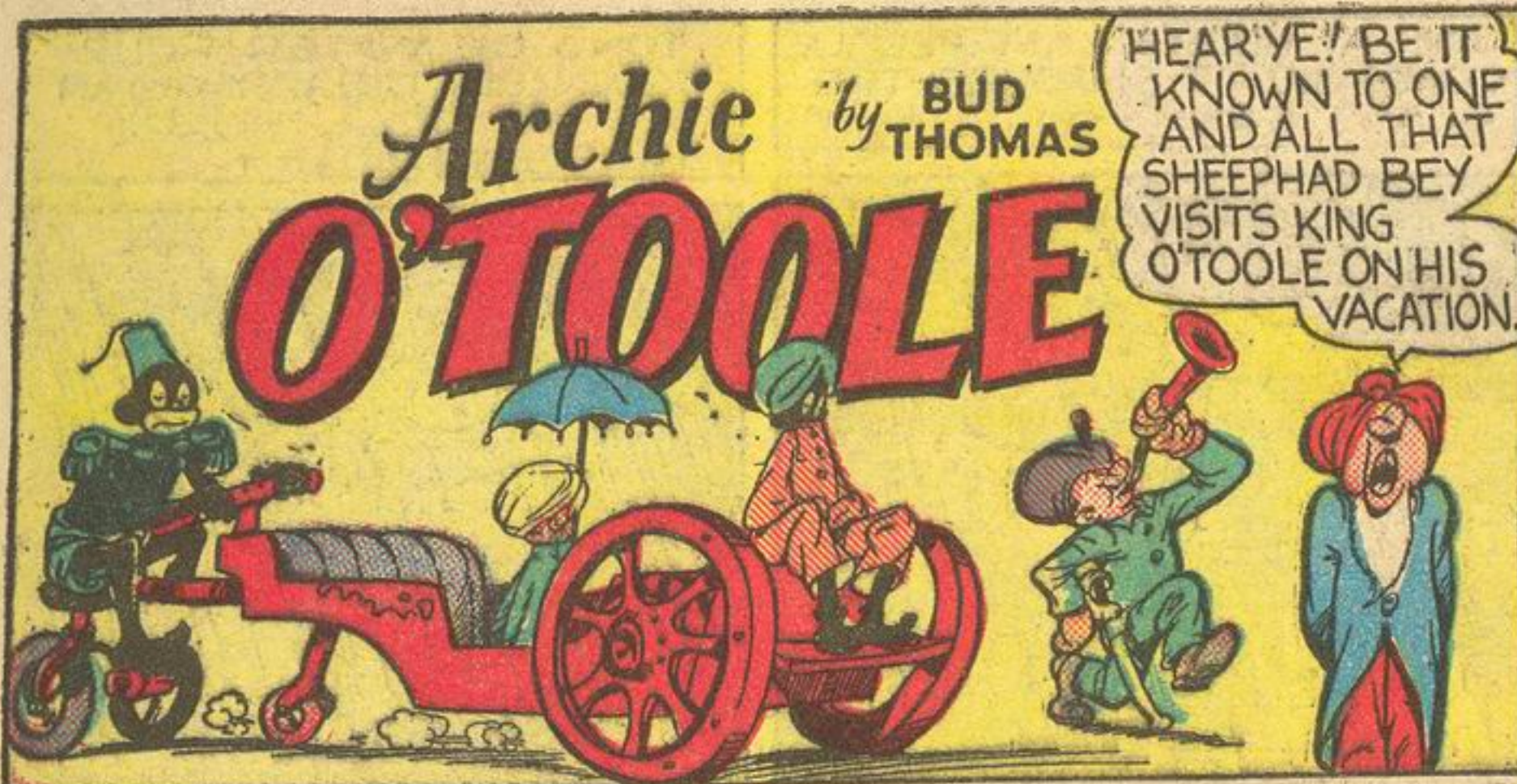


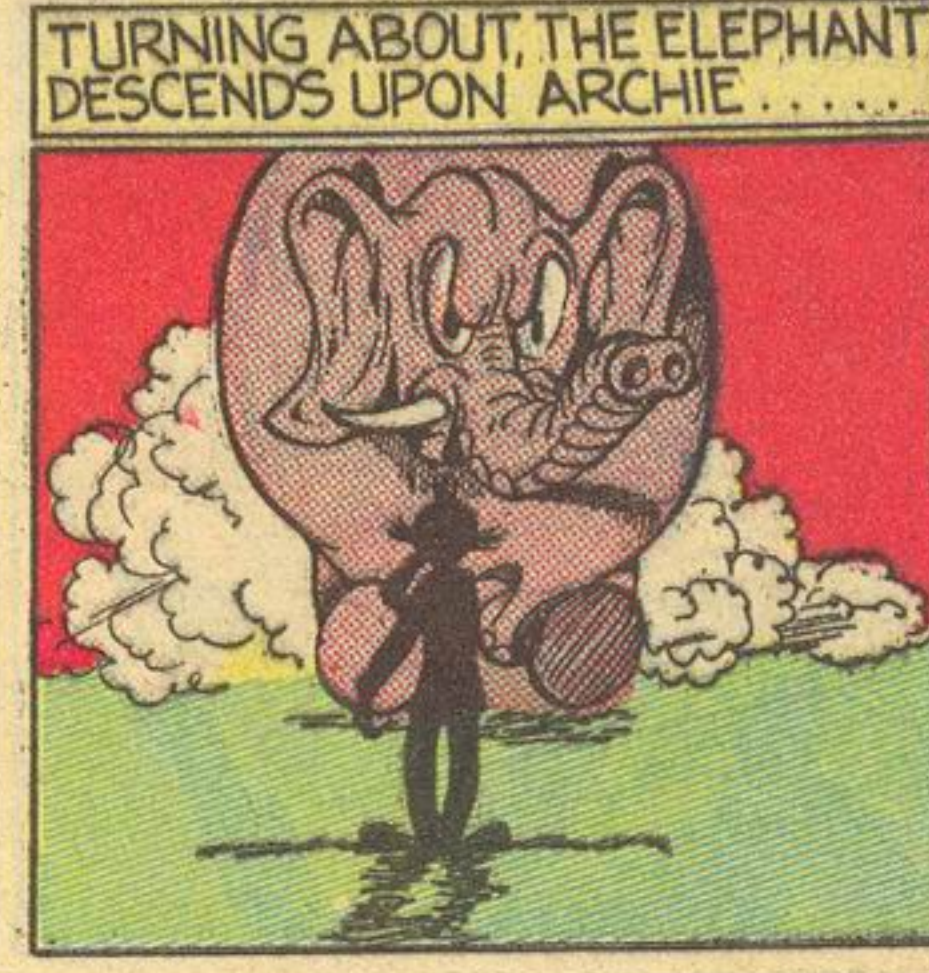
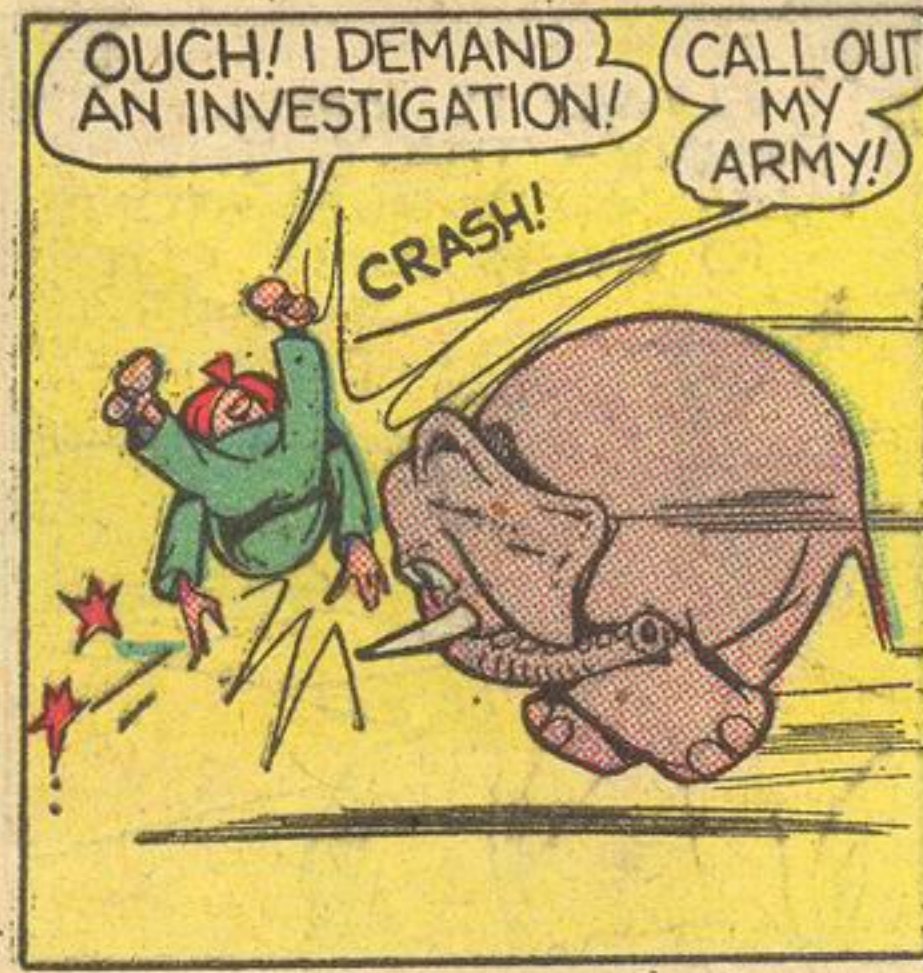
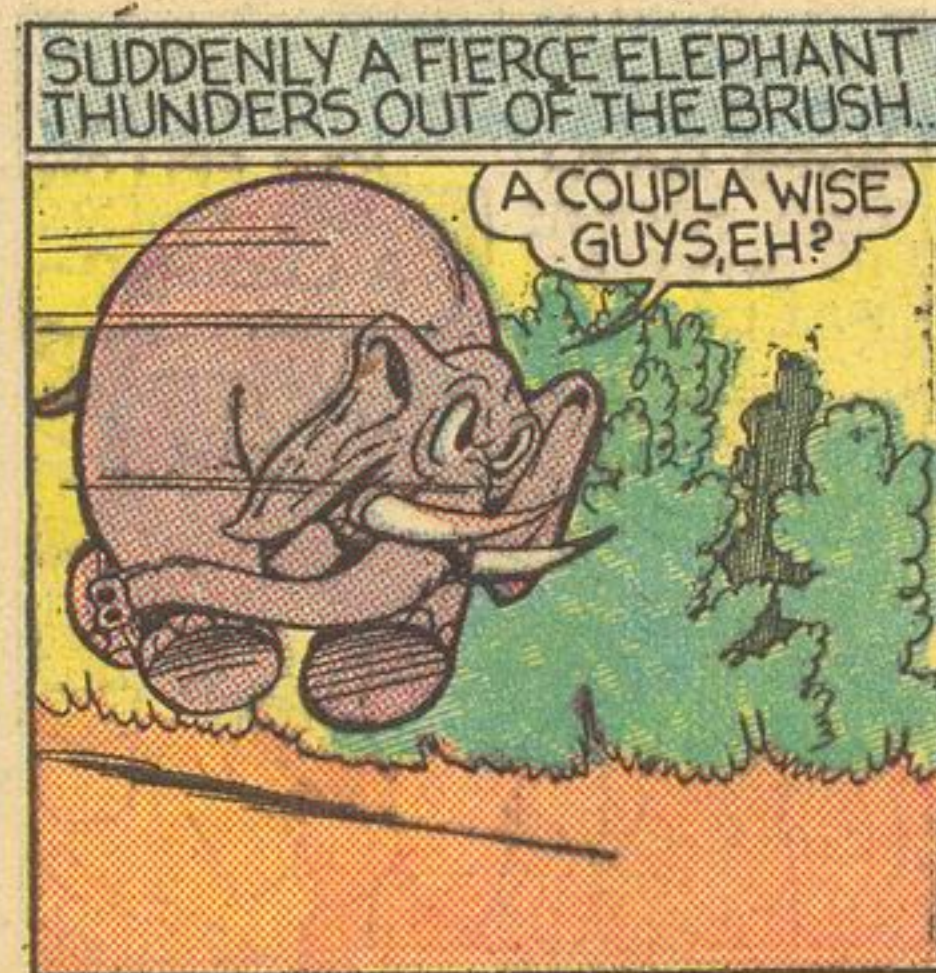
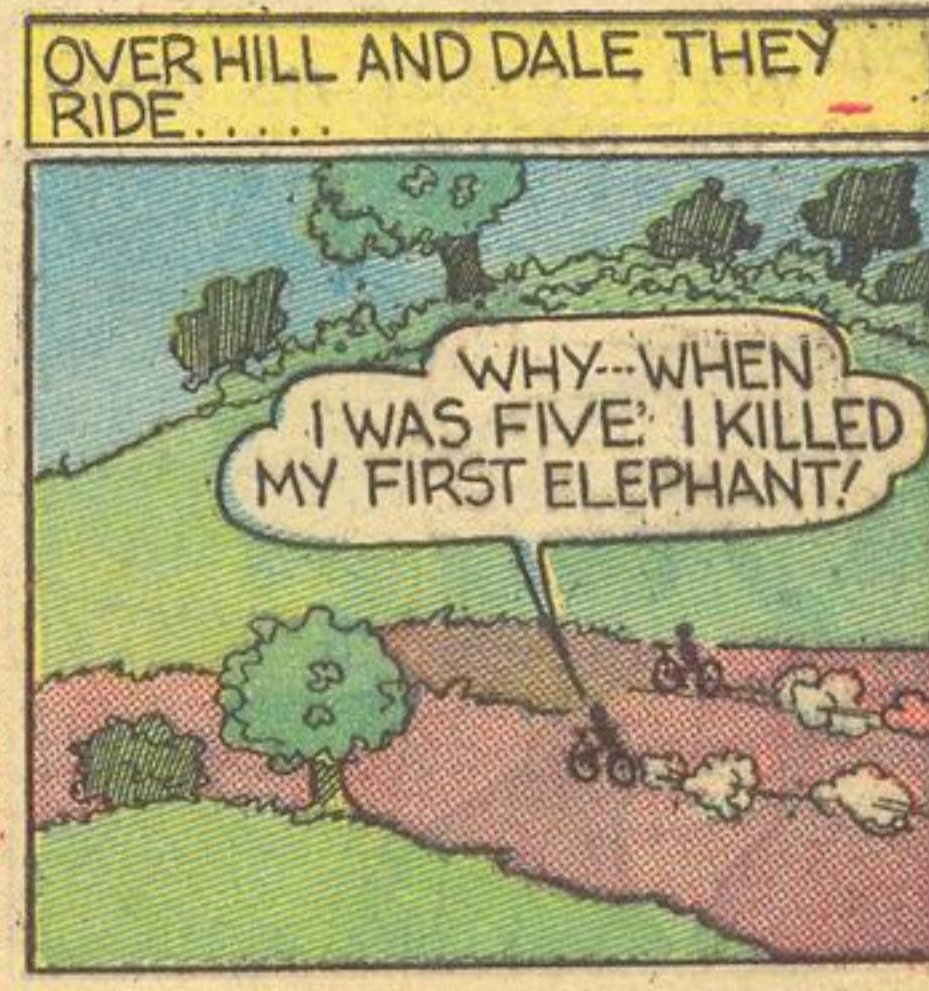
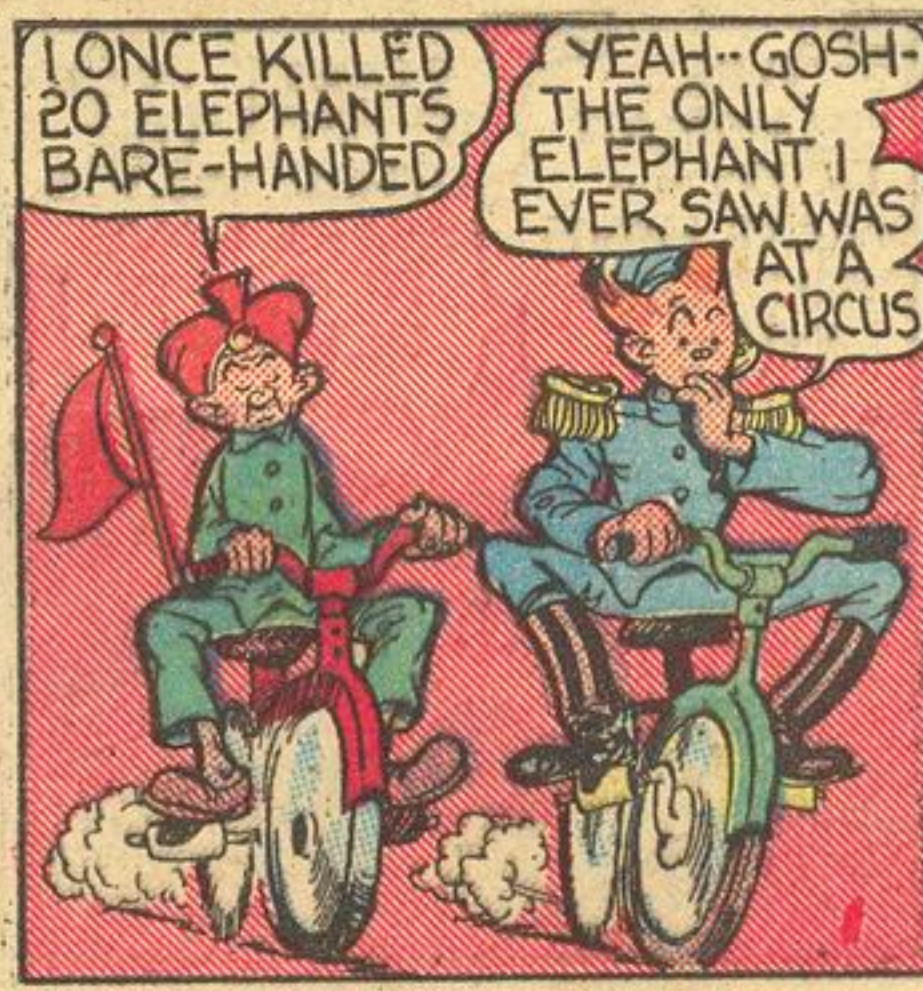
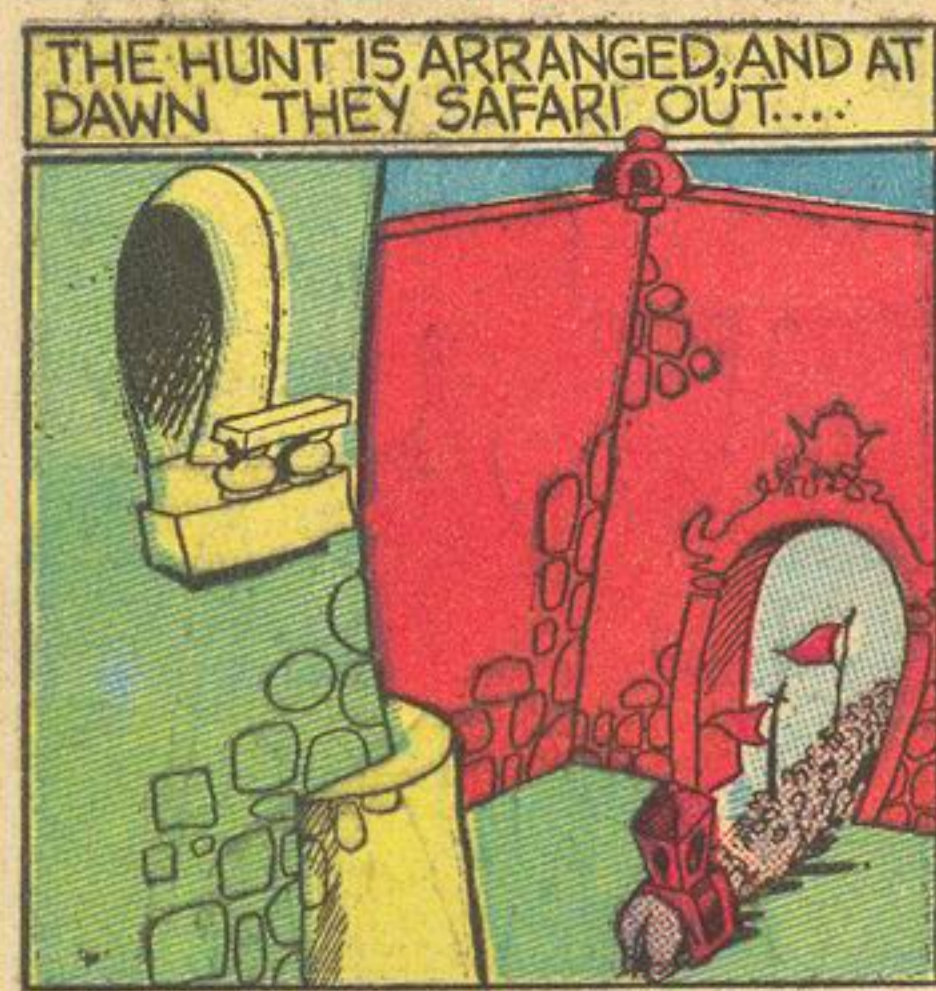
THAT'S EASY, DARLIN'--

--LUGAR WENT THROUGH MY COAT WHILE I WAS BEING WHIPPED AND FOUND YOUR PICTURE AND ADDRESS IN MY WALLET, AND FIGURED TO USE YOU TO MAKE ME TALK--!



Follow Hugh Hazzard and Bozo in the December issue of SMASH COMICS.





ABDUL THE ARAB

SIR JOHN LANSING AND HIS BRITISH DESERT EXPEDITION PREPARE FOR THEIR RETURN HOME ~ ~

I SAY, RONNY- ARE WE READY TO LEAVE?

YES, MR. LANSING-

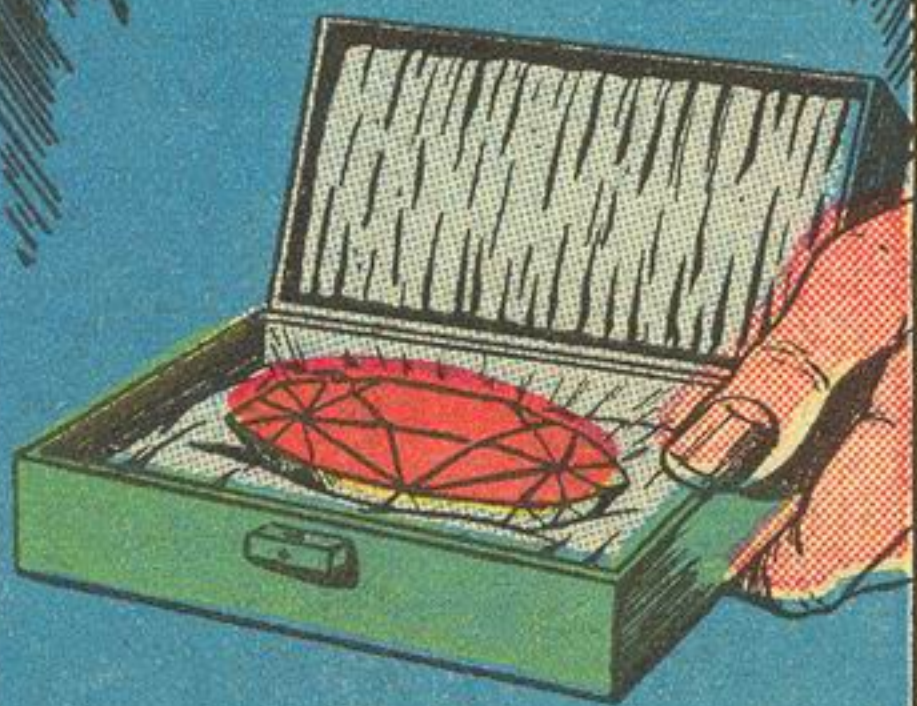
WE'LL START AS SOON AS THE NATIVE WORKERS ARE PAID OFF ---

THE SHAMMAR RUBY-- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THAT?

I DIDN'T PACK IT WITH THE OTHER RELICS, SIR- I HAVE IT ON MY PERSON--!

LET ME SEE IT AGAIN--

HERE - ISN'T IT A BEAUTY ?



GUARD IT WELL, RONNY- THAT'S THE MOST VALUABLE STONE TO EVER COME OUT OF THIS DESERT--!!

I HOPE, SIR, THE CURSE THAT GOES WITH THIS STONE IS JUST A FALLACY--!

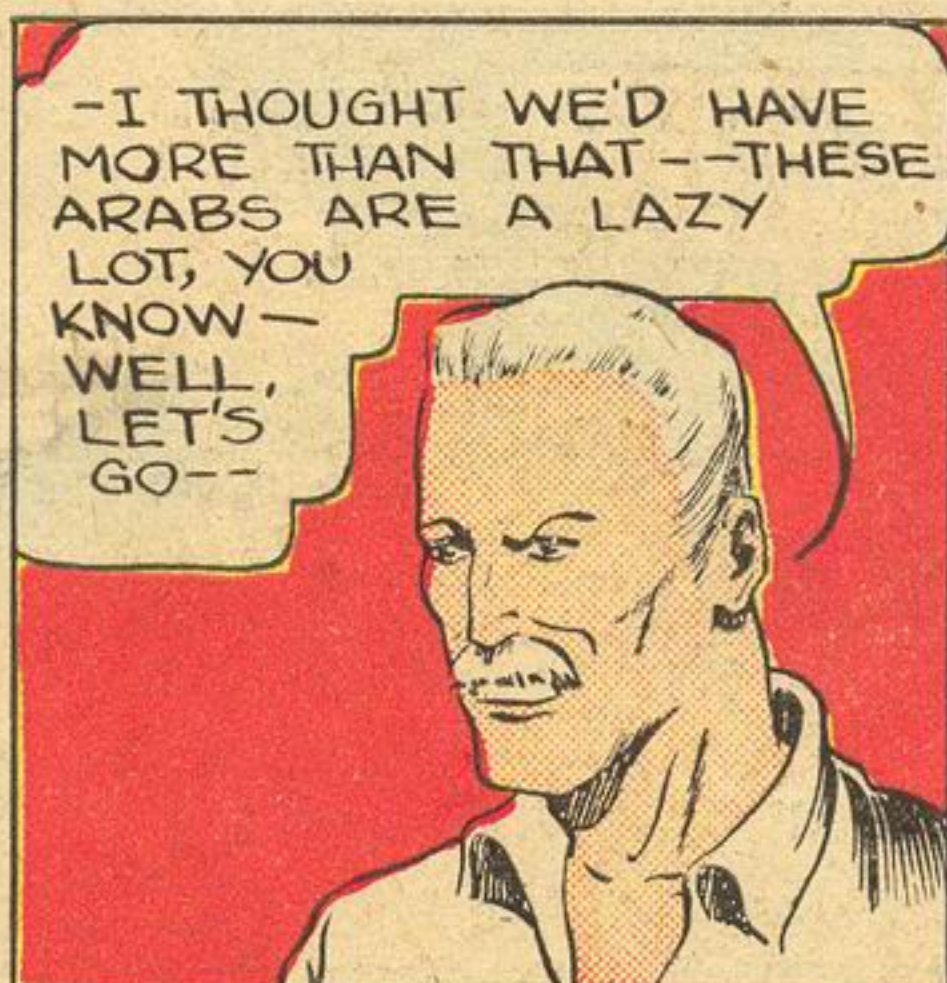
DON'T BE FOOLISH, OLD FELLOW, IT'S ONLY A LEGEND--

AT THE SAME TIME, ABDUL, SON OF THE WEALTHY DESERT CHIEFTAIN, ALI BEY, AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, HASSAN, WATCH LANSING'S CARAVAN PREPARE TO LEAVE--

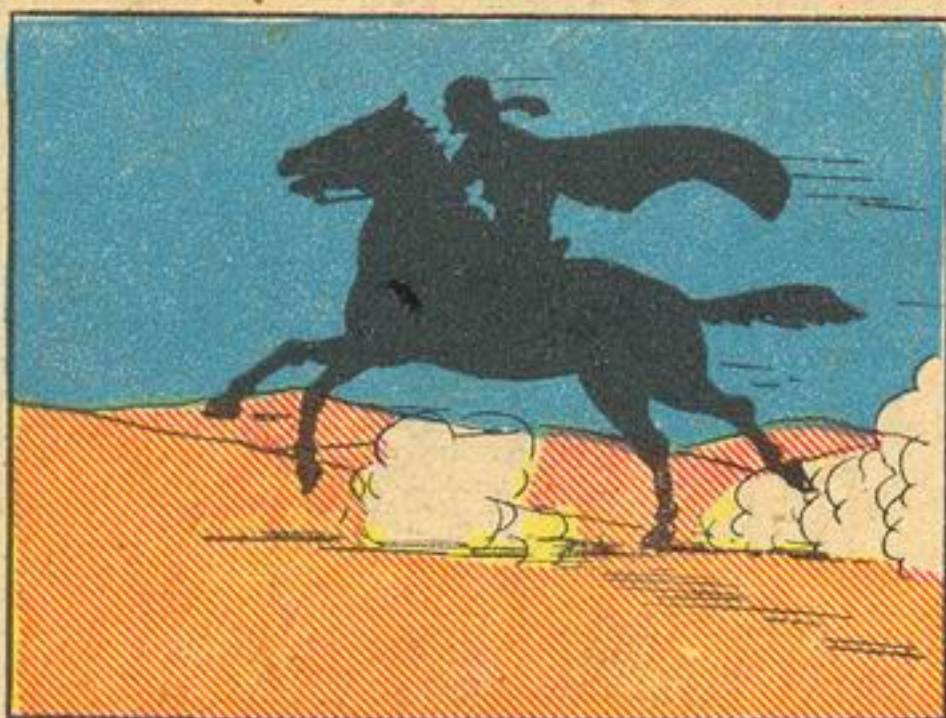
OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS ARE LEAVING US, HASSAN--

YES, ABDUL DO WE RIDE WITH THEM?

NO, HASSAN - THEY ARE WELL ARMED AND THEIR NUMBER IS MANY--- I THINK THEY WILL BE SAFE ---



UNKNOWN TO LANSING, THE DESERTER RIDES TO THE DESERT HIDE-OUT OF THE ENGLISH BRIGAND, FORREST--



THE
NEXT
MORNING,
ABDUL AND
HASSAN
ARE
TAKING
THEIR
DAILY
RIDE,
WHEN
SUDDENLY--

LOOK - ABDUL --
A MAN - LYING
IN THE
SAND --!



DEAD!! - I SEE HIM
BEFORE, SOME-
PLACE--

YES--



-- HE WORKED
FOR LANSING --!!



HASSAN - RIDE TO THE EAST, SEE WHAT
YOU CAN FIND -- I WILL RIDE TO
THE WEST, MEET
ME AT THE
WHISTLING
DUNES --!!



LATER, AT THE WHISTLING
DUNES----

DID YOU
FIND ANYTHING,
HASSAN?

YES,
ABDUL--



-- ME FIND LANSING
AND MEN ALL DEAD,
AND PACKS LOOTED--
THAT IS
ALL--!



HASSAN - WHOEVER
DID THIS WILL GO TO
THE CITY TO SPEND
THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS--
LET US GO--



THE
TWO
MEN
ARE
ABOUT
TO
GIVE UP
THE SEARCH,
WHEN
HASSAN
CRIES
OUT--

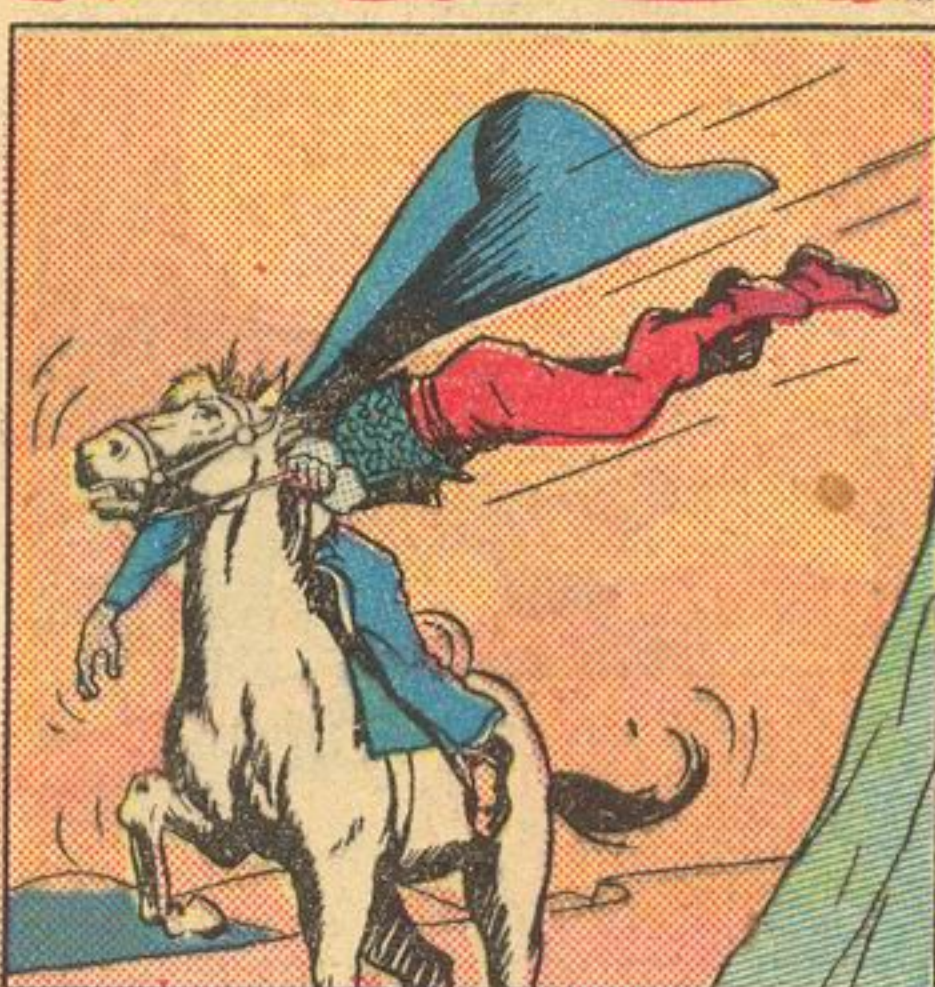
ABDUL - LOOK!! - IS
THAT NOT JAHIB
CARRYING
THAT STAFF?

YES--



--AND MAYBE HE CAN
EXPLAIN WHY HE IS
NOT DEAD
LIKE THE
OTHERS IN
LANSING'S
PARTY--
GET HIM,
HASSAN!





CHIC CARTER

Ace Reporter



CHIC CARTER, ACE REPORTER OF THE DAILY STAR, AFTER COVERING A STORY IN MONGOLIA ARRIVES IN SINGAPORE ...



BUT WHAT'S SO INTERESTIN' HERE IN SINGAPORE?

PIRACY, RED! A HALF A MILLION IN GOLD BULLION WAS LIFTED FROM THE "QUINCY" LAST WEEK!



WHEW !! THAT'S A LOTTA DOUGH, BUT WHERE DO WE COME IN?

ANOTHER SHIPMENT GOES OUT TONIGHT AND I HAVE A HUNCH THE SAME THING WILL HAPPEN!



AND SO, THAT NIGHT TWO SILENT FIGURES BOARDED THE S.S. QUINCY.



WELL, COME ON, RED, WE MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME SLEEP BEFORE THINGS HAPPEN!

SUITS ME!



AS THE STEAMSHIP PLOWED THROUGH THE OILY CHINA SEAS A GROUP OF GRIMY TUGBOATS FOLLOWED



CAPTAIN, WHY ARE THOSE THREE TUGS FOLLOWING US INTO OPEN SEA ??

AT LAST A KEEN-EYED OFFICER SIGHTS THEM !!



FULL SPEED AHEAD! ARM THE CREW !! - IT MAY BE PIRATES!

AYE, SIR!



AS ALL EYES ARE TURNED TO THE REAR, NO ONE NOTICES THE OLD HULK DRIFTING ACROSS THE QUINCY'S BOW!




WHAT THE-!!!?

THIS IS IT! COME ON !!



WE'VE HIT SOMETHING!

SIR, THOSE TUGBOATS ARE ALONGSIDE AND ARE SWARMING WITH PIRATES!



EASY, RED, - ONE MOVE AND WE'LL BE CHOPPED DOWN WITH THOSE 'TOMMY GUNS'!



PURSER, YOU WILL PLEASE OPEN THE SHIP'S SAFE!

NO!



WONG! GIVE THIS STUBBORN FOOL A TASTE OF STEEL!



NO! DON'T! -I'LL OPEN IT!!

THAT'S BETTER!



STEP LIVELY, YA MUGS!



RED BRANNIGAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

HOWDY, SLUGGER, WE JUST WANTED TO SEE THE SIGHTS!



MATES, TAKE THESE TWO ON BOARD THE TUG!

WAIT A MINUTE, GUY! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?



LISTEN, RED KNOWS ME, I CAN'T LET HIM GO BACK TO SINGAPORE AND SPILL TO THE POLICE - COME ON - GET MOVING!

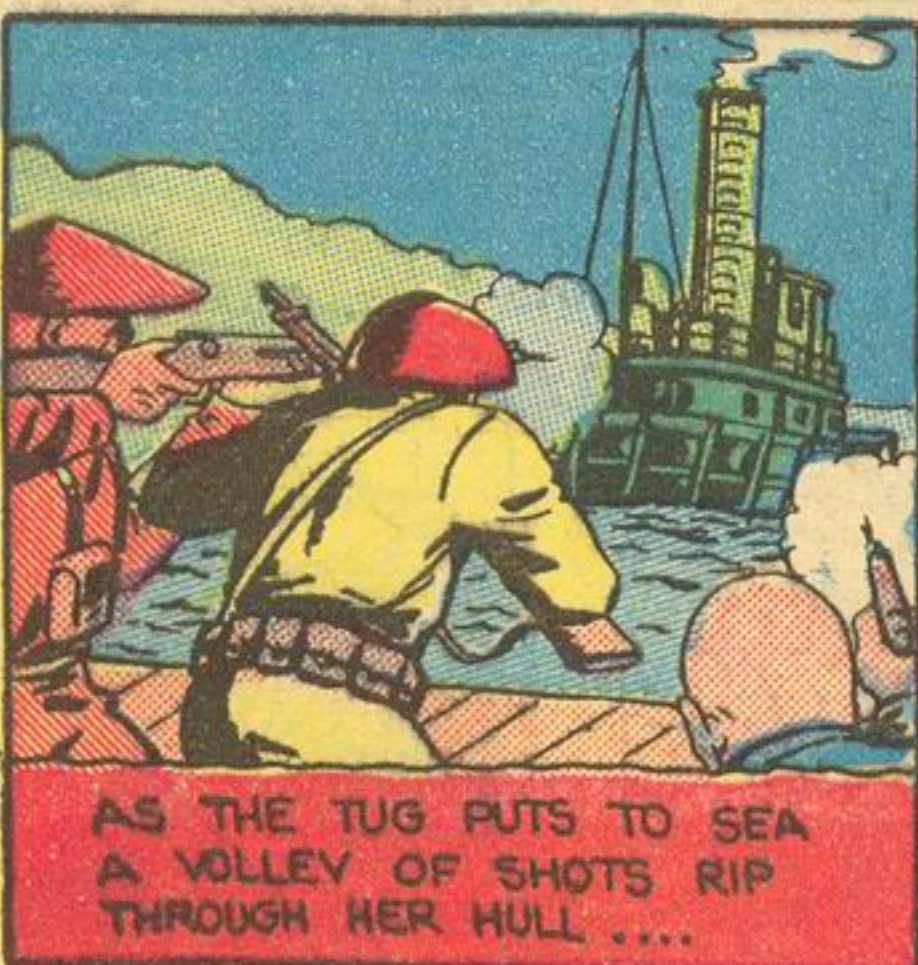
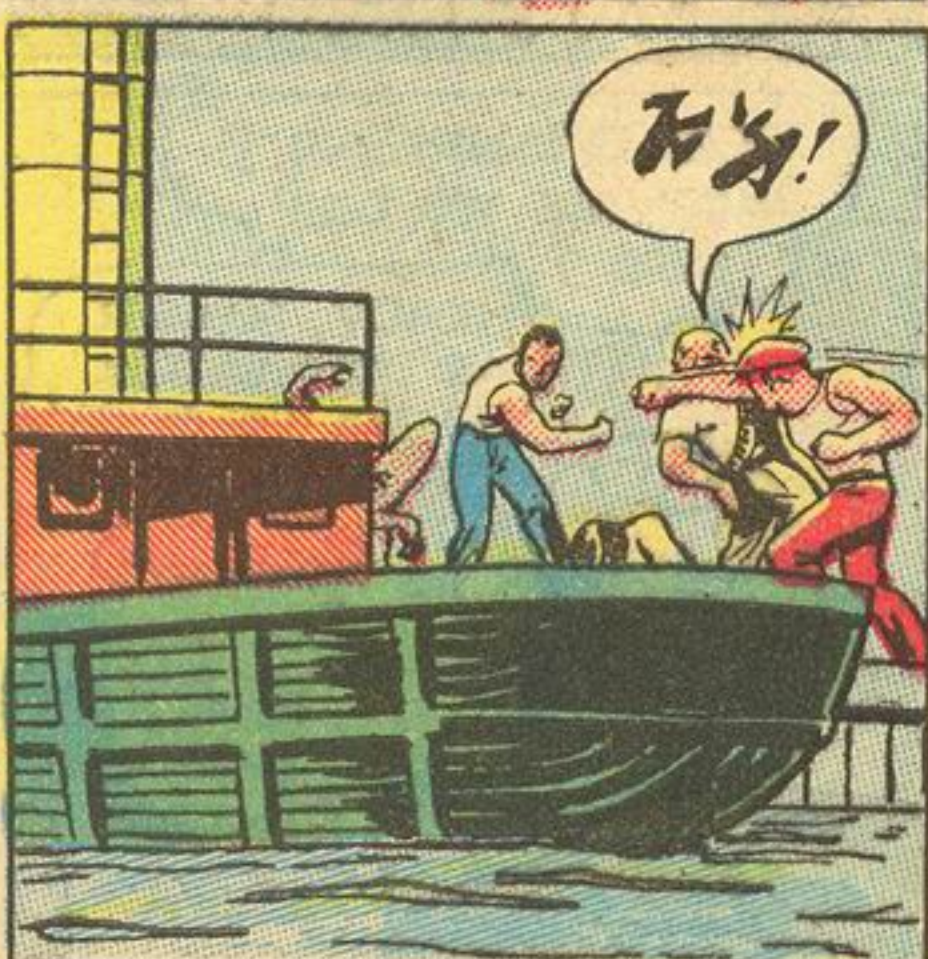


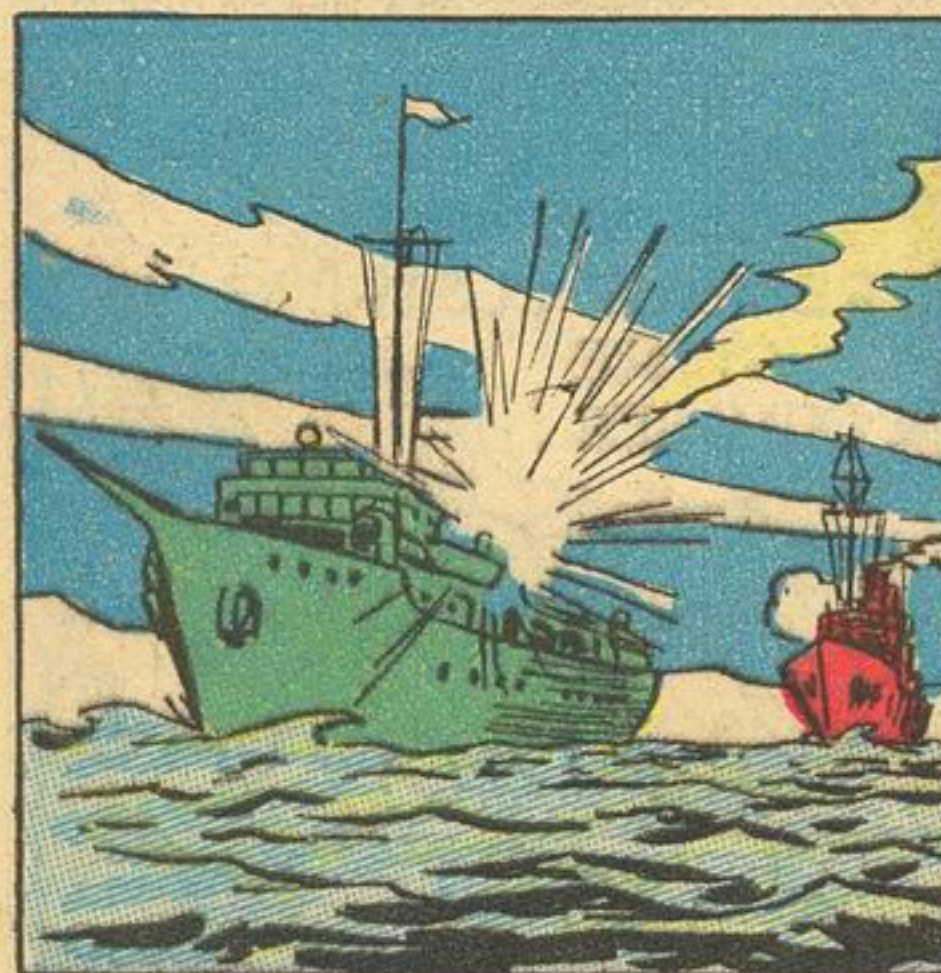
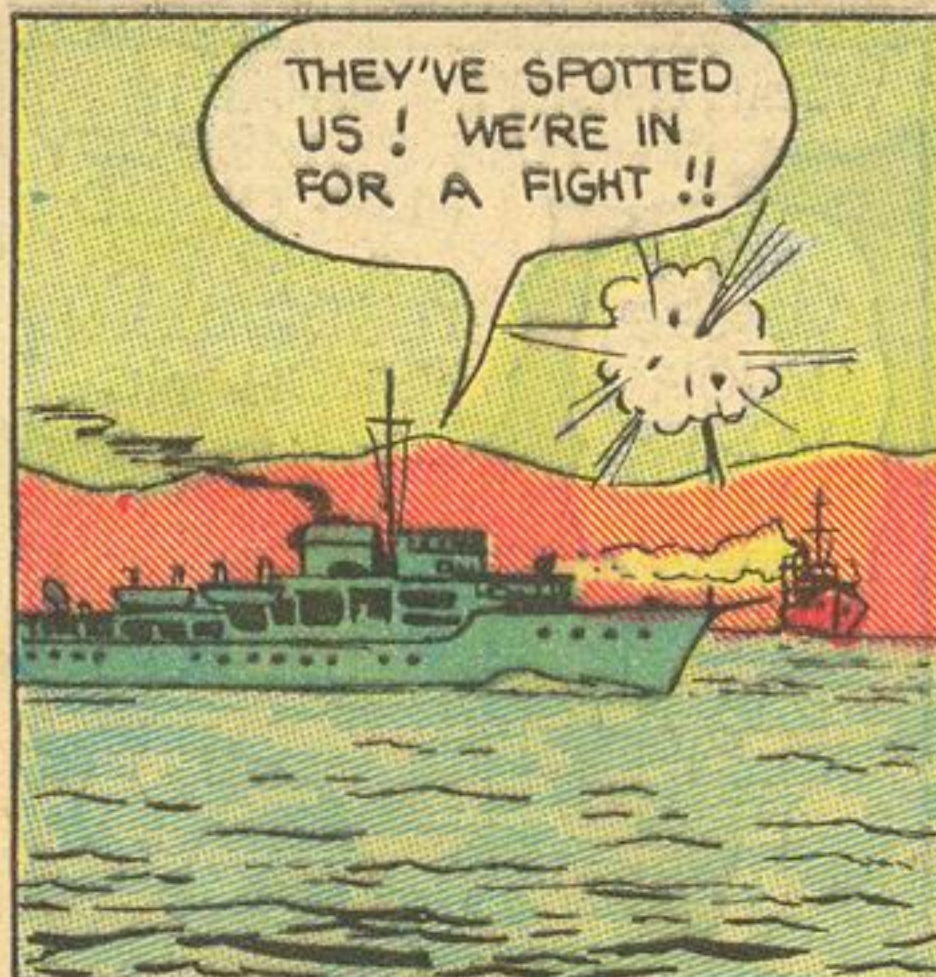
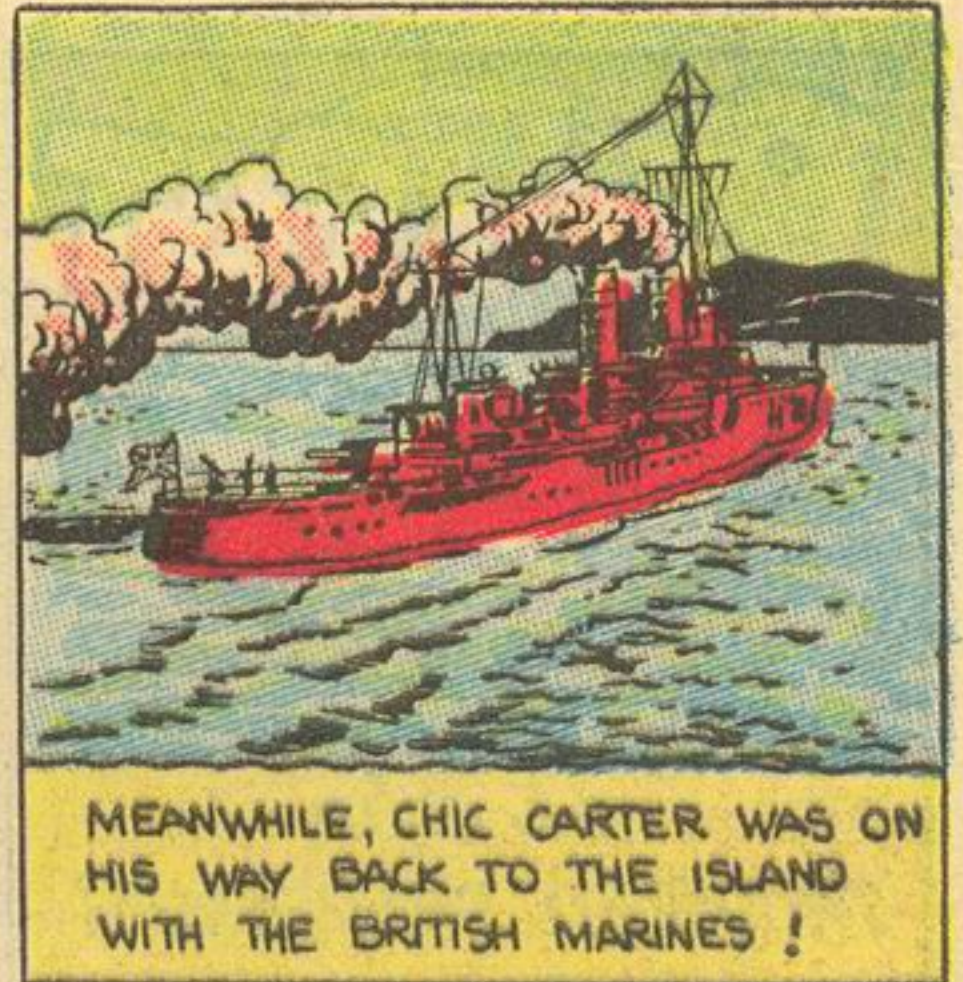
THANKS FOR HAULING THIS GOLD OUT HERE FOR US - I GUESS THE WRECKAGE UP FRONT WILL KEEP YOU FROM FOLLOWING US!

WHY YOU - YOU!!



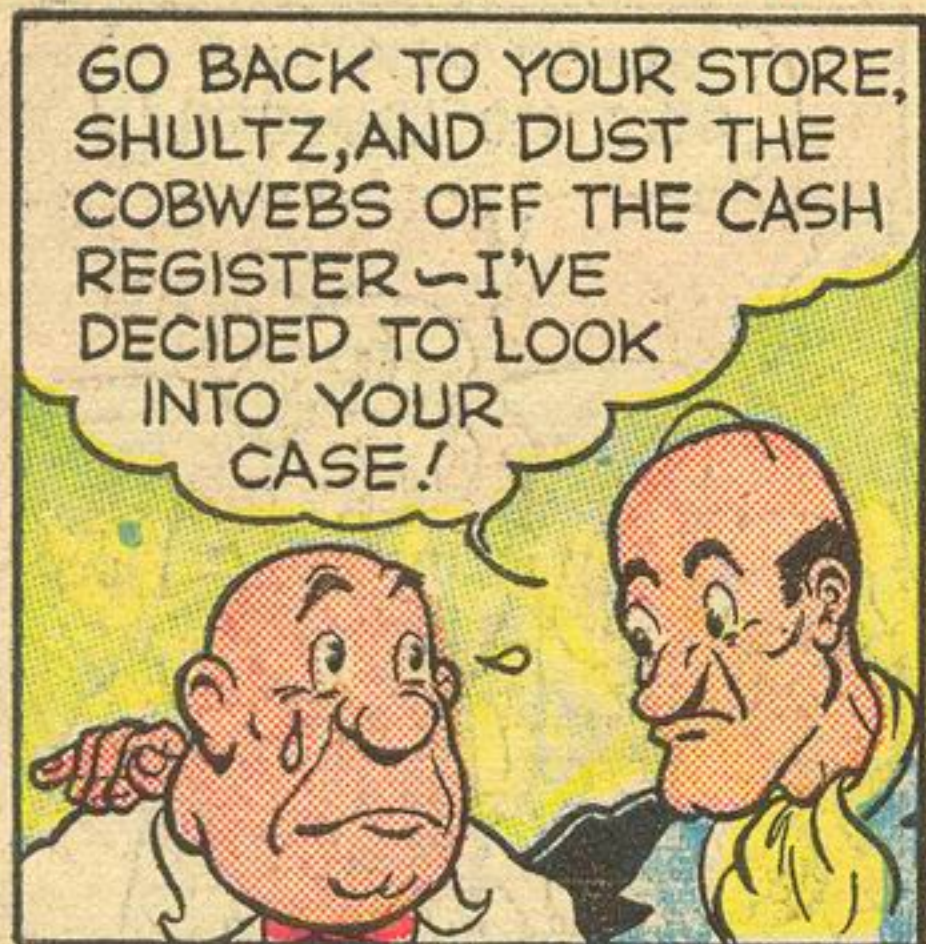
BOSS, WHY WE BRING TWO WHITE MEN ALONG - WHY NOT FEED TO SHARKS?

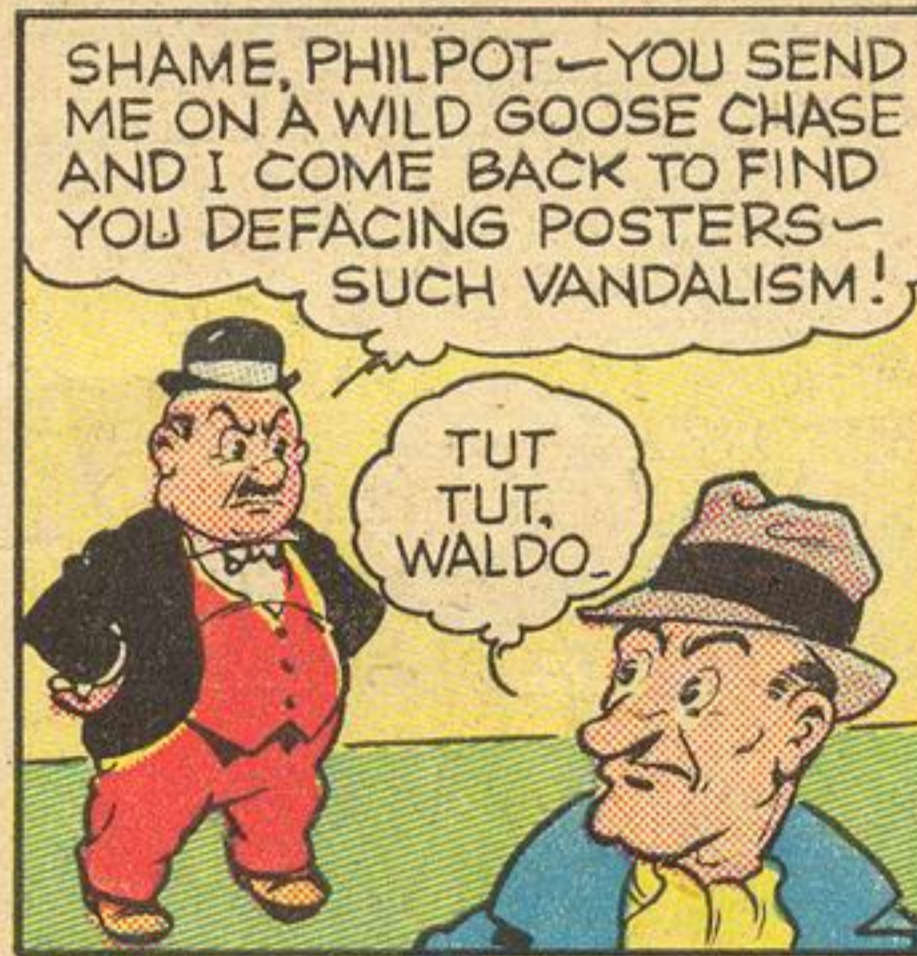
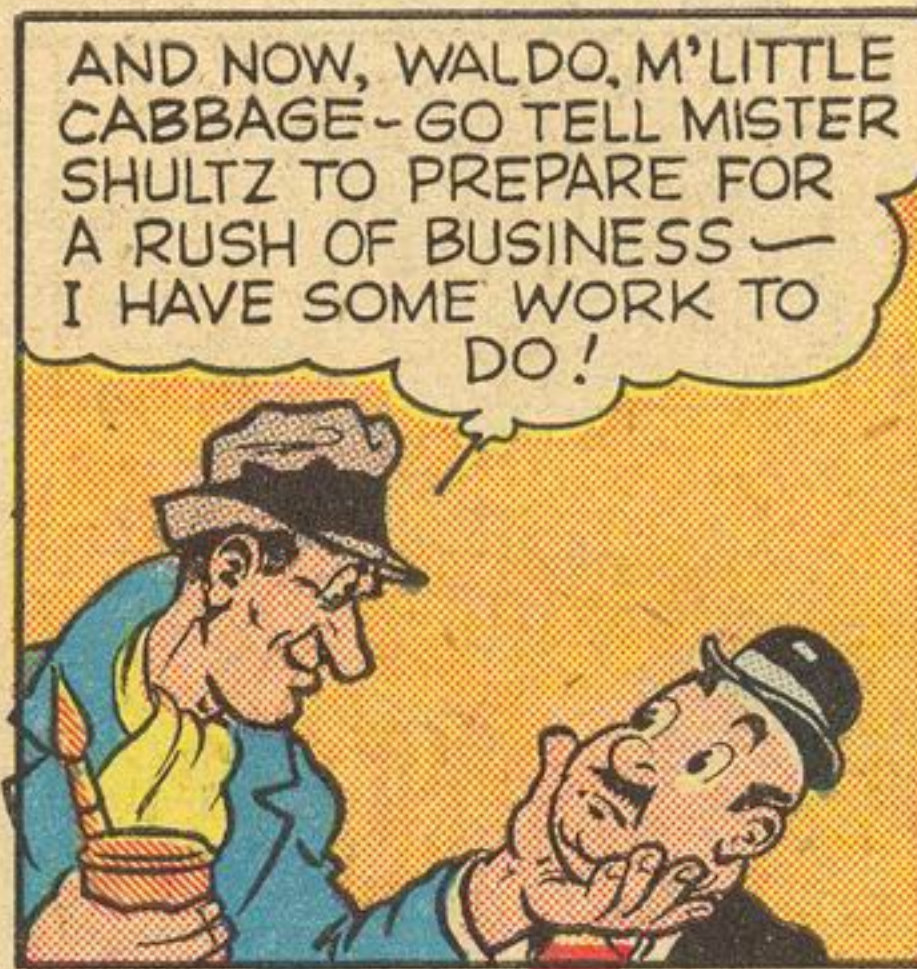




PHILPOT VEEP

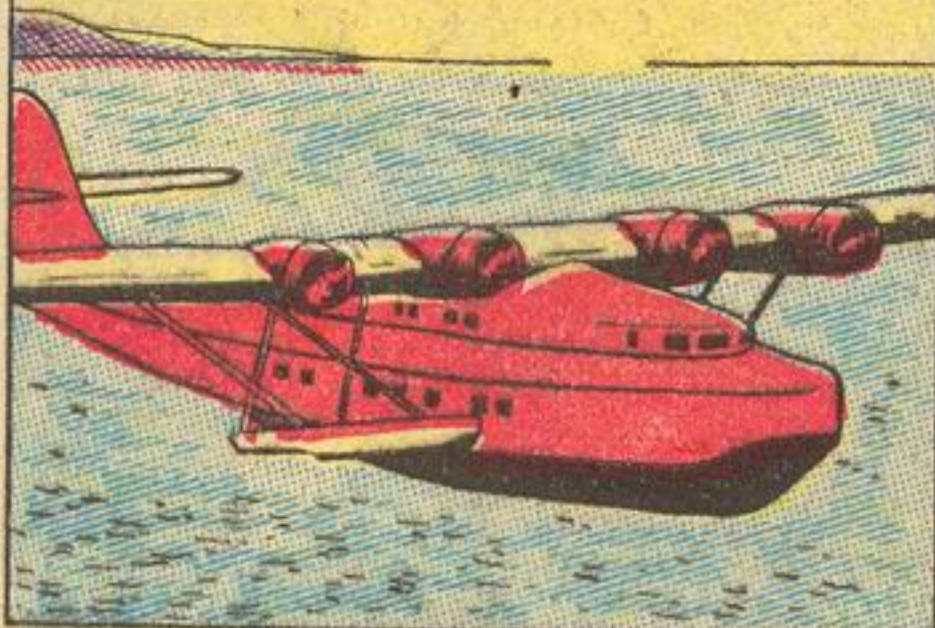
*in the
DISTRESSING DILEMMA
of the
TROUBLED TRADESMAN*







AN HOUR LATER, THE GIANT ATLANTIC CLIPPER TAKES OFF AND HEADS EASTWARD.



TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER, OVER DICTATOR RUDDOLF'S PALACE IN WURT-BERG.

HERE'S OUR FIRST STOP, AN' IF YOU ASK ME THIS IS JUST A WASTE OF TIME! WELL, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET A LEAD TO SOMETHING FROM HERE!



CHANCELLOR RUDDOLF IS ON THE TERRACE. COME THIS WAY!

SO HE'S HERE... WELL—WE'LL HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!



WELCOME, GENTLEMEN... WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE HOME! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

ALL I WANT IS A STATEMENT ABOUT CROSSING THE CERANIAN BORDER!



AH YES! IT IS SUCH A PITY! IT WAS FOR THE PEOPLE OF CERANIA THAT I HAD TO DO THIS! I COULDN'T SEE THEM TREATED AS THEY HAVE BEEN BY THEIR TYRANICAL RULER!



YOU WILL EXCUSE ME WHILE I RETURN TO MY CHAMBERS?

WELL, I'LL BE--- OH, NOT AT ALL!!



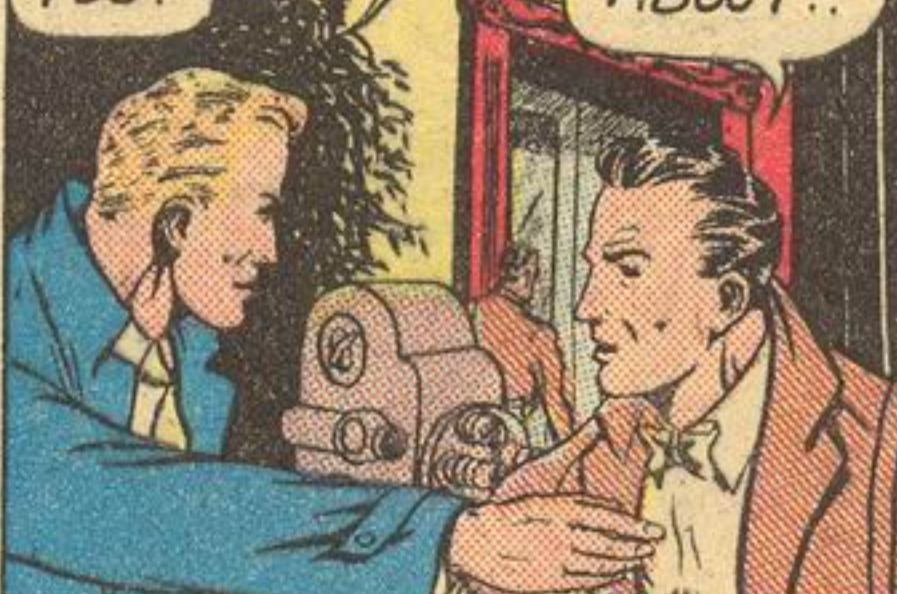
PARDON—I FORGOT MY CANE!

SO THAT'S RUDDOLF--LAST OF A FAMILY OF GREAT FIGHTERS! SAY--THAT'S FUNNY!



C'MON, ANDY—WE'RE HEADING FOR THE CERANIAN BORDER--AN' IN A HURRY TOO!

HUH--? WHAT'S THE RUSH ABOUT?!



"CHANCELLOR RUDDOLF"—MY NECK! RUDDOLF HAD HIS KNEE INJURED DURING THE WORLD WAR AND IT LEFT HIM WITH A STIFF LEG! THIS GUY CAN WALK AS GOOD AS YOU OR ME!!

WHY--!! HE HAS A DOUBLE!!



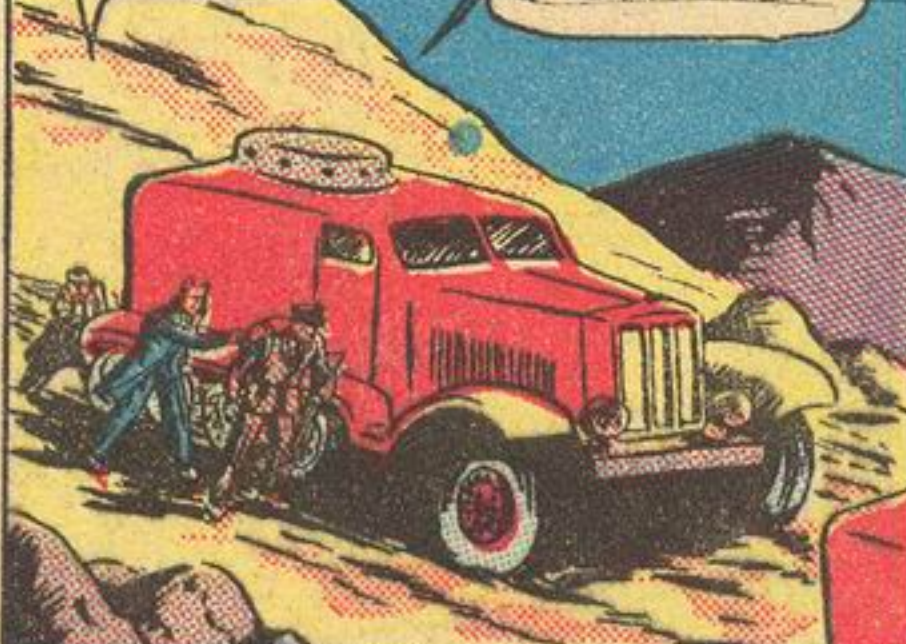
THERE'S RUDDOLF'S ARMY--!! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE SET TO STRIKE AT THAT TOWN AHEAD!

I'LL SET DOWN IN THE FIELD BEHIND THEM!



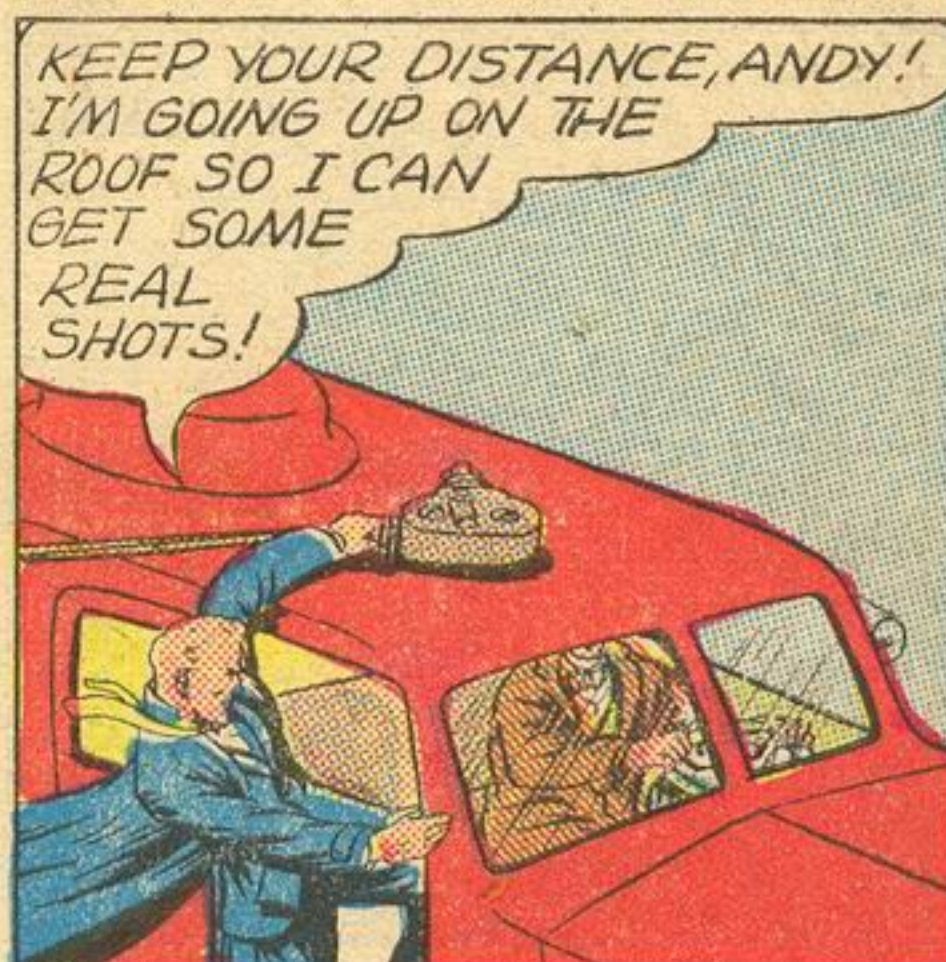
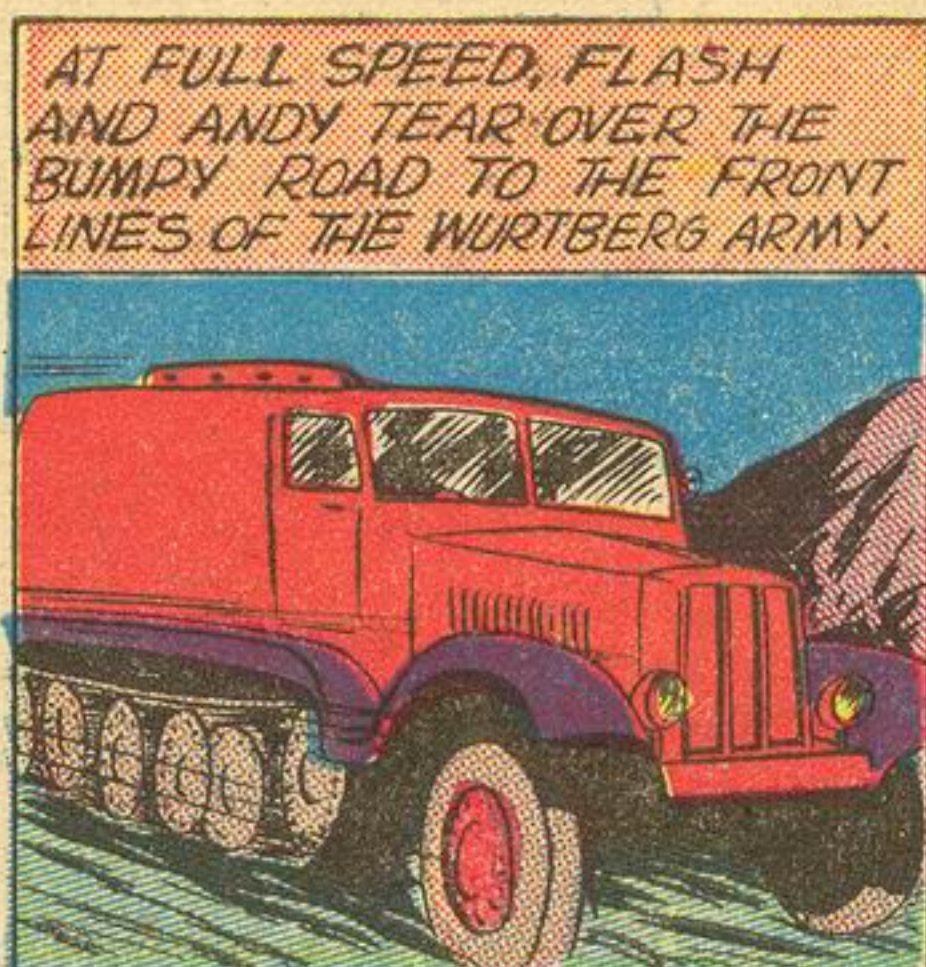
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO-- DUCK, FLASH-- A SOLDIER!

HERE'S HOW WE'LL GET UP IN FRONT WITH THE FIGHTING!



PARDON ME, BUD!!







Follow Flash Fulton in the December issue of SMASH COMICS.

THE CLOUDBURST

By A. L. Allen

Part I

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Pedro." Jim Mitchell's voice was a soft low drawl as he leaned carelessly against the corral gate. But the man inside the corral felt the steel behind that gentle drawl. He glared at Jim.

"What's it to you? Chata ain't your dog."

"No-o-o," said Jim, "she belongs to Carlos; but just the same—I've got a feeling that Carlos wouldn't like it if you cut off her tail." He didn't raise his eyes to the darkly scowling face crouched over the whimpering dog. He kept looking at the tip of a long whip which he was idly flicking across the tops of the rag-weed several yards away from him.

Chata, a large white bull-dog, lay quivering with fear and anger. With two clever loops of a small rope Pedro had bound her feet and her jaws. The end of the rope was in Pedro's left hand. His right hand held a knife, but a split second after he raised it, the knife lay in the dust and Pedro was howling with pain.

Almost too quickly for the eye to follow, Jim's long whip had flicked out. Instinctively Pedro dropped the rope and Chata sprang free and snapping. She hurled her sixty-five pounds of avenging dog-flesh at Pedro. Down in the dust he went, screaming in terror, Chata at his throat.

"Hold it, Chata! Hold it!" Jim yelled the command, and Chata held it. Feet spread, softly growling, she stood over the prostrate figure until Jim slipped the end of his whip under her collar as a leash and led her away. At the corral gate, he turned and said:

"You're entirely too handy with that little rope, Pedro. Better watch out—it might land in a noose around your neck some day."

He shouldn't have said that. He knew it the moment the words were out of his mouth. Bad enough to have Pedro as an open enemy, much less arouse his suspicions. Oh well, no use worrying about it, he thought, as he turned up the path to the ranch house.

"Maestro! Maestro Jeem!" Came a yell through a cloud of dust as a whirlwind of pinto pony and dark slim boy pulled up beside him.

"Hey! Ker-choo! Ker-choo!" half laughed, half sneezed Jim. "What's the rush? Where's the fire?"

Carlos jumped off his horse and burst into a flood of excited speech—half Spanish, half English.

"Calm down now, son. Calm down," soothed Jim. "And let's stick to English. After all, you know, that's my job—teaching you English."

"Yes, yes, Maestro. I know. And I speak the very good English too." But his excitement got the better of him. The words tumbled out.

"That Pedro—you know Pedro, Maestro . . . that one who is the head vaquero on this my father's ranch?" Jim nodded. "Well—I find very bad thing. I find this Pedro is one big horse stealer . . . maybe not exactly horse stealer, but what you call . . . he cheat the government. He bring many, many horses across El Rio Grande, and for that he does not pay to the Uncle Sam the—the . . ."

"Duty," Jim prompted.

"Yes, yes! Many, many beautiful horses he brings. I have see them . . ."

But Jim was not listening—he was making up his mind.

"Carlos," he said, "this is all

very important—more important than you realize. I'm going to trust you. I'm going to tell you something that even your father doesn't know—and he mustn't know anything about it for a little while. It's this: I was sent out here to catch a gang of smugglers. We've known for a long time that hundreds of horses were being smuggled across the river from Mexico, but we didn't know who was doing it.

"The government sent me out here to find out. I talked your father into giving me a job as your teacher so that no one would be suspicious of my hanging around.

"Now you've got to help me. Got to be my partner. You've already found out that Pedro is the head of the gang. Did you see any of the other men? Do you know who they are?"

"No. I see no one. I know only the voice of Pedro. They were at that deserted ranch house—the one they call Rancho Lobo, the ranch of the wolf, you know—I am riding Pinto slowly through the brush when I hear a great snorting and whinnying, as of many horses. I am wonder what it can be, because for much time there have been neither horses nor men at that long not-used ranch. I am riding toward the old corral when I stop. . . . I hear the voice of Pedro. He is say that tonight they must get the horses out. At that, I stay very quiet and listen.

"They are say that tonight they drive the horses through the arroyo—the dry creek—that runs from the Black Hills down back of Rancho Lobo. Through those deep creek bed, in which no one will be able to see them, they take the horses up into the hills and hide them."

"Good," said Jim. "Now here's the plan: Say nothing to anybody until I give the word. After dinner tonight you will ride with me to Rancho Lobo and show me the way they intend to take. Then, you must ride back as fast as you can and tell your father to bring help. Now run along and act as if nothing has hap-

pened until I give the word after dinner."

As Carlos trotted back to the ranch house Jim stood gazing off toward the distant Black Hills. Low-hung clouds hid their tops from view. Heavy black clouds that foretold rain. Jim knew that in this western country rain often fell in torrents high in the hills while the lowlands remained sunny and dry.

He thought of that dry creek bed. Its deep, cañon-like walls told of cloudbursts and mighty rains that had washed down from those hills in times past.

After their early dinner, Jim said: "Come on, Carlos, let's go for a little ride."

Carlos caught the signal and, in a few minutes, they were both in their saddles riding a roundabout way toward Rancho Lobo.

As they neared the old ranch house they could hear the stirring and snorting of many horses. They slowed to a walk, talking in whispers.

"You understand, Maestro Jeem. Down to the left they will take the horses until they reach the arroyo. Then back and up—toward the hills. Come. I will ride with you to the creek."

"No you don't, youngster. Your job's done now. All you have to do is race that lazy pony of yours home and tell your father to bring his men and meet me up the creek about two miles. So long now." And he started off. Glancing back, he saw Carlos put spur to his horse.

Almost sliding his horse down the steep bank of the creek, he guided it behind a pile of brush and sat quietly waiting. But not for long. Soon they came, driving the horses before them. He could hear the mumbled voices of the men. In the dim light he counted them—five. Who the four others were he didn't know, but he'd soon find out.

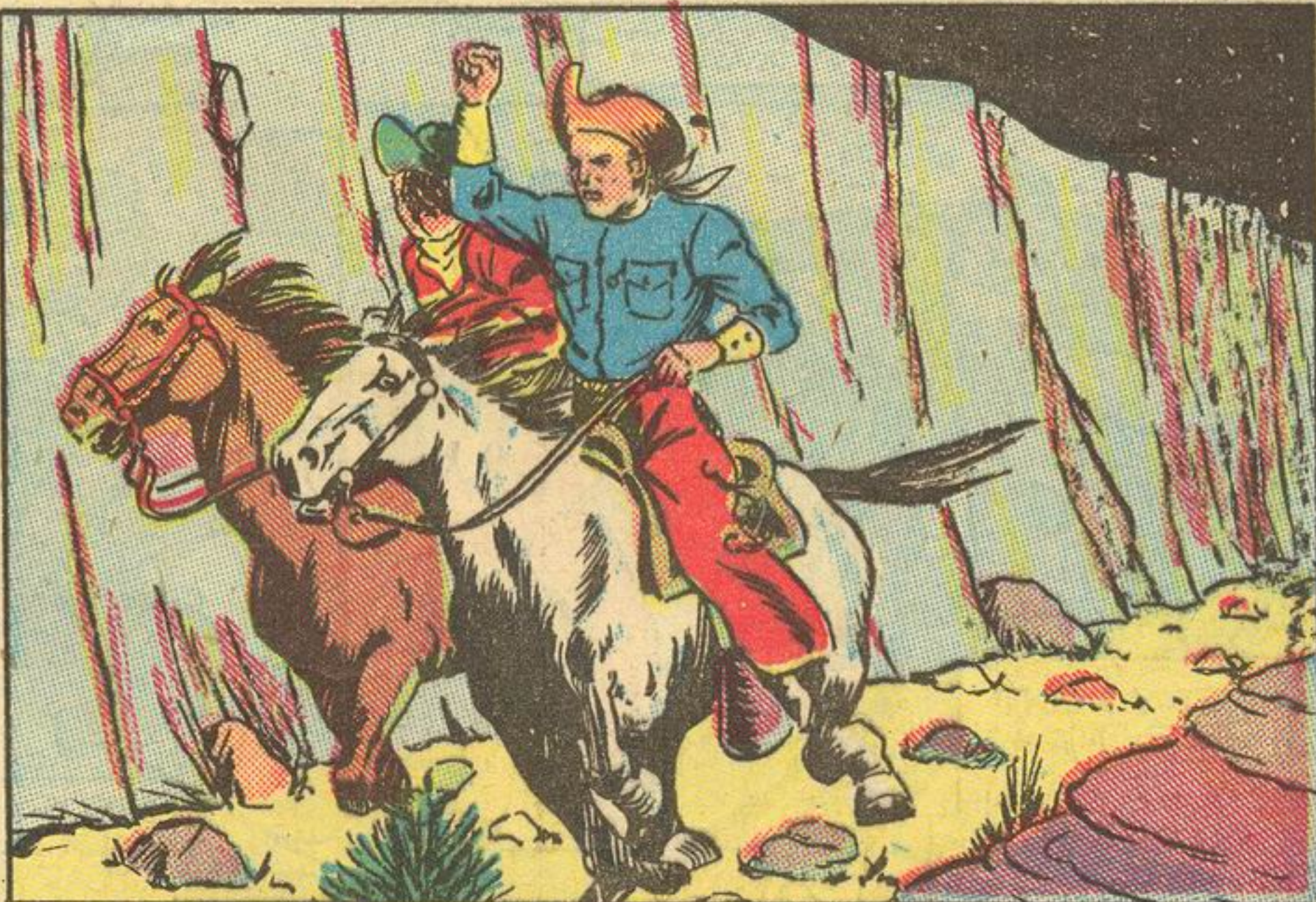
Waiting until men and horses were a safe distance ahead, he followed cautiously after; careful

that they should neither see nor hear him. They made slow progress over the rough and stony ground. Half an hour had elapsed when Jim heard hoof beats behind him. Turning in the saddle, he caught a glimpse of a pinto pony.

"Carlos, you young scamp!" he called softly. "What do you mean by coming back here? I told you to go home."

"Oh but Maestro, I *did* go home. Pinto, he ran all the way. I tell my father and then . . . he think I go to my room. But, but—I come back. Am I not your partner?"

"Yes, yes. Of course you're my partner, but . . ."



Suddenly up ahead a great roar could be heard, and the wild, mad snort of frightened horses.

Jim knew that sound. Knew that ominous roar. The rains had come. Not rain only—a cloudburst! High up in the hills it had fallen and now, with no other outlet, it was roaring down the cañon into the old creek bed.

He looked to either side of him. No way out here—the walls of the cañon were almost perpendicular. High, unscalable. Maybe a strong man on foot might be able to climb them, but certainly no horse could ever reach the top.

Instinctively Jim started to dismount—to climb those walls—to

save himself. But he couldn't do it. Carlos was here. Jim must get him out . . . but how? If they turned tail and ran back down the creek to where the walls were low enough to climb, the water would catch them. The swiftest horse could not out-run those rushing waters. Jim had seen it come like that. Had watched the angry waters pouring down, engulfing everything in their path. Yet they *must* try it—it was their only chance.

Quickly he grabbed the Pinto's bridle, turned both horses about. "Come on," he yelled, "we've got to run for it!"

Running, running down that dry creek bed, Jim could hear those roaring waters coming.

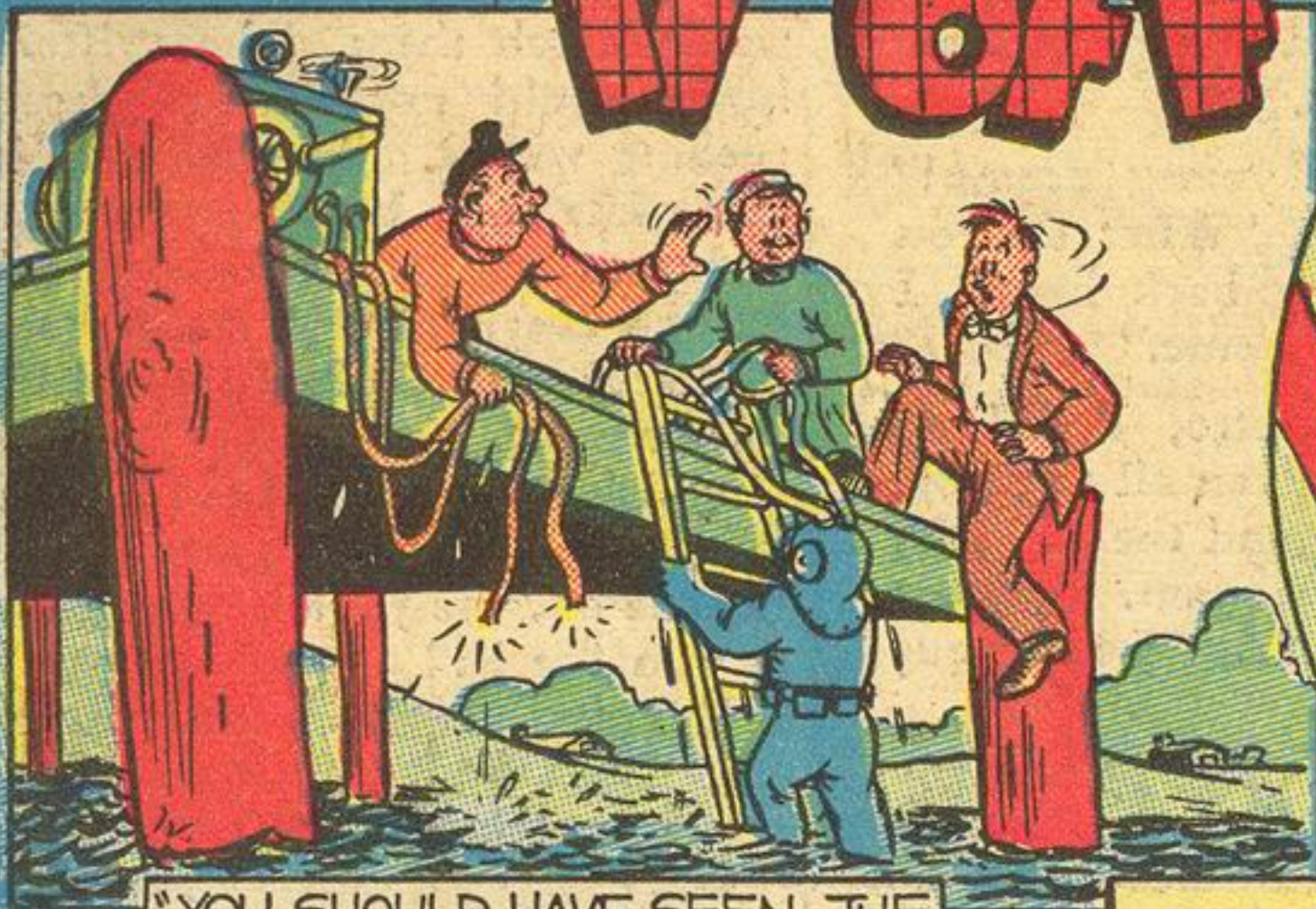
Could hear the terror-mad horses—hear them whinny and snort.

On they rode—with one hope, one faint hope. Could they make the low banks in time? Or must they be engulfed by the flooding waters of the cloudburst—or trampled underfoot by the stampeding horses?

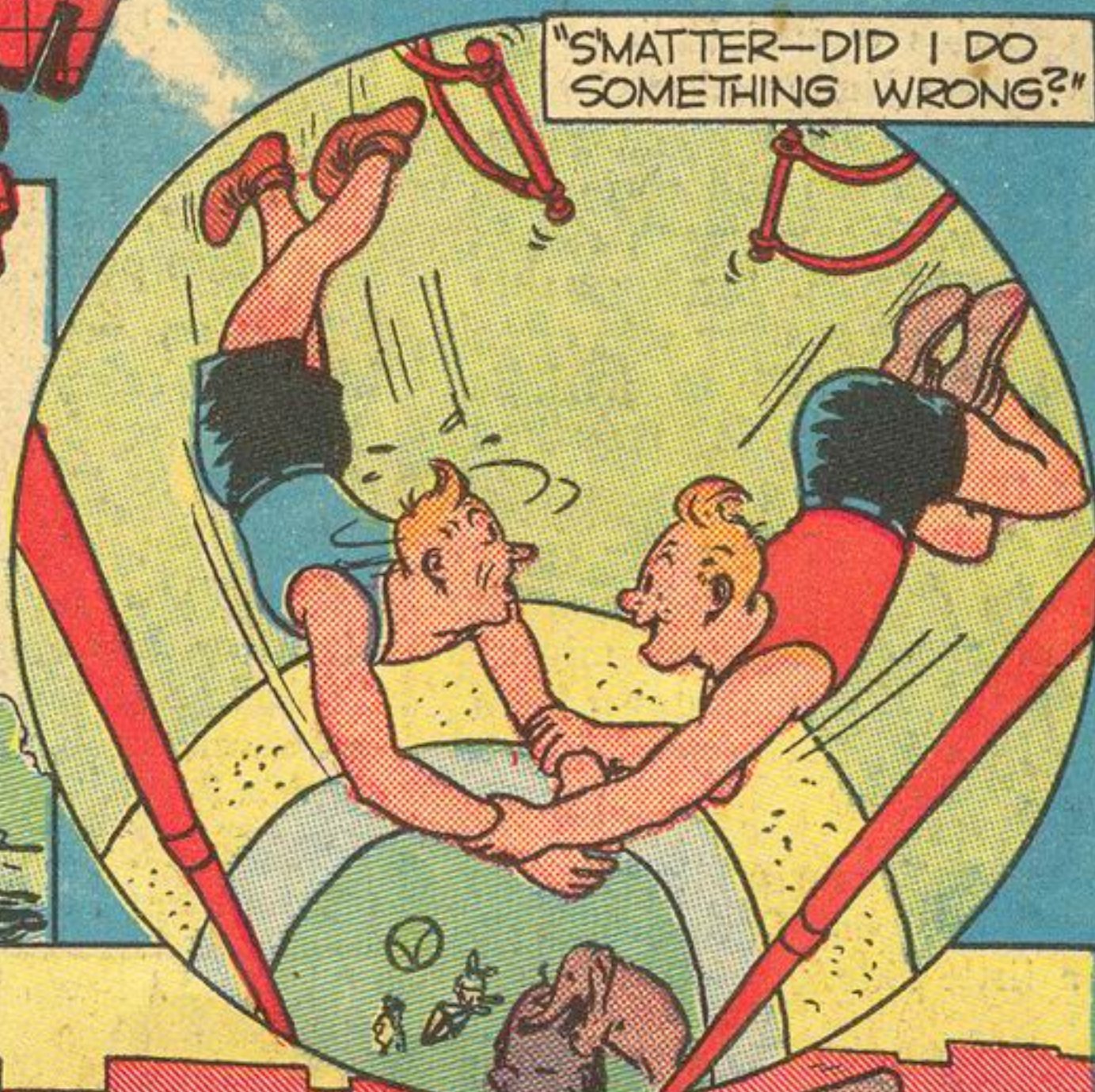
This was their only chance, and they *had* to take it. They *must* make the low walls or be drowned in the on-rushing flood.

THE CLOUDBURST
is concluded in the December
issue of SMASH COMICS—
on sale October 20th.

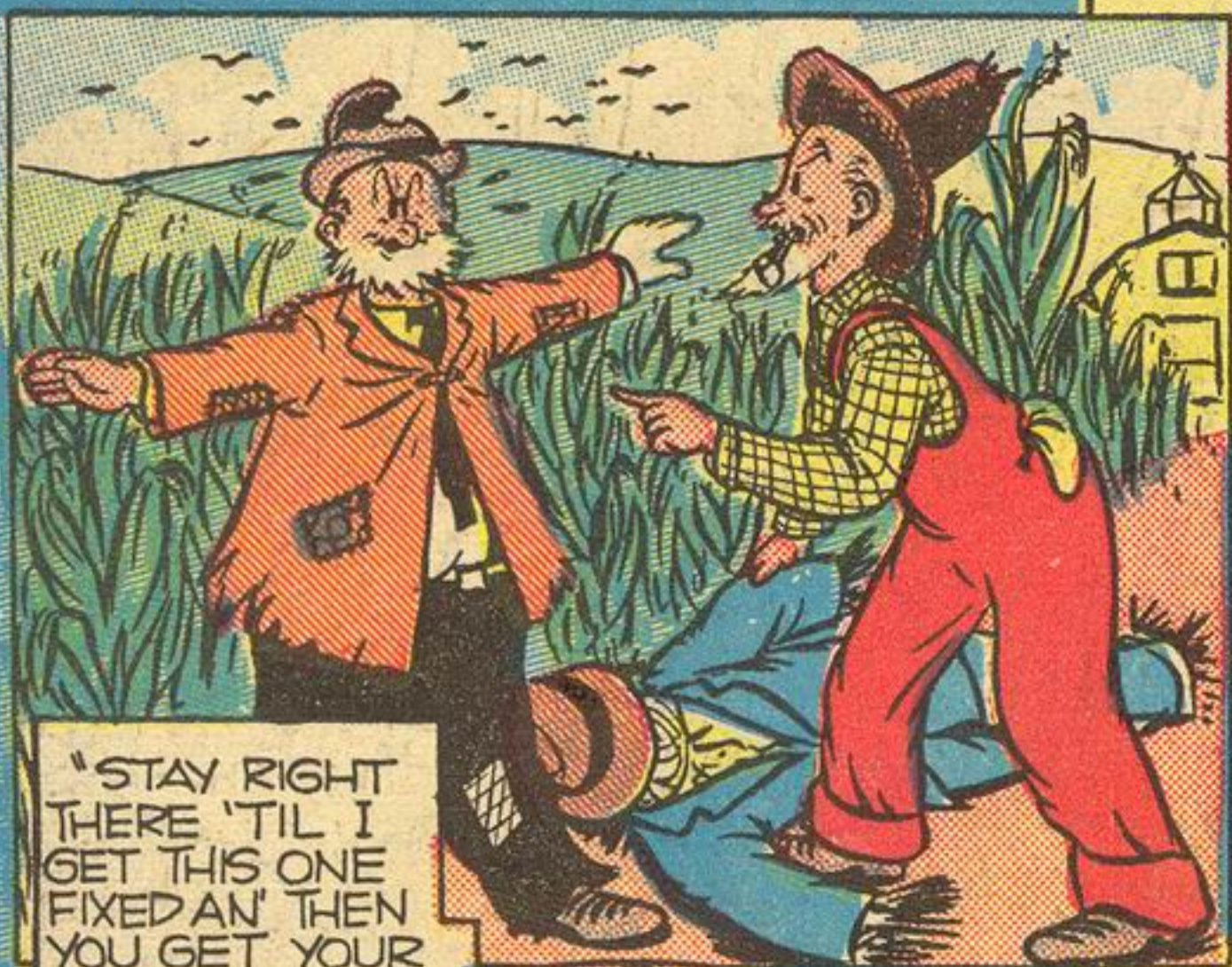
JUST LAUGH W OFF



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE BIG ONE THAT GOT AWAY!"



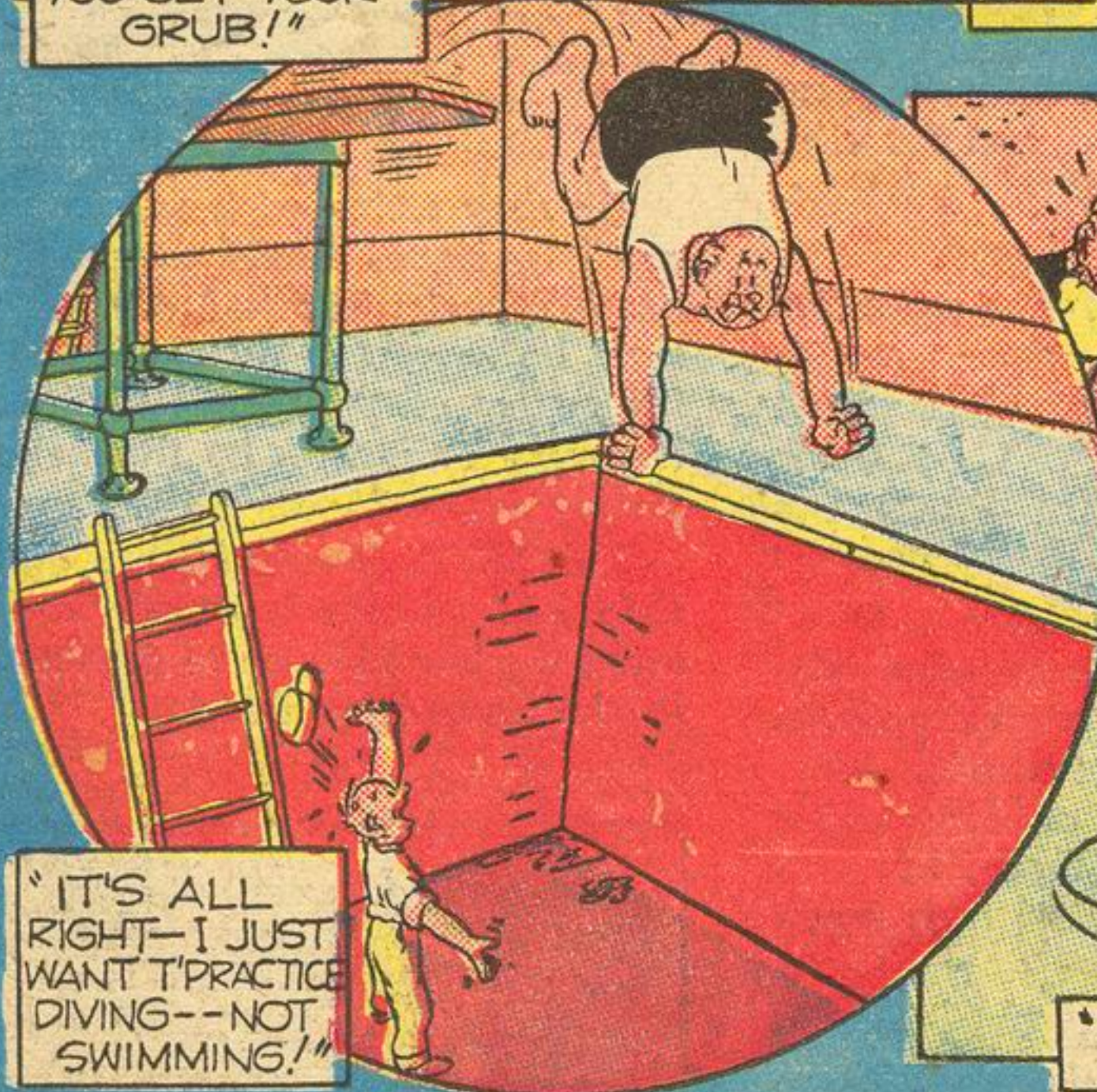
"SMATTER—DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?"



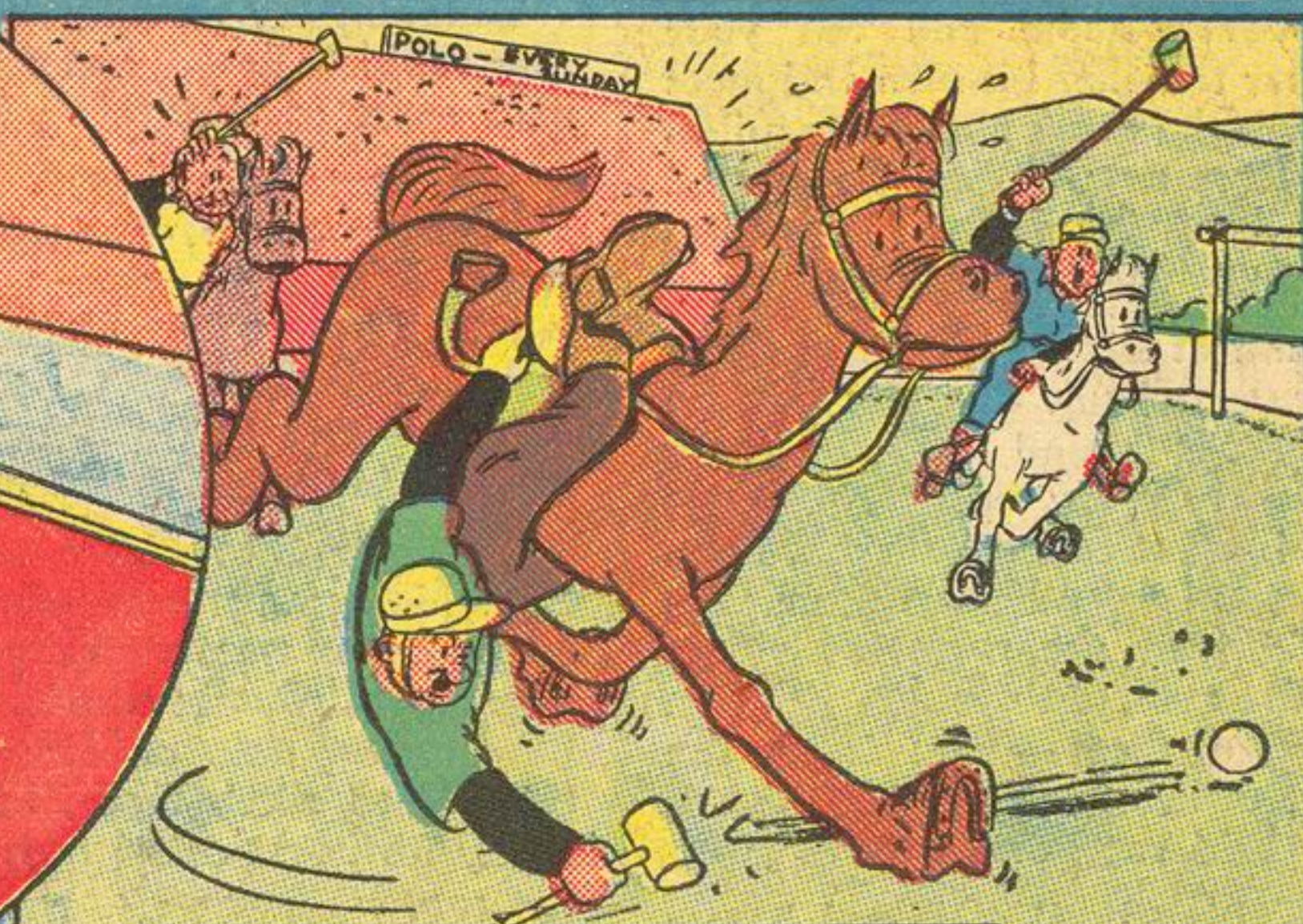
"STAY RIGHT THERE 'TIL I GET THIS ONE FIXED AN' THEN YOU GET YOUR GRUB!"



"THIS IS WHY I HAD THE NEW SIDE-WALK PUT IN---I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO CARVE MY INITIALS IN CEMENT!"



"IT'S ALL RIGHT—I JUST WANT T'PRACTICE DIVING--NOT SWIMMING!"



"I JUST BROKE MY GLASSES AND I'M NEAR-SIGHTED!"

Buy the December issue of SMASH COMICS from your regular newsdealer.

The IMPOSSIBLE MURDER

JOHN LAW

Scientective

CAPTER, THIS MANIAC HAS ACTUALLY SET A DATE FOR MY DEATH!

I THINK YOU HAD BETTER CONSULT JOHN LAW — THE SCIENTECTIVE.

JOHN LAW, THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST, WAS COMPELLED TO STUDY LAW TO PROTECT HIS INVENTIONS... HIS WIDE GRASP OF BOTH LAW AND SCIENCE HAS LED HIM TO THE FIELD OF CRIMINOLOGY AND EARNED HIM THE TITLE, "SCIENTECTIVE." LAW HAS JUST OUTWITTED "THE AVENGER," MYSTERIOUS SUPER-CRIMINAL, WHO SCHEMED TO RUIN THE CARTER AIRLINES. NOW — "THE AVENGER" IS STRIKING AGAIN — THIS TIME AT A GROUP OF AIR MAGNATES — CARTER'S WEALTHY FRIENDS!

by HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

LAW — D'YOU REMEMBER THAT THREATENING NOTE I GOT WHEN MY PLANES WERE CRASHING?

DON'T TELL ME THE "AVENGER" IS AFTER YOU AGAIN?

NO! HE'S AFTER DAD'S FRIENDS — SOME 12 OF THEM!

ALL 12 HAVE GOTTEN THESE NOTES.

I SEE, JUNE — TELL ME ABOUT IT!

THEY'VE ASKED ME TO OFFER YOU THE CASE —

IT WON'T HURT TO TALK TO THESE MEN — GET THEM ALL TOGETHER TONIGHT!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A MEETING OF 'WHO'S WHO'! WELL, GENTLEMEN — LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THESE THREATENING LETTERS —

HERE'S MINE!

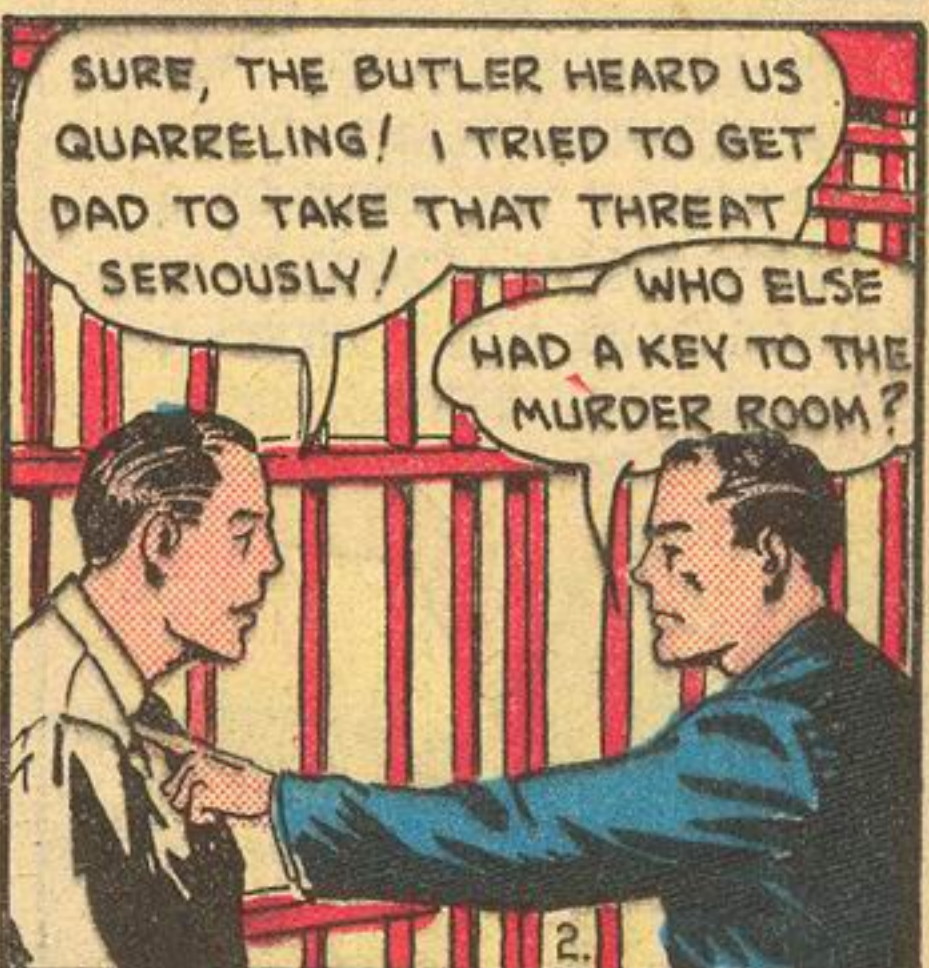
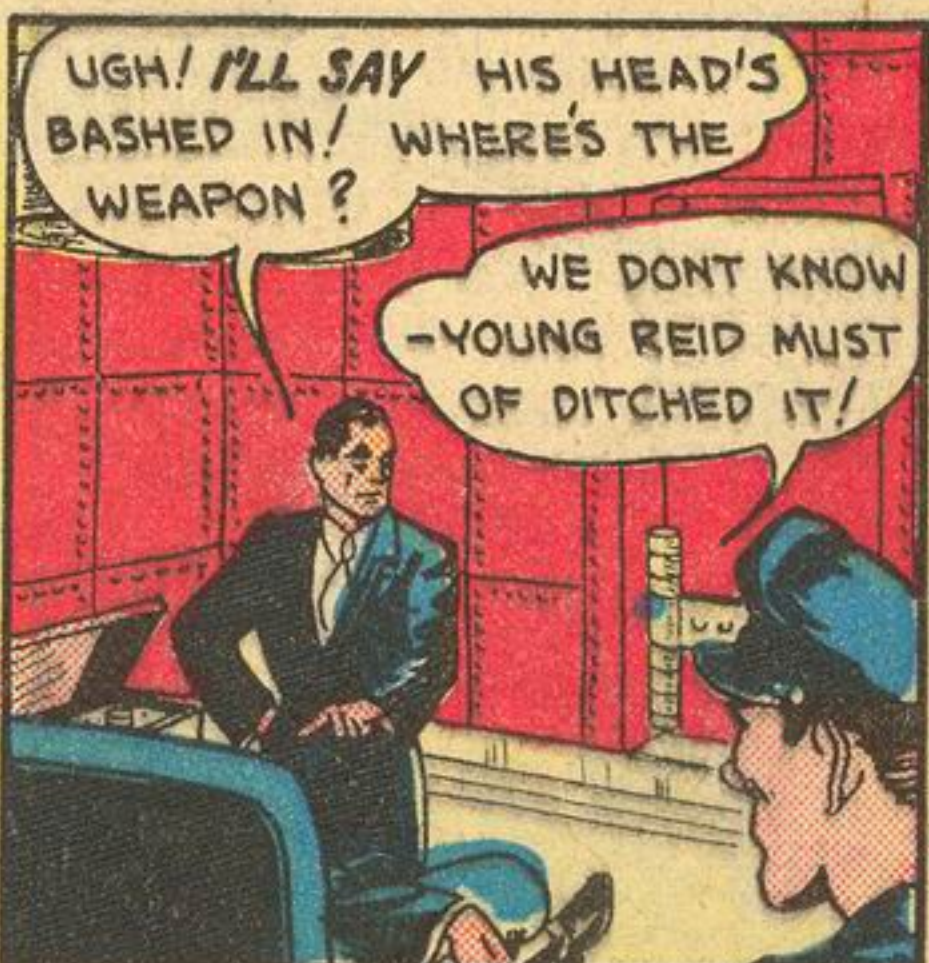
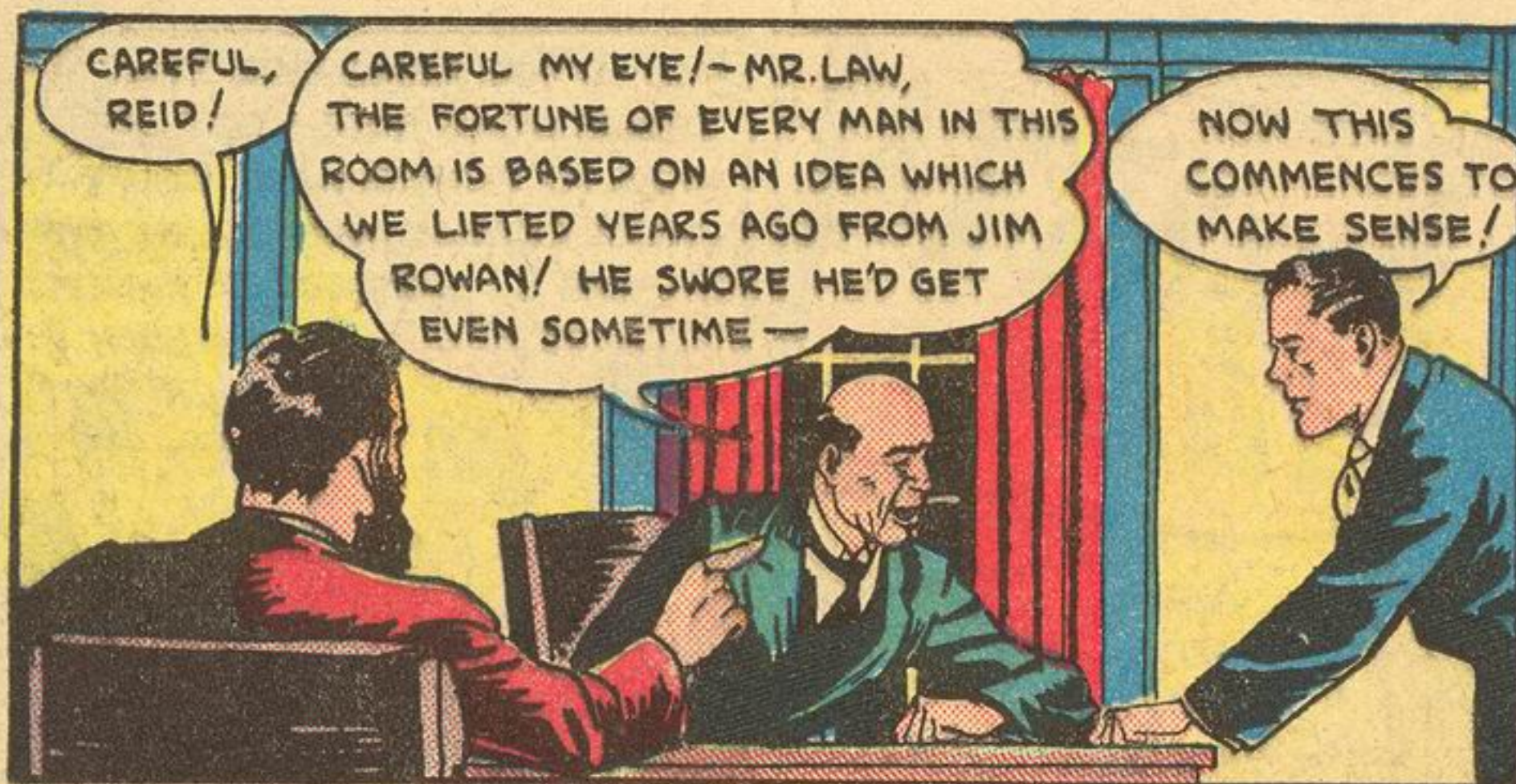
RIGHT HERE! — AND MINE!

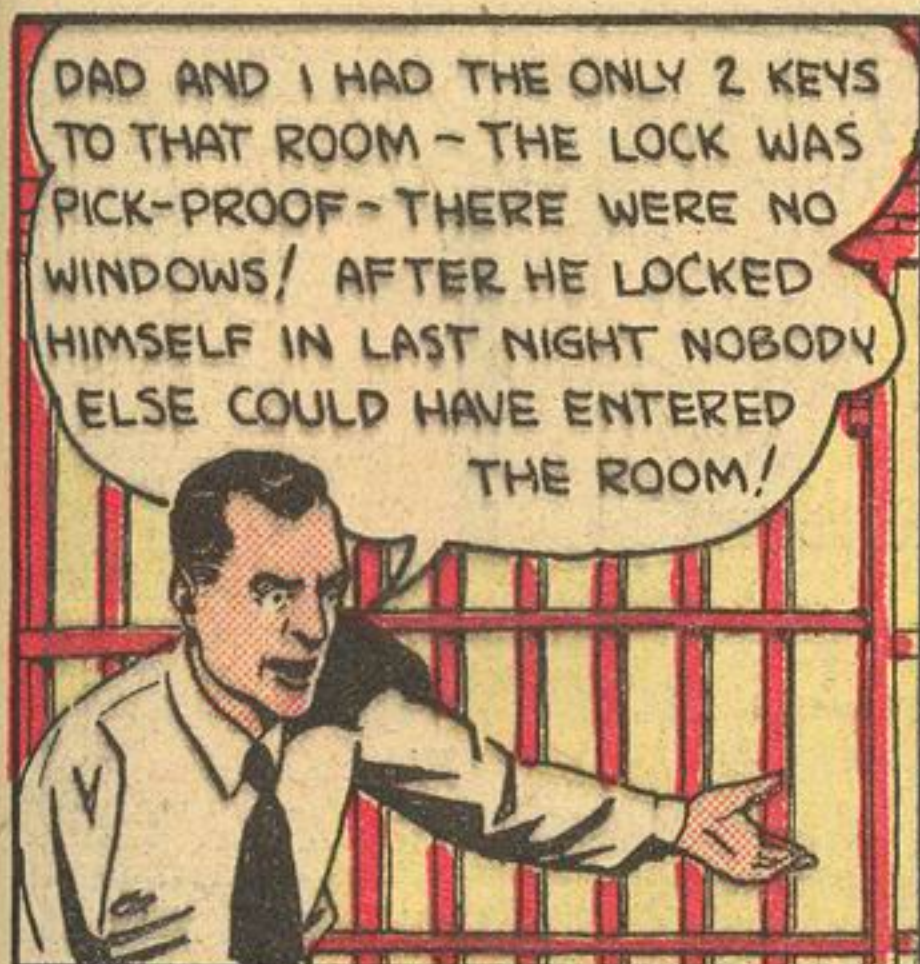
AT A CONFERENCE THAT NIGHT, IN THE LIBRARY OF THE CARTER MANSION —

H'M — INTERESTING — SO THE "AVENGER" PLANS TO SETTLE WITH YOU AT THE RATE OF A MAN EACH MONTH! — YOU, AMOS REID, ARE SLATED TO DIE TOMORROW!

Amos Reid:
You will pay for your crime on the night of the thirteenth! your son will die later — in disgrace! you cannot escape your doom! "The Avenger"

EACH NOTE MAKES MENTION OF A CRIME! — ANY IDEA WHAT HE'S REFERRING TO?





DAD AND I HAD THE ONLY 2 KEYS TO THAT ROOM - THE LOCK WAS PICK-PROOF - THERE WERE NO WINDOWS! AFTER HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN LAST NIGHT NOBODY ELSE COULD HAVE ENTERED THE ROOM!



BUT - I DIDN'T KILL HIM!

I'M GOING TO HAVE TOUGH WORK TO CONVINCE THE JURY OF THAT!

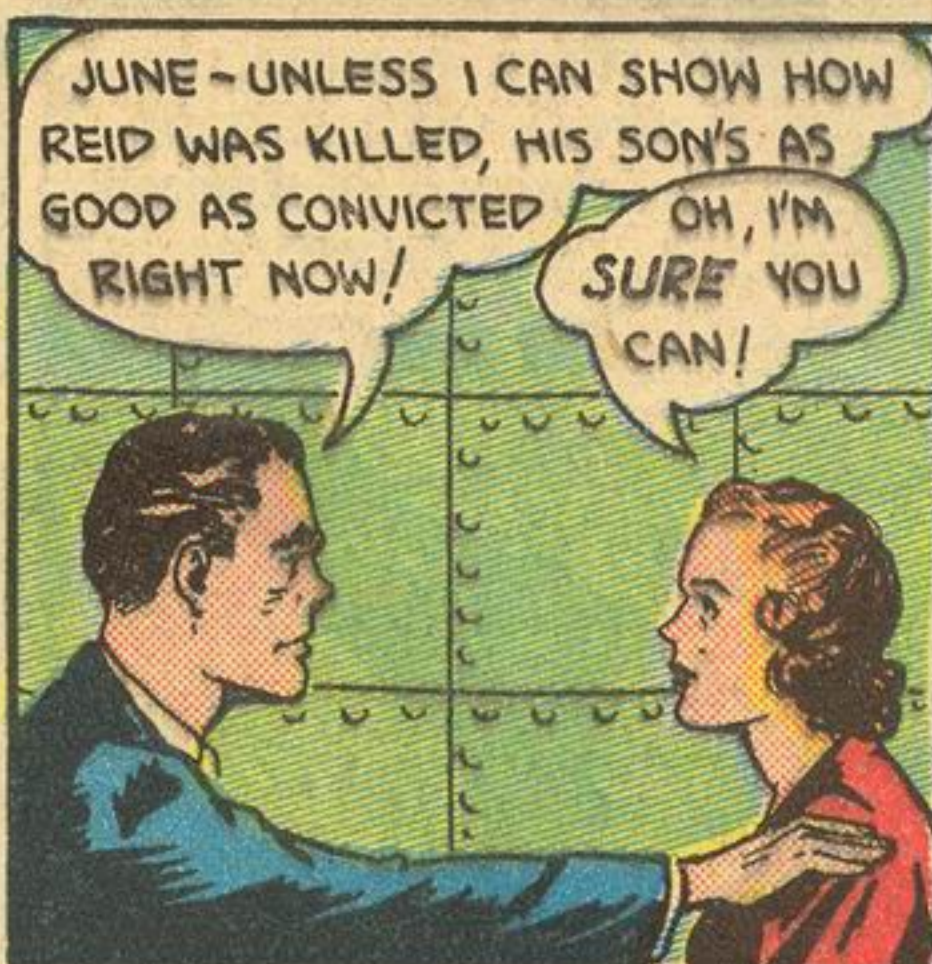


NO SIR, MR. LAW - THE ONLY OTHER PERSON EVER TO ENTER THAT ROOM WAS THE TELEVISION MAN! MR. GEORGE ADMITTED HIM YESTERDAY AFTERNOON! SUPPOSE WE LOOK AT THE TELEVISION SET

A TALK WITH THE REID BUTLER -

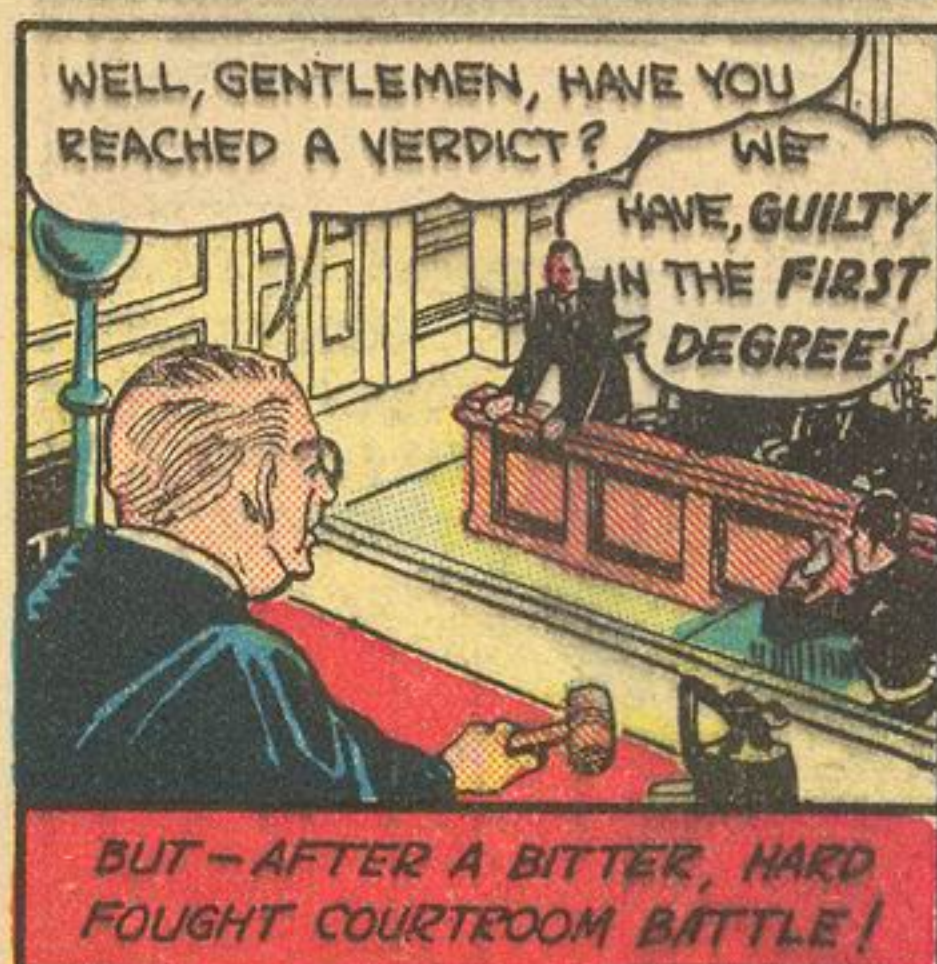


NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS SET! NOW **HOW** COULD A MAN'S SKULL BE BASHED IN, IN A **SEALED** ROOM?



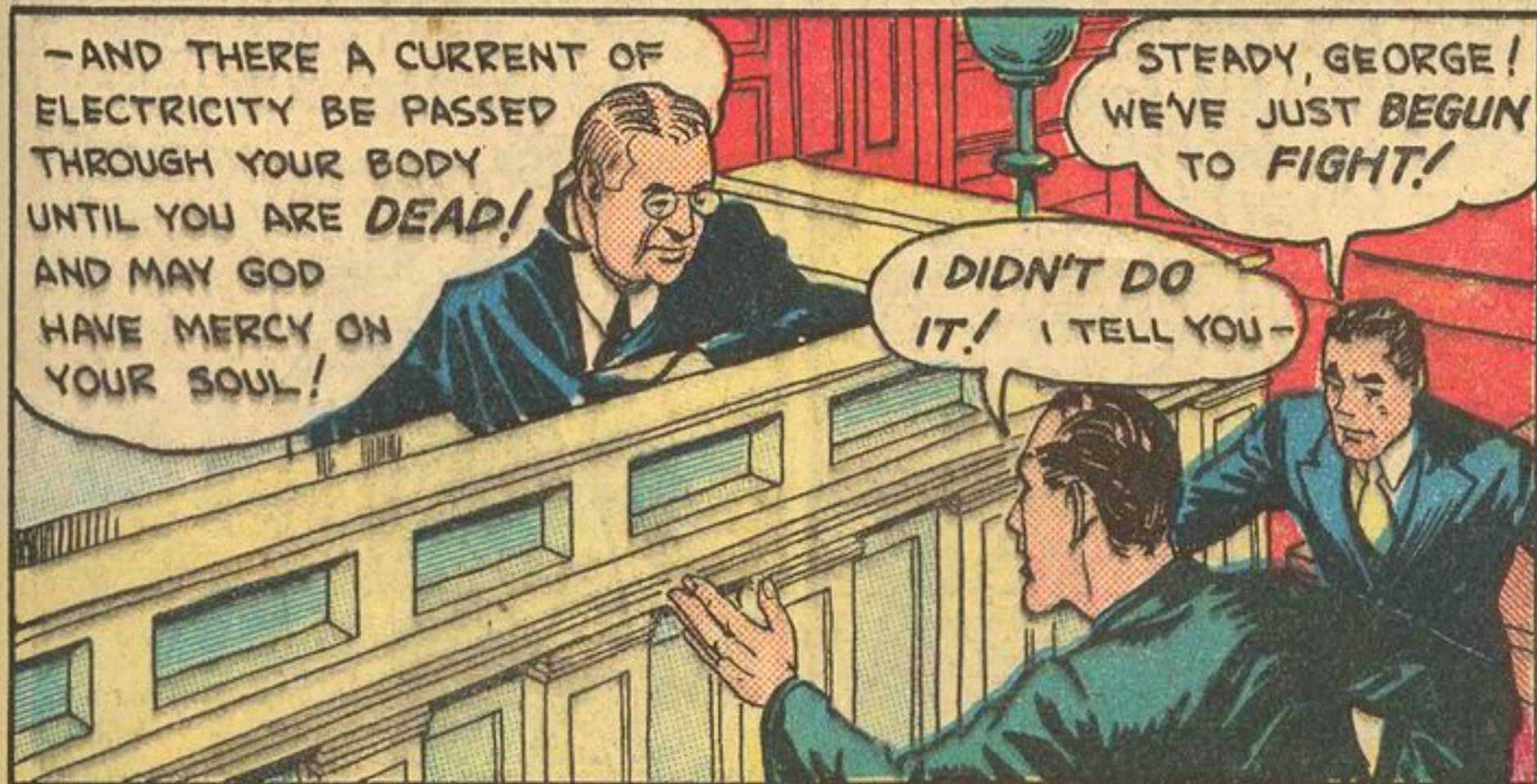
JUNE - UNLESS I CAN SHOW HOW REID WAS KILLED, HIS SON'S AS GOOD AS CONVICTED RIGHT NOW!

OH, I'M SURE YOU CAN!



WELL, GENTLEMEN, HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT? WE HAVE, **GUILTY** IN THE **FIRST DEGREE!**

BUT - AFTER A BITTER, HARD FOUGHT COURTROOM BATTLE!



-AND THERE A CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY BE PASSED THROUGH YOUR BODY UNTIL YOU ARE **DEAD!** AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!

STEADY, GEORGE! WE'VE JUST **BEGUN** TO **FIGHT!**

I DIDN'T DO IT! I TELL YOU -



-BUT GOVERNOR-

SORRY, LAW - NO MORE REPRIEVES - REID DIES THIS WEEK UNLESS YOU PRODUCE NEW EVIDENCE!

LATER - IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.



YOU MEAN I'LL HAVE TO SHOW YOU **HOW** REID WAS KILLED!

I'M AFRAID SO, LAW!



LAW - THE MOST I CAN DO IS TO SET REID'S EXECUTION FOR THE LAST DAY ALLOWED ME!

THAT WILL HELP SOME, JOE!

THE WARDEN'S OFFICE, SING-SING



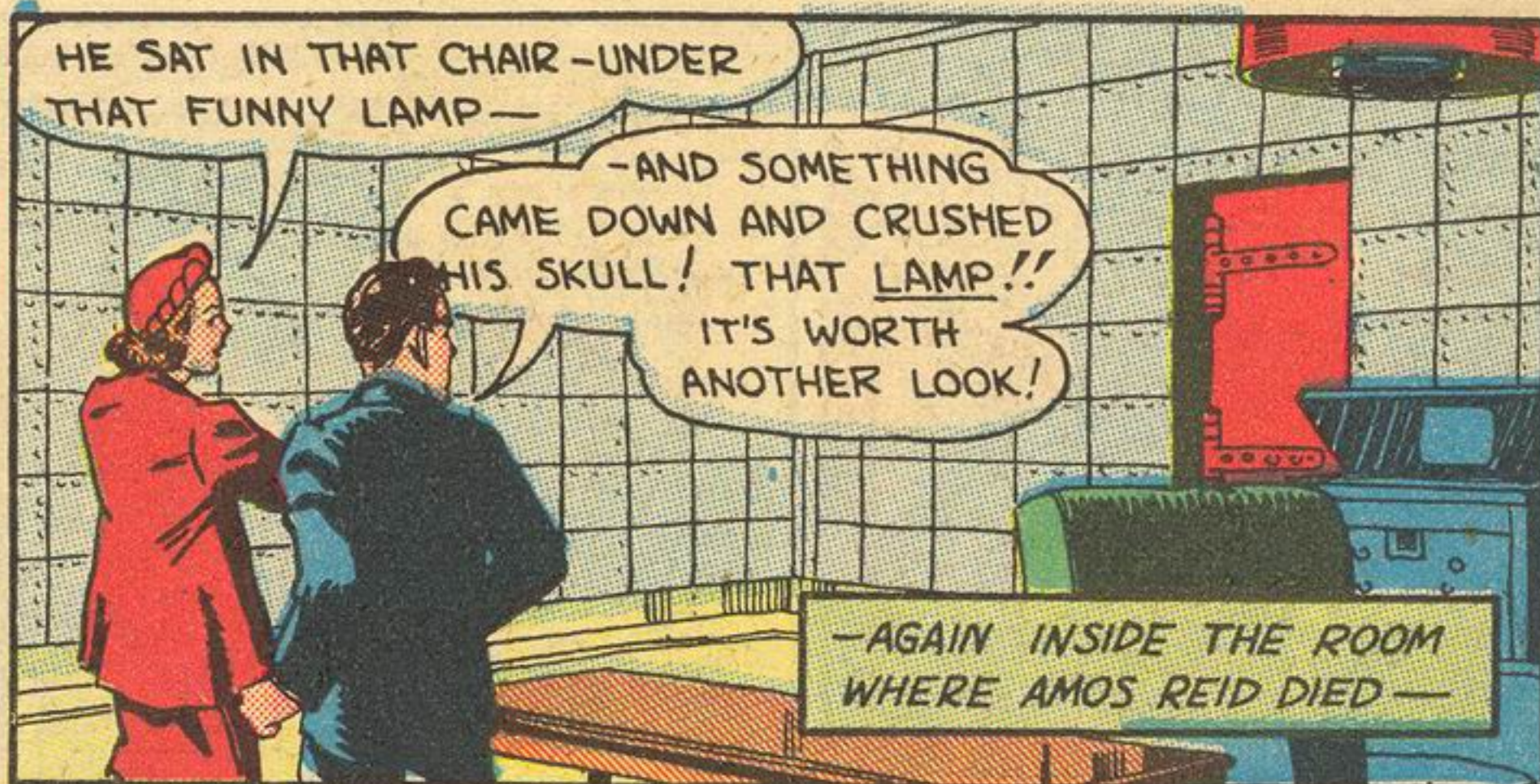
JUNE, WE HAVE UNTIL SATURDAY NIGHT TO FIND OUT HOW THAT KILLING WAS DONE -

OUR ANSWER'S IN THAT AWFUL ROOM - WE JUST CAN'T SEE IT!



WE'VE BEEN OVER THAT ROOM A HUNDRED TIMES — ONCE MORE CAN'T HURT!

ANYTHING, JOHN!



HE SAT IN THAT CHAIR — UNDER THAT FUNNY LAMP —

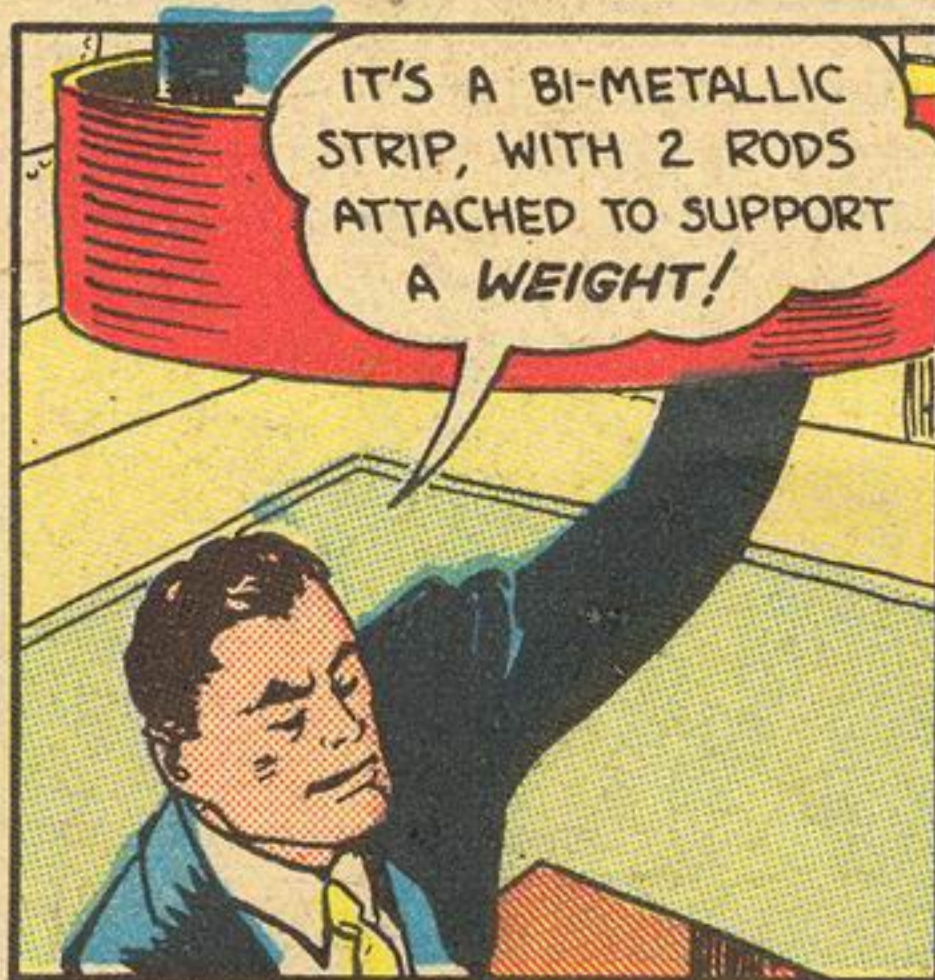
—AND SOMETHING CAME DOWN AND CRUSHED HIS SKULL! THAT LAMP!! IT'S WORTH ANOTHER LOOK!

—AGAIN INSIDE THE ROOM WHERE AMOS REID DIED —

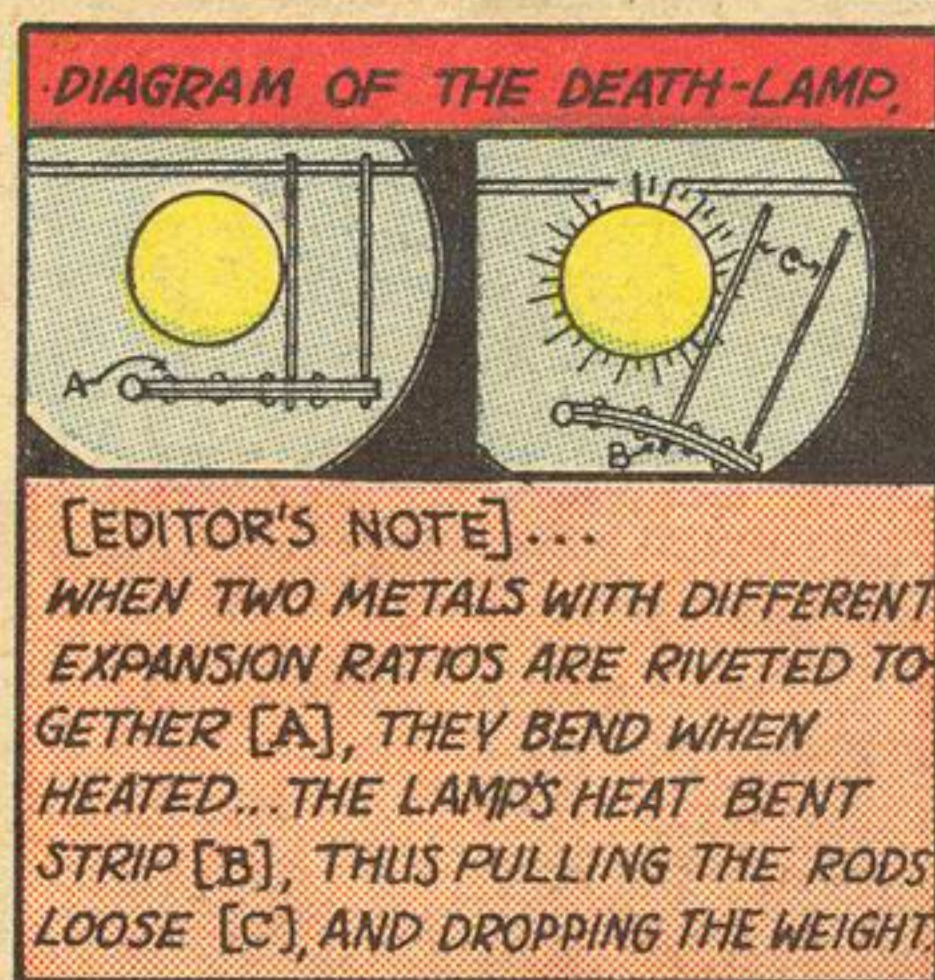


SO, THAT'S HOW IT WAS DONE! —JUNE, THIS LAMP'S A DEATH-TRAP!

WHAT?



IT'S A BI-METALLIC STRIP, WITH 2 RODS ATTACHED TO SUPPORT A WEIGHT!



[EDITOR'S NOTE]... WHEN TWO METALS WITH DIFFERENT EXPANSION RATIOS ARE RIVETED TOGETHER [A], THEY BEND WHEN HEATED.. THE LAMP'S HEAT BENT STRIP [B], THUS PULLING THE RODS LOOSE [C], AND DROPPING THE WEIGHT.



WHEN OLD REID TURNED ON THE LIGHT, THE HEAT SPRANG THE TRAP AND DROPPED THE WEIGHT!

WHAT WEIGHT? WHERE IS IT?



THAT'S WHAT I MUST DOPE OUT BEFORE SATURDAY NIGHT!



UNLESS I CAN FIGURE WHERE THAT WEIGHT WENT, GEORGE MUST DIE TONIGHT!

ANYTHING THAT HEAVY JUST COULDN'T VANISH INTO THIN AIR!



NO, IT COULDN'T — OR COULD IT? S-A-A-Y JUNE, YOU'VE HIT IT! I'M CALLING THE GOVERNOR!

?



YOU SAY THAT THE GOVERNOR'S GONE FISHING? AT BLUE LAKE? AND CAN'T BE REACHED? —HELLO HELLO!!

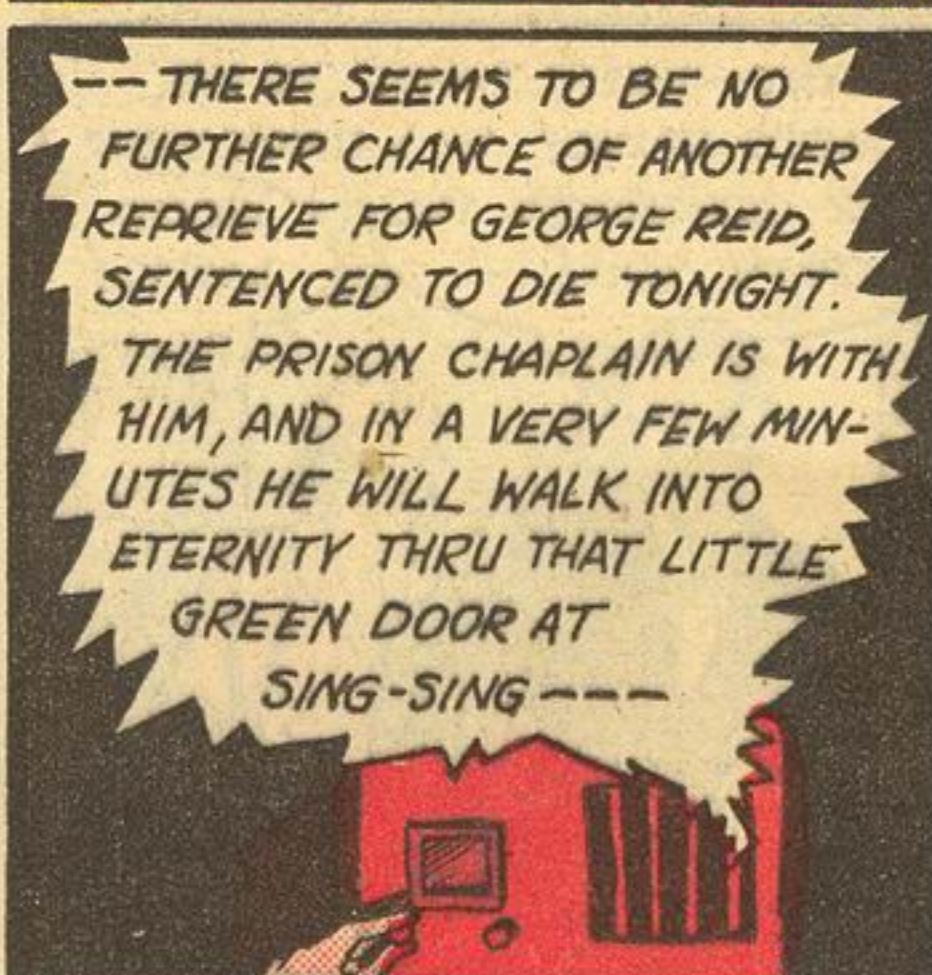
OH! CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING?

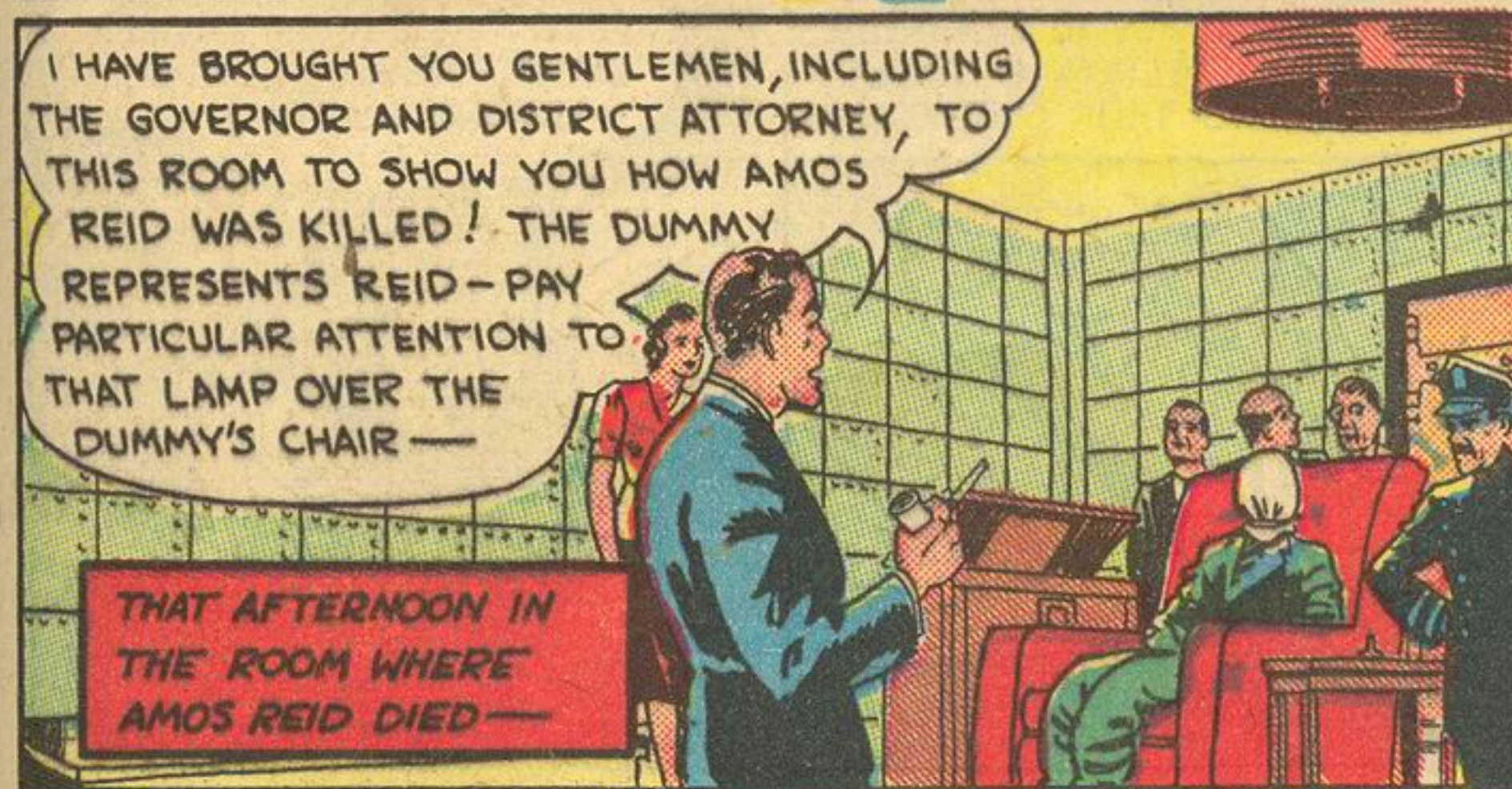
SATURDAY MORNING — STILL BAFFLED!



INSIDE THE GREAT PLANT OF THE REID ELECTRIC CORPORATION—LAW TALKS TO COLIN GRANT, WHO IS THE PLANT'S SUPERINTENDENT.





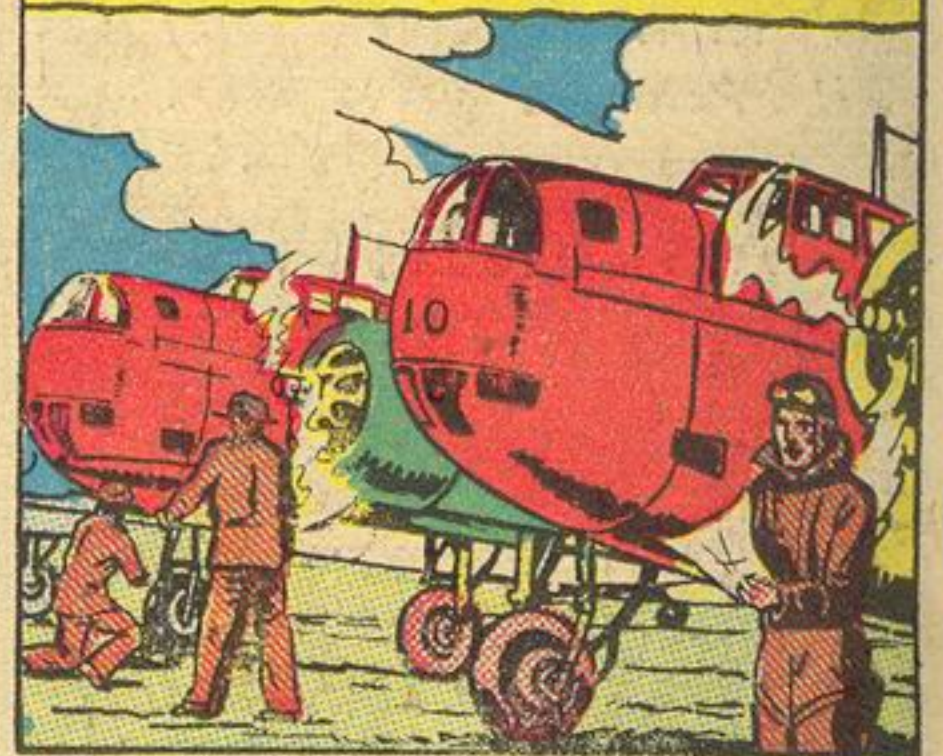




WINGS WENDALL

OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE
by VERNON HENKEL

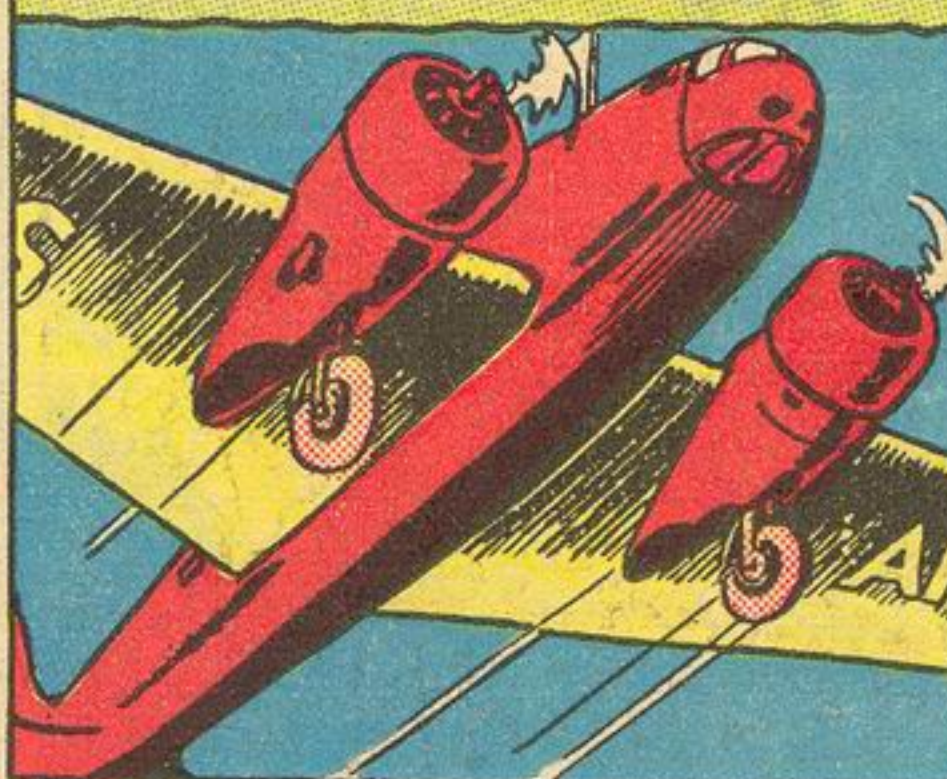
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - A SQUADRON OF ARMY BOMBERS WARMS UP FOR A MASSED FLIGHT TO ALASKA.



COLONEL DAVIS, YOU WILL COMMAND THE LARGEST MASSED FLIGHT EVER ATTEMPTED BY THE U.S. ARMY - YOU WILL TAKE OFF IN FIVE MINUTES - GOOD LUCK !



AS THE HUGE FLYING FORTRESSES ROAR DOWN THE RUNWAY RADIO MEN SNAP TO THEIR SWITCHBOARDS



OVER FAIRBANKS - WEATHER CLEAR...VISABILITY UNLIMITED...VEERING NORTH !



SEATTLE CALLING FLIGHT 12 - CALLING FLIGHT 12 ---COME IN - CAN YOU HEAR ME ? --- NO ANSWER !



MAJOR ! I CAN'T CONTACT THE FLIGHT - THEY MUST BE OVER ARCTIC WASTELANDS BY NOW !!



THIS LOOKS BAD ! KEEP CALLING - THEY SHOULD HAVE REACHED THEIR BASE AN HOUR AGO



IT'S NO USE - SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED ! I MUST INFORM THE GENERAL STAFF !

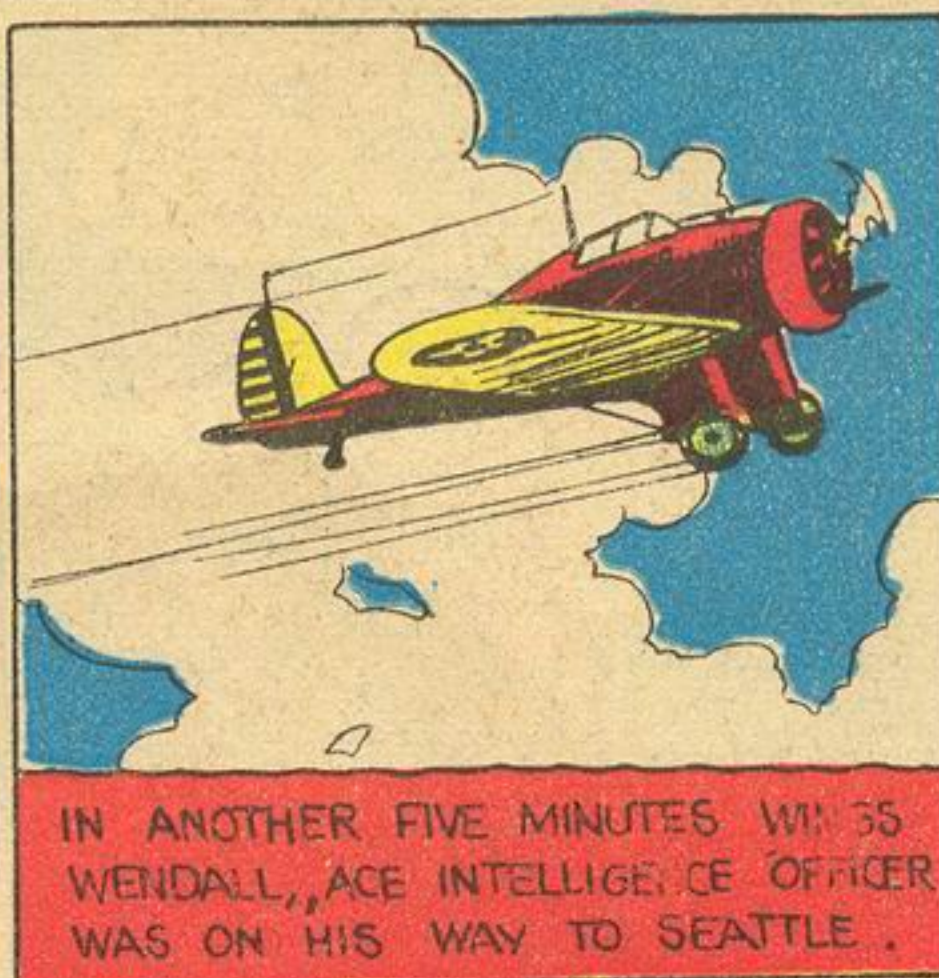


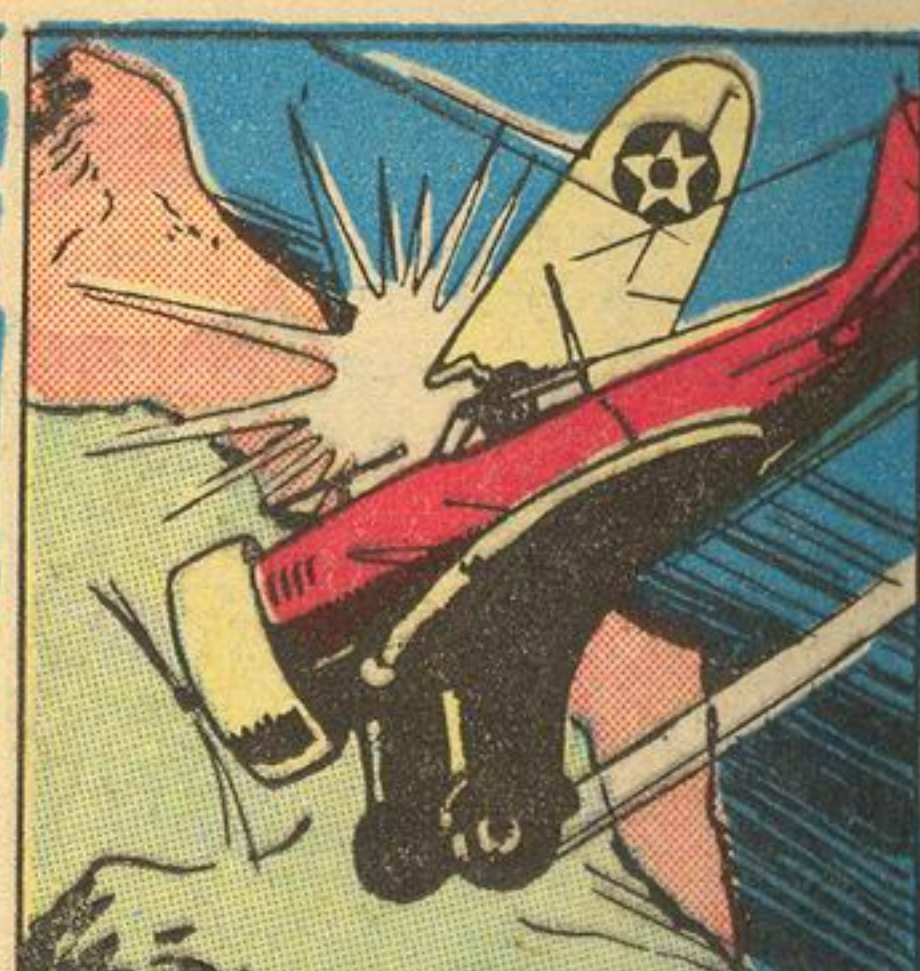
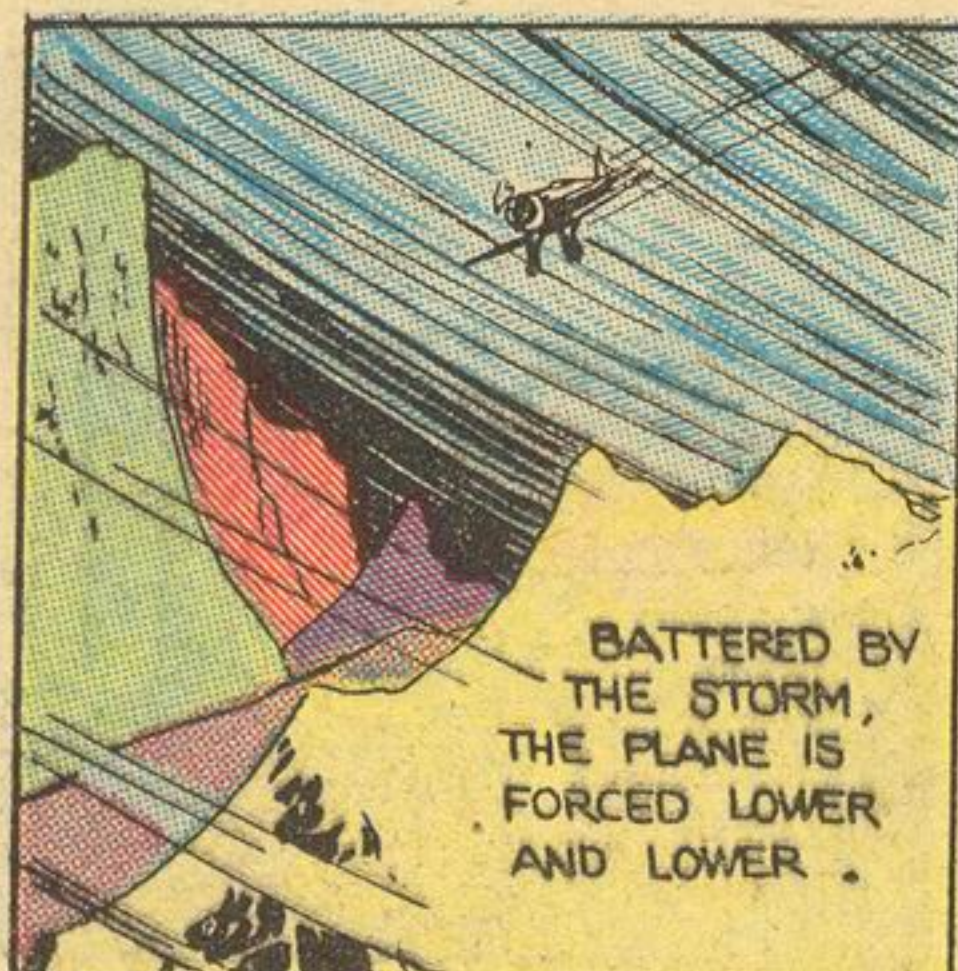
HELLO WASHINGTON - WE HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO CONTACT FLIGHT 12 SINCE IT REACHED FAIRBANKS !



HOUR AFTER HOUR THE FRANTIC CALL WENT OUT BUT THE STORM SWEEP ARCTIC GAVE NO ANSWER









WHERE IN BLAZES
DID YOU COME FROM?



YOU WILL PLEASE
RAISE YOUR
HANDS AND
COME WITH ME!

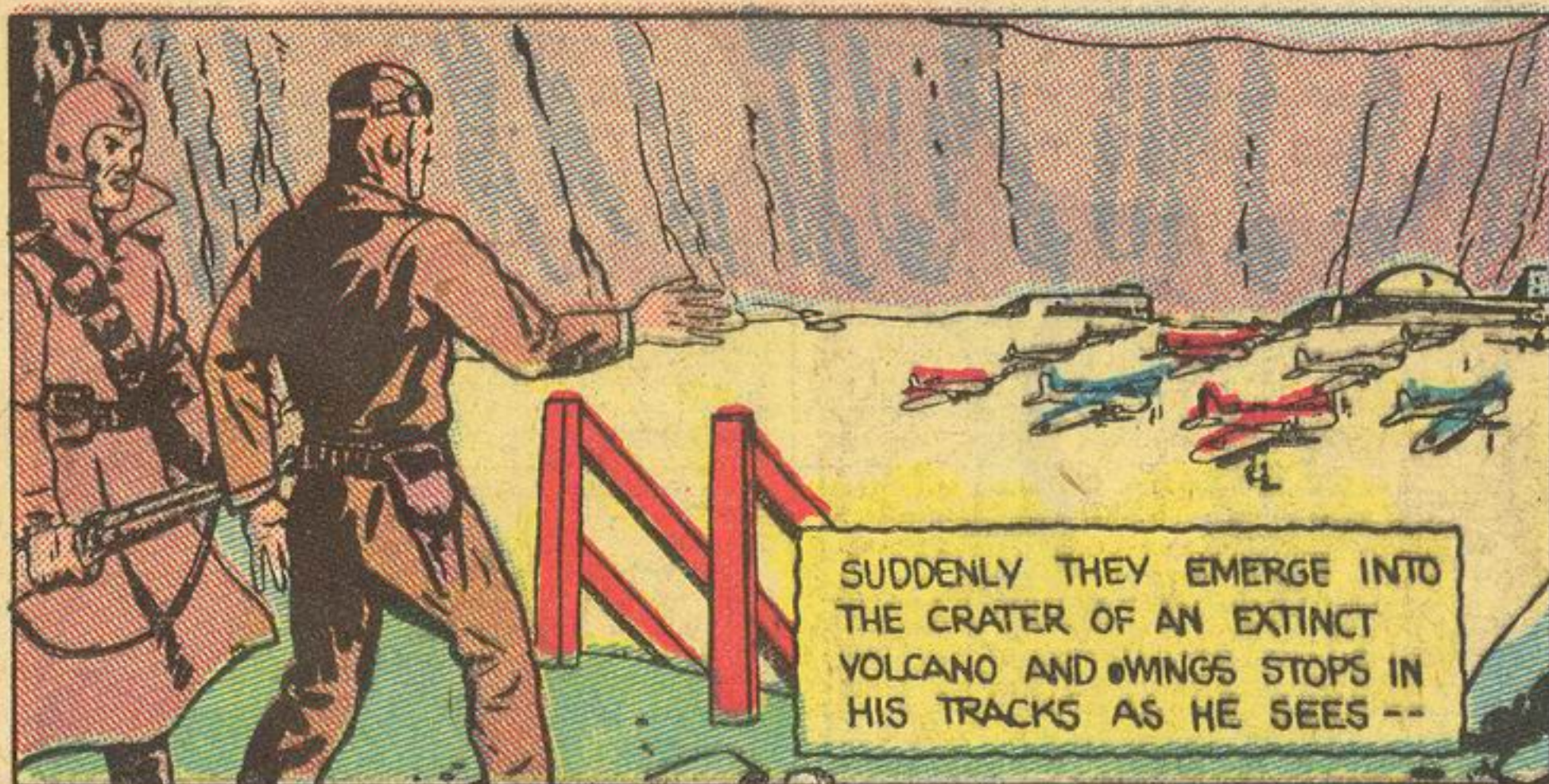


WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
YOU JUST SAVED MY
LIFE - NOW YOU WANT
TO TAKE ME PRISONER!

YOU WILL
SOON LEARN!



WITH A GUN AT HIS BACK
WINGS WAS FORCED TO FOLLOW
THE NARROW WINDING TUNNEL—

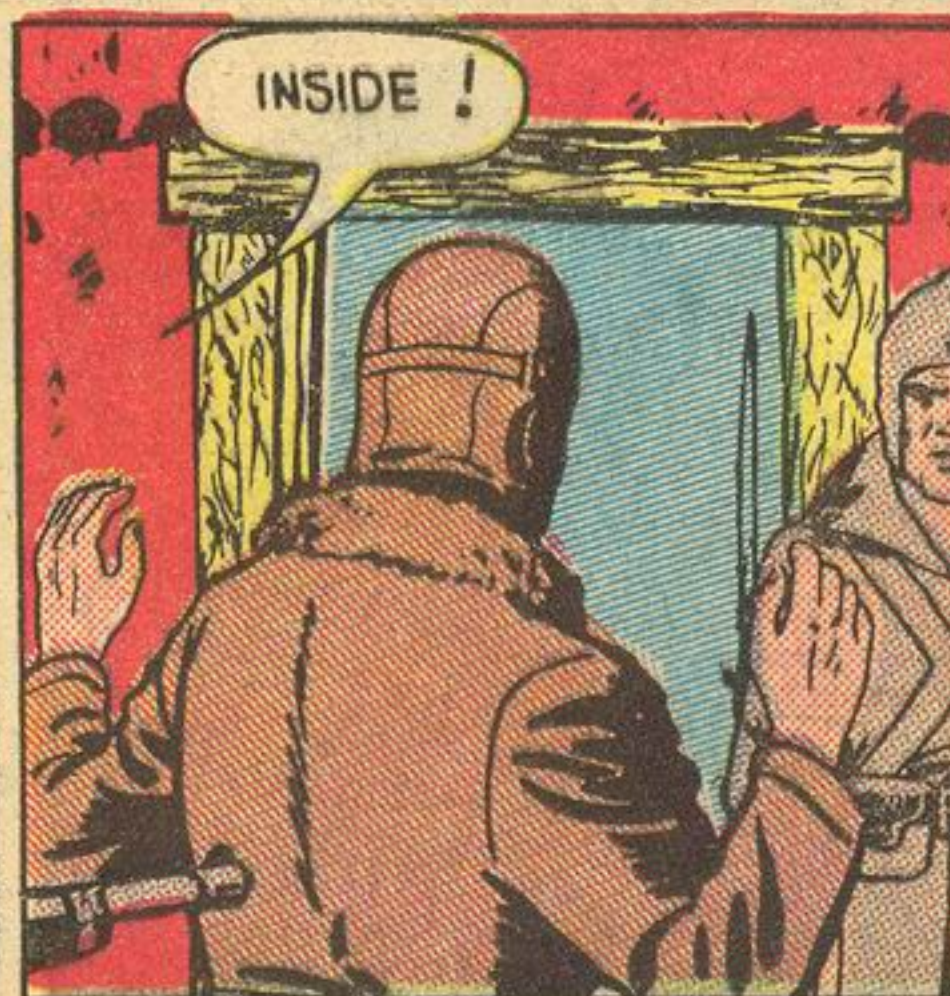


SUDDENLY THEY EMERGE INTO
THE CRATER OF AN EXTINGUISHED
VOLCANO AND WINGS STOPS IN
HIS TRACKS AS HE SEES --



THOSE PLANES!
WHY THEY'RE THE
MISSING ARMY BOMBERS,
REPAINTED!!

KEEP
GOING!



INSIDE!



EXCELLENCY, I SAVED
THIS MAN FROM THE
WOLVES AT THE PASS!



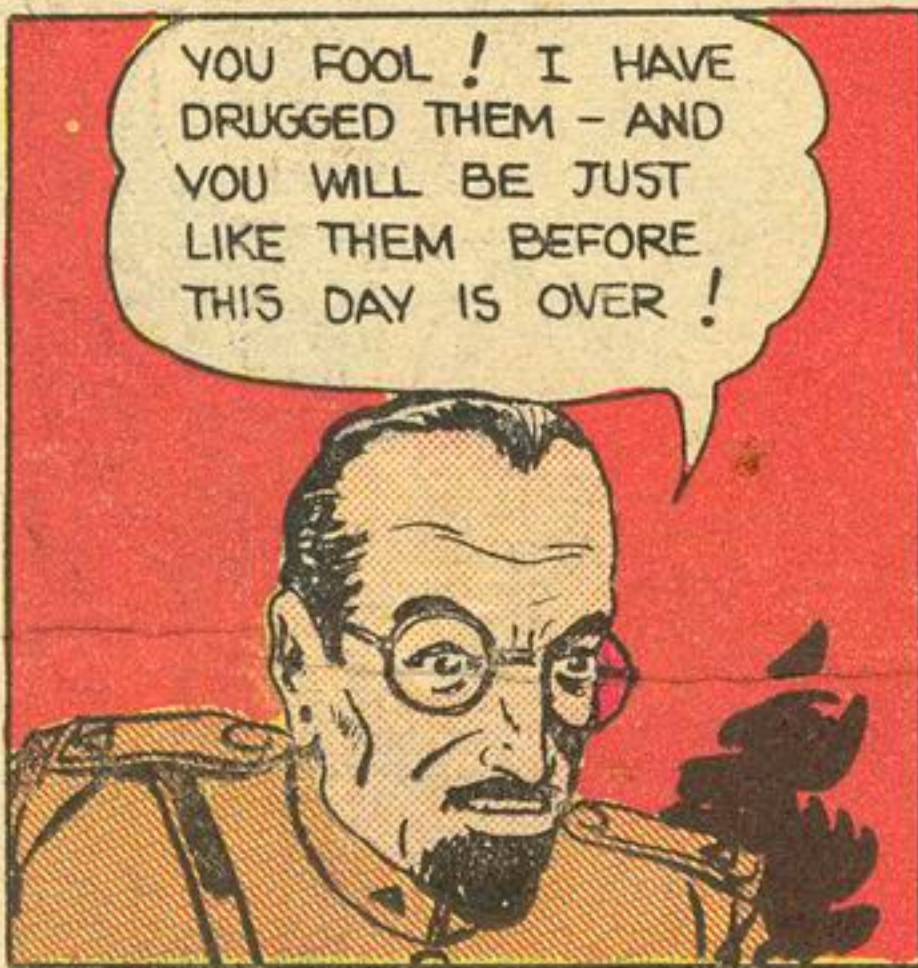
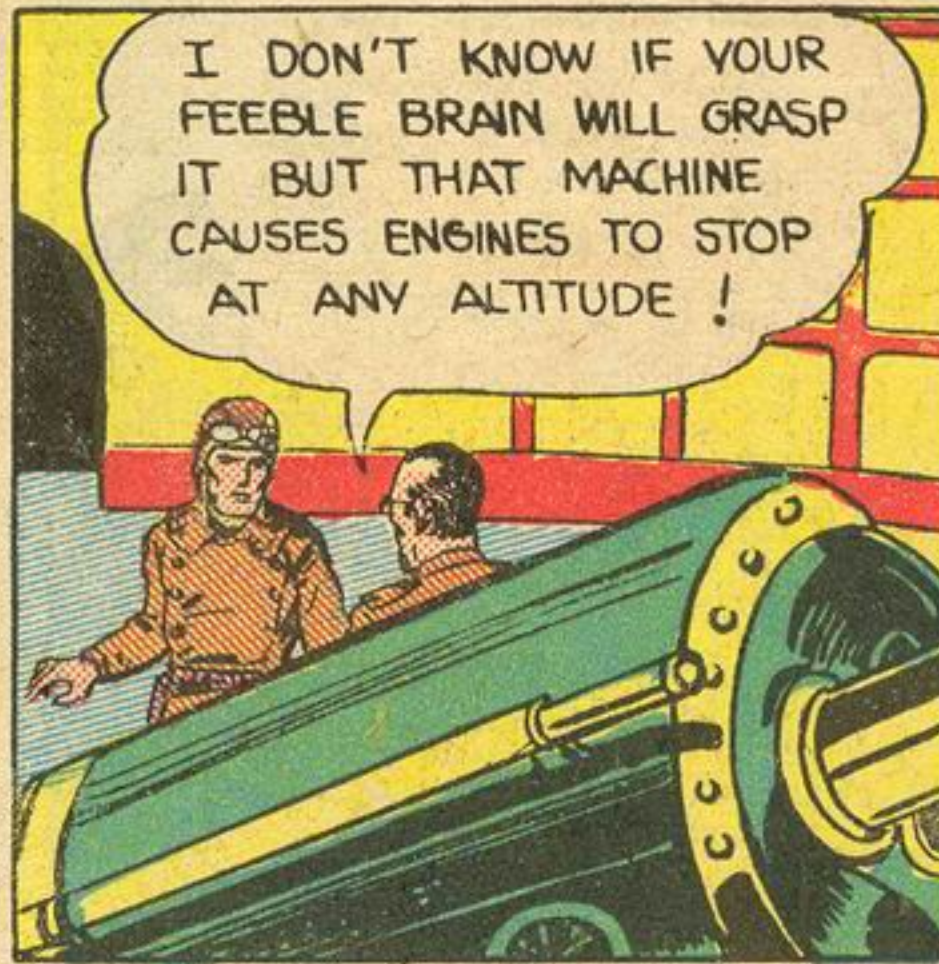
A FLYER! AH!
THAT IS VERY GOOD -
I HAVE GREAT NEED
FOR FLYERS!

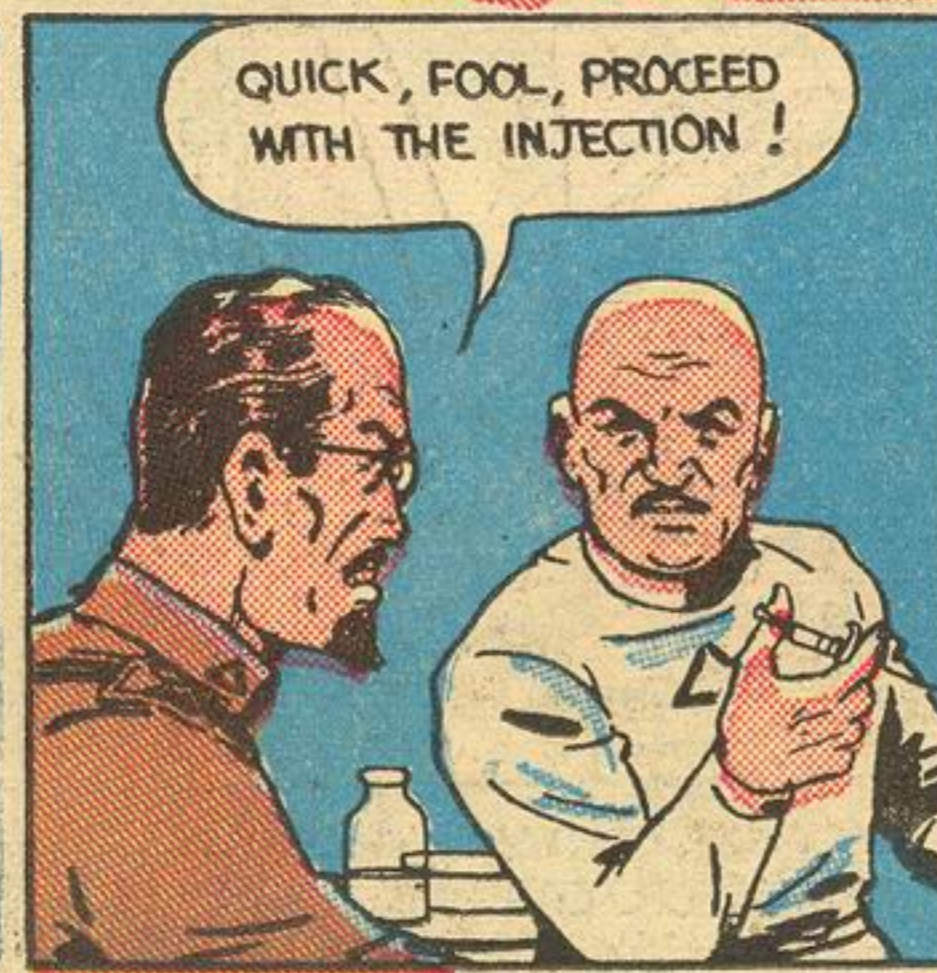
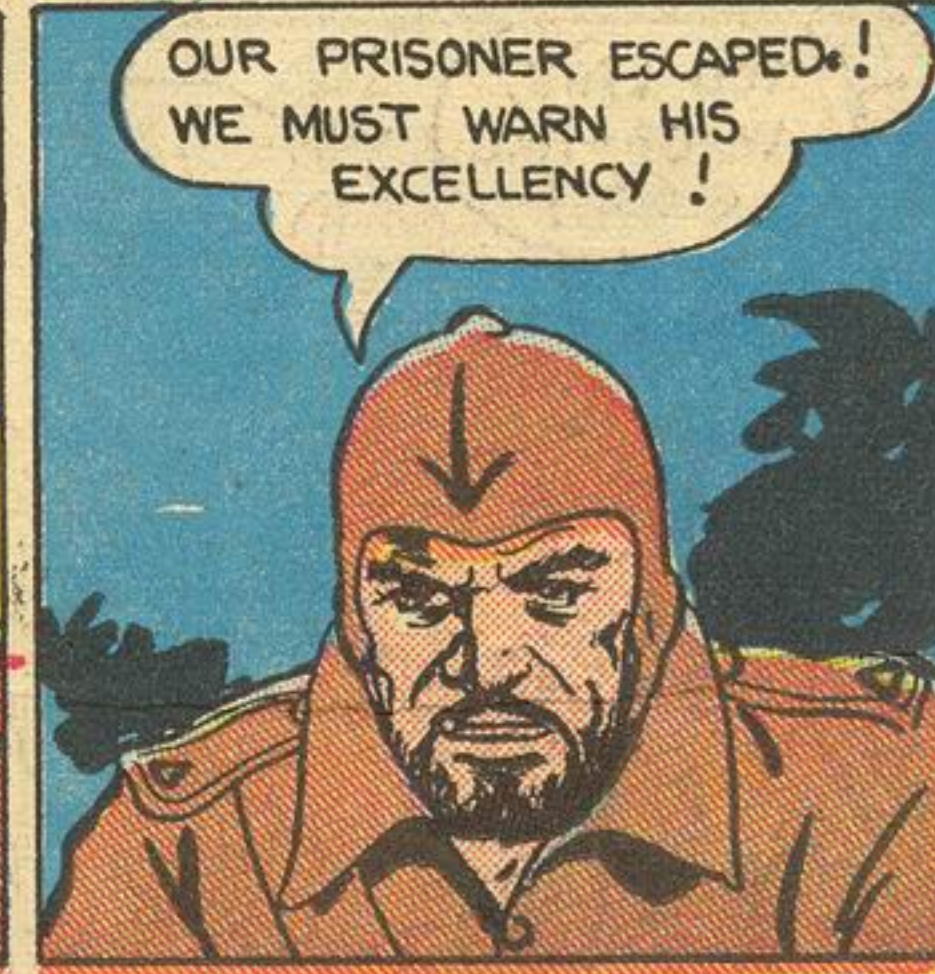


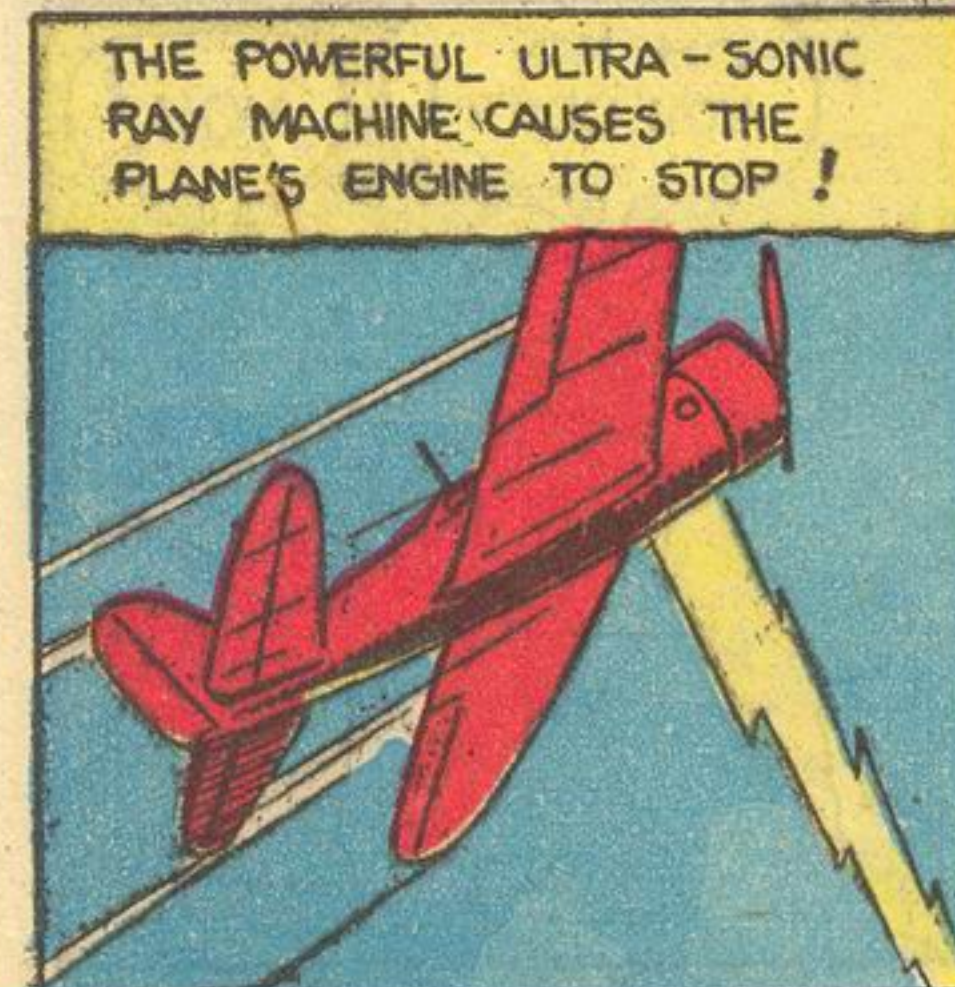
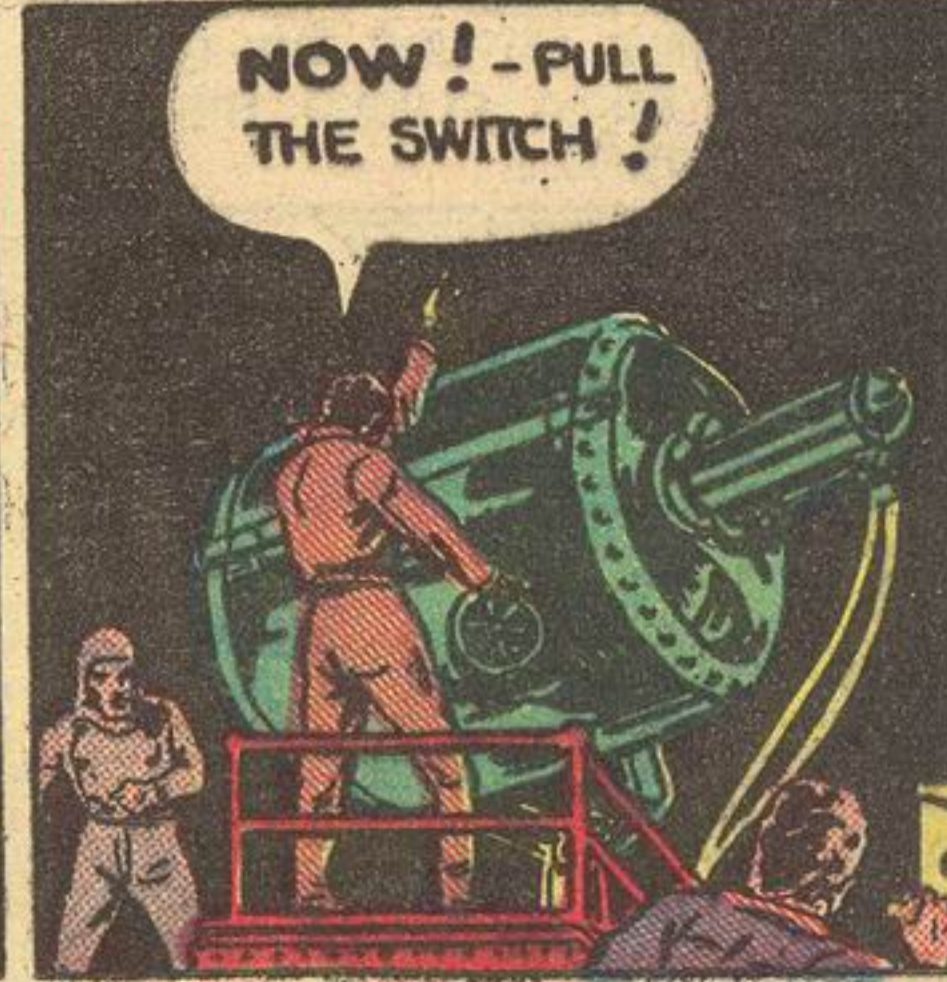
THOSE ARMY PLANES -
HOW DID YOU GET
THEM TO LAND HERE?



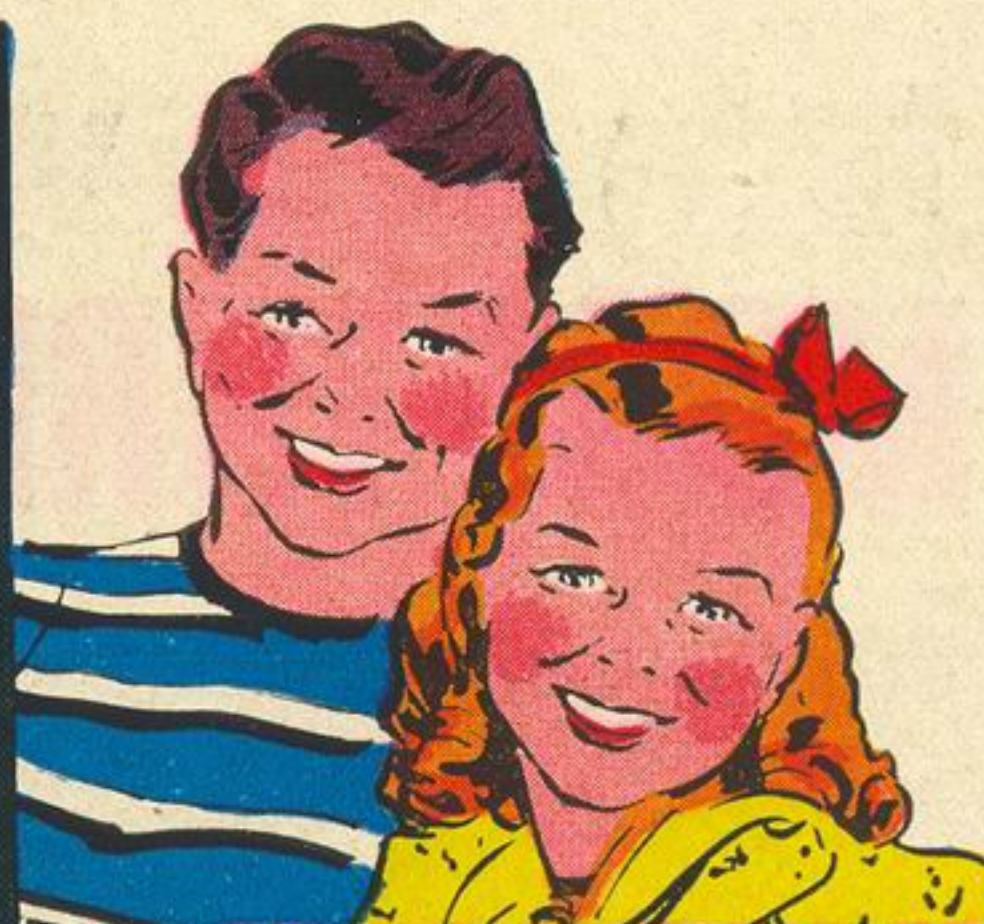
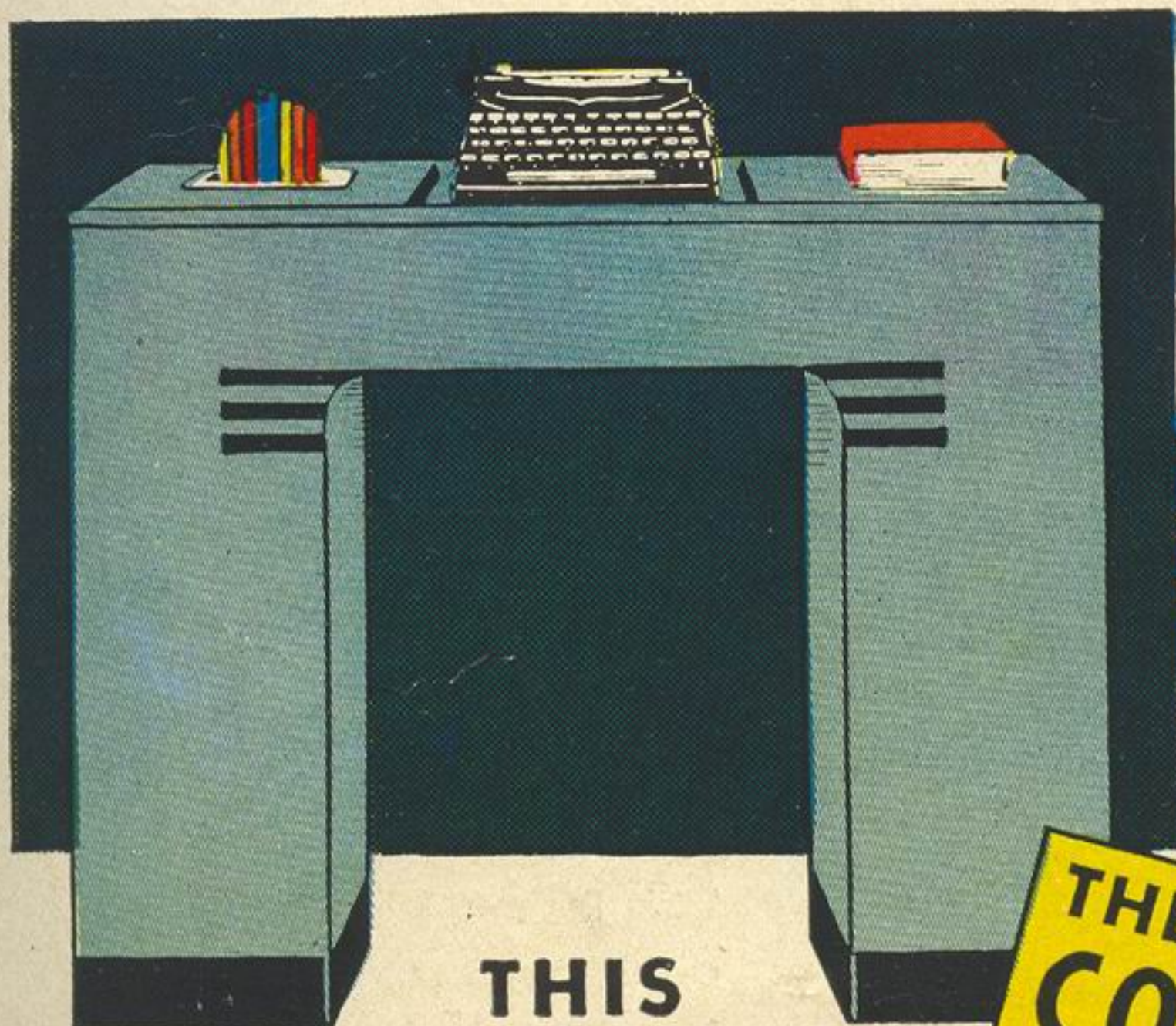
AH! YOU ARE CURIOUS,
CAPTAIN WENDALL? OH
YES - I KNOW WHO YOU
ARE! - COME, I WILL
SHOW YOU!







More of Wings Wendall in the December issue of SMASH COMICS.



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